

THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 363, Vol. 14.

October 11, 1862.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE Northern Americans are naturally gratified by having, for the first time, met the enemy in a great battle without incurring defeat. It now appears that neither combatant could claim the victory, nor is it certain whether General LEE had not previously determined on the retreat which he afterwards effected without molestation. At the end of the day General McCLELLAN had expended all his reserves, with the exception of PORTER'S division, which, in his ignorance of the enemy's condition, he was afraid to bring into action. On the following days General LEE recrossed the Potomac at his leisure, and he has since repelled the feeble attempts of the Federal troops to follow him to the Virginia shore. The campaign in Maryland seems for the present to have terminated, not without important results. While the main army fought a succession of battles to cover its slow retreat, General JACKSON took Harper's Ferry, with its garrison, its artillery, and one of the principal Federal magazines. The achievement is passed over by the Northern newspapers as of secondary importance; and yet it may be fairly placed on a level with the capture of Fort Donnellson, which was only effected with the aid of gunboats on the river. At Harper's Ferry and at Mumfordsville, 10,000 or 12,000 prisoners were taken within a fortnight; and in both cases the captors secured every gun and every horse, as well as the officers and men of the garrisons. According to the latest accounts, the capital of Kentucky was in imminent danger; nor have the citizens of Cincinnati yet recovered from their fear that the war may be carried across the Ohio. Some of the recent Confederate movements have perhaps been chiefly designed to intimidate various State Governments into a determination to keep their forces at home. The Pennsylvanian militia, with characteristic chivalry, positively refused to cross the frontier of their State to aid McCLELLAN in his extremest need. The same heroic population had furnished the regiments which marched away from the sound of the cannon at Bull's Run, because, according to a far-fetched interpretation, their contract of service might be supposed to have expired that morning. The recent history of the "Key-stone State" is a perfect triumph of smartness. The MORRILL Tariff, which was the price of the vote for LINCOLN, still protects its staple manufacture; and its soldiers combine the discharge of their legal obligations with systematic immunity from danger.

As soon as Maryland was wholly or partially evacuated, Northern journalists, of course, announced that the Confederate army, if it escaped total capture, would never stop till it arrived at Richmond. The political proceedings of the Government would seem to show that the PRESIDENT and his advisers place an entirely opposite interpretation on recent military events. Revolutionary violence is an unconcealed confession of the weakness which it will in all probability aggravate as well as betray. Without any apparent necessity, in defiance of all intelligible policy, and without a shadow of constitutional right, Mr. LINCOLN has suddenly confiscated the remaining liberties of the North, and the most cherished property of the South. Martial law is proclaimed throughout the Federal States, for the purpose of removing all impediments to the levy of soldiers which had been previously ordered. The *Habeas Corpus* is universally suspended, and every free citizen who may become obnoxious to the official rulers is liable to indefinite imprisonment for any act or word which may be supposed to discourage enlistment. The expression of an opinion that the PRESIDENT is a simpleton may well diminish the confidence of recruits in his military administration. A reference to the incessant defeats sustained by the Federal Generals will tend still more directly to cool warlike zeal. A discussion of the provisions of that Constitution which lately formed the subject of universal discourse can scarcely fail to suggest the inference

that the present proceedings of the Government are illegal. Conversation on any of these topics may henceforth become a crime, at the discretion of any Republican officer or civil underling. The PRESIDENT has not the smallest right to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* for a day, and the States which he deprives of this freedom are at present in the enjoyment of absolute internal tranquillity. If Mr. PITT had, in the name of the prerogative, proclaimed martial law in England because a rebellion was raging in parts of Ireland, he would have had a better excuse for his criminal usurpation than any which Mr. LINCOLN can allege. The danger was greater, because it was nearer, and those who were aggrieved would have had an early appeal to Parliament. The American PRESIDENT, though his powers are strictly defined by a printed document, which he now utterly disregards, recognises no superior authority in Congress. It is enough for his purpose that a population, politically cowed and demoralized by levelling uniformity, neither cares nor dares to resist any despotic aggression which covers inherent imbecility by a blustering display of vigour. After all, neither martial law nor arbitrary imprisonment will in the smallest degree facilitate the armaments which serve as an excuse for extravagant encroachments. Force is not increased by being ostentatiously displayed, and the violence of the Government only proves that it is thoroughly frightened.

The Proclamation which more directly affects the South is a still more audacious and lawless stretch of arbitrary prerogative. The PRESIDENT declares, by his sole authority, that the slaves shall become absolutely free in every State which, at the beginning of 1863, is still in arms against the Union. He reserves to himself the power of enumerating by proclamation the States to which the sentence is to apply, and he intimates that representation in Congress will, under certain conditions, be accepted as evidence in favour of States in a wavering condition of allegiance. The expediency of the measure will only be considered in the second place by those who understand the meaning of freedom. The question is not what an absolute despot ought to do, but what the President of the UNITED STATES can do in conformity with the functions of his office. It might have been thought that no discussion could be raised as to the enormity of this usurpation. The PRESIDENT'S duties and powers are exclusively executive, and the abolition of servitude for all future time is a legislative measure of the highest importance. If an elected magistrate of limited authority can confiscate and abolish one kind of property, he is equally entitled to declare that no citizen shall own ships or engage in manufactures, or to proclaim that land shall henceforth be held only by yearly tenancy from the Central Government. Mr. LINCOLN illegally and treasonably engrosses to himself an exorbitant share of the Federal authority, and he makes the Federal Government itself a mere usurper and wrongdoer in its relation to the several States. Even if he were influenced by humane motives, philanthropy is no excuse for tyranny; but as his avowed object is to restore the Union, he is grossly inconsistent in violating all its conditions. His apologists will have to seek a miserable excuse for his outrage on right and freedom in the approval which a reckless faction will accord to an almost unprecedented act of despotism. Many Republicans will nevertheless still twaddle, in the press or on the stump, about the original illegality of Secession, and the true meaning of the Federal Constitution.

If the proclamation of freedom for the slaves had been strictly legal, it would nevertheless be a crime. Mr. LINCOLN has not provided for the future state of the negro population which he affects at once to emancipate. He knows that his commands will not, and cannot, be obeyed, and that, at least throughout the wide regions of the Gulf States, compulsory servitude will continue to exist. His decree, if it were valid, would give every slave a legal right to kill the master who

interferes with his uncontrolled exercise of freedom; and, consequently, it justifies the increased vigilance and severity which the planters will necessarily exercise for their own protection. As far as seven or eight States are concerned, the Proclamation, unless it is to produce anarchy and universal massacre, is only a vapouring and malignant lie. To the remaining States of the Confederacy, and to the slave-owning States which still adhere to the Union, the manifesto is intended as a menace and a bribe. If their valour and discipline drive the Federal armies from their territory, the white population is to be exposed to murder and plunder; while a prudent conformity will be rewarded by the maintenance and perpetuation of the institution of slavery. Republican philanthropy will reconcile itself to the sacrifice of the negroes when the white population can be brought over from Secession. In the States which can neither be bribed nor conquered, it is the whites who are to have their throats cut by their domestics. Illinois has lately passed laws to exclude free negroes from the limits of the State, and Mr. LINCOLN truly informs the coloured people of the North that they owe neither love nor gratitude to their oppressors; yet he is not ashamed to impose upon the South the perpetual vicinity of several millions of negroes who, according to the terms of his proclamation, will become free. It seems impossible that any American politician can suppose that the outrage will ever be forgiven, either by the States which have finally seceded or by those whom the Government desires to terrify into submission. All hope of the restoration of the Union must have been abandoned when the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet determined on the issue of the Proclamation. The measure may stimulate the factious zeal of the extreme Republicans, and deserve the somewhat less dishonest sympathy of the fanatic Abolitionists; but it will alienate the great and powerful Democratic party, and give it a new basis of union and of action. The war which has been with difficulty sustained for the sake of the Union will scarcely be prosecuted either for the professed purpose of revenge, or in the interest of the despised and hated negro. The PRESIDENT has virtually acknowledged his military failure, and his desperate efforts to procure political support will probably precipitate the ruin of his cause. If his partial confiscation of slaves is intended to produce a favourable impression in England, a fresh display of abject weakness and of consummate wickedness will scarcely be accepted as a set-off against the expressions of causeless animosity which continue to form the substance of whatever American eloquence can be spared from the propagation of discord and anarchy at home.

#### SPECULATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THERE is no more difficult question of practical ethics than to determine when speculation is lawful, and when it is not. It is very easy to denounce all speculation as gambling; but no one would do so who knew anything of the course of trade, and of the thousand complicated causes that influence the value of investments. It is, however, undoubtedly true that the system of joint-stock partnerships has largely increased speculation, and that speculation, while doing some good, has also done much harm. A man with a very few pounds can now buy a small share in a large partnership, and profit by occurrences which could never have taken place had not millions of capital been found to set the wheel in motion. The diffusion of newspapers and of all kind of printed matter has made persons of very humble means, and at a distance from the great centres of industry, acquainted with the daily fluctuations which mark the shifting tides of fortune and of public opinion in the money-market. It is therefore easy for a very large number of little people to do on a tiny scale what, some years ago, none but great operators did on a gigantic scale. The principle is the same, whether a provincial tradesman buys one share in a Railway Company because he thinks that its value will rise, or whether a princely Jew lends a cool million to a needy Continental Sovereign. But all calculation of the future is exciting, and excitement is not good for people who have the petty industry of daily life to rely on as the mainstay of their families. As to the moral gain or harm which a Jew who takes up a foreign loan cleverly may receive, we do not trouble ourselves much about it. There is a halo of rightfulness thrown at once on the transaction by its very magnitude. And it is, as a matter of fact, true that it does ordinarily unhinge the minds of poor, struggling, uneducated people to take risks in hopes of large gains, more than it does the minds of great financial jobbers to do a great thing on the Bourse that brings them in a thousand

pounds an hour. At the same time, it is speculation that in a great measure gives value to the miscellaneous investments of modern capital by ensuring them always a price of some sort in the market. The speculation that has thrown so much discredit on the coterie of the Tuileries has been tarnished by the general belief which it inspired that the operators took an unfair advantage of their official position to outwit their neighbours. Without decrying speculation generally, however, we may take occasion to observe that there is often a mania for speculation that feeds on its own success, and tempts people into a whirl of recklessness which brings great calamities with it. Every now and then, something arises to whisper a hint of caution into the breasts of those who might easily be led away by the contagious influence of wealth suddenly and easily obtained. We take advantage of one or two recent circumstances to offer a word of warning to the unwary.

In the first place, we have had a letter this week in the *Times* from Mr. ROEBUCK, in which the member for Sheffield offers an indignant denial of the assertion lately published in that journal, that he and Mr. LEVER and a foreign nobleman had obtained the concession of an Austrian railway from Arad to Hermanstadt. Mr. ROEBUCK expressly says that he has never asked anything whatever from the Austrian Government; and he implies, if he does not expressly say so, that he has not been benefited in any way, direct or indirect, by the services which the easy gratitude of the Court of Vienna may be pleased to think he has rendered it. We are very glad to hear that Mr. ROEBUCK can disclaim so distinctly the charge which rumour has so often fastened on him. The suspicion, so frequently hinted, that he had found it worth his while to back up Austria in England, may be taken to be as fully disposed of as any suspicion, under similar circumstances, can be disposed of by the deliberate assertion of the person suspected. But the indignation and contempt which were excited by the supposition that he had been, if not hired, at least recompensed handsomely for past services by the Austrian Government, may read a useful lesson to those Englishmen whose social standing or Parliamentary position exposes them to the suspicion of seeking after a profit in their opinions on foreign politics. It is not that an Englishman is not at perfect liberty to obtain a concession if he likes, and is not quite right in selling it as well as he can. The fortunate and industrious politician, foreign or native, who gets a good concession, naturally expects to be handsomely paid for the risk he has run, the outlay to which he has been put, and the time and trouble he has been forced to bestow. But when Mr. ROEBUCK, although a Liberal member, was found advocating the cause of a Continental despotism, and backing up eagerly a sovereign who has crushed religious liberty at home and been the steady enemy of free Italy, then, that this paradoxical Englishman should be supposed to be making a golden harvest out of his paradox was a great trial to those who cling steadfastly to the belief in the purity of English statesmen. Mr. ROEBUCK has set the matter straight now; but a warning has been given that may be very profitably studied by others.

The general public may also need to be reminded that at times an extraordinary effort is made to "rig the market," as it is termed, by a combination of interested operators who give a fictitious value to some particular securities, or cause a depression in them that is equally unwarranted. The ordinary investor sees the rapid rise, and thinks that some wonderful discovery has been made; or he sees a daily and unaccountable depreciation, and determines to realize at any sacrifice. A remarkable instance of this has just taken place at Paris. The *Crédits Mobiliers* of France and Spain have been ordered to rise. The Paris press comments very freely on the proceeding, but still the shares rise in obedience to the impulse given them. It appears that each company holds the securities of the other, so that, by purchases or sales in combination, they can send the ball up or down pretty much as they please. The shares of the French *Crédit Mobilier* were quoted a month ago at 850 francs each, and they now stand at 1187 francs—a rise of 337 francs, or forty per cent., in a month. It is even said, that speculators who are befriended by divinations of the future have received a whispered hint that the limit of the rise has been fixed beforehand, and that fifteen hundred francs is the goal of destined success. There is, apparently, no reason alleged for the rise, as no known alteration has taken place in the value of the property which the Company holds. The *Crédit Mobilier* is regarded as a sort of barometer on the Bourse, and if it goes up there is a buoyancy in almost every security. Things are firmer generally, as the expression is, and funds, shares, and obligations are hoisted up by the same machinery that is to lift the



shares of the ruling company to a height almost twice as great as they had attained before. The English public, in the same way, but with little or no intrigue here, have lately been fascinated with Turkish securities, and have kindly helped certain obligations issued in liquidation of outstanding debts to rise to a point which we fear represents the interests of the debtors rather than that of the creditors of the Turkish Government. So little is really known of the true circumstances under which securities like these *consolids* are issued, that people in England wish to buy them simply because they see them quoted and hear them talked of.

The police courts have also this week presented us with a striking example of the coarsest form which delusive speculation takes; but no form it ever takes seems too coarse to attract some moths to the candle. It appears that there is a certain mine, somewhere or other, which is called the North Carrock Mine. A company was formed with very limited liabilities, and still more limited resources, and five shillings deposit was to be made on all applications for shares. Some deposits were received, but no shares were allotted, and the deposits remain in the hands of the Board. The Board in August last consisted of the former proprietor of the mine, his son, and three other directors, one of whom acted as secretary. The ex-proprietor became dissatisfied with the state of things, and intimated a wish to have the best part of the mine, back again. This was opposed by the secretary, and by one other director. On this, the three others voted that the secretary should be dismissed; and a resolution to that effect was passed, although it was not thought necessary to communicate it to him. The three harmonious directors then, by a very ingenious manœuvre, formed themselves into an extraordinary meeting of shareholders, and removed the recalcitrant directors from their office. This little history ought to be carefully read, and may preach a sermon that may be worth daily study in many homes of provincial England. Innocent speculators are apt to look only at two things—at the limit of their liability, and at the nature of the scheme proposed. They have scarcely any means of checking the statements of the prospectus; but if they give themselves a little trouble to calculate, in their simple fashion, whether the enterprise is in itself promising, they think they have done quite enough. They do not trouble themselves much about the names, standing, and character of the direction, and yet this is often the vital part of the scheme. It is true that in the North Carrock Company the managers hit upon a device sharp enough to have tickled the fancy of Sam Slick. There were, at one time, certain other persons on the direction, and they resigned in a body; but prospectuses were sent out announcing that these gentlemen were "properly-qualified directors," and it was calculated that this was enough to persuade the public that they were directors still. The only advice to persons about to put money in a Company where the Board is not composed of men of undoubted honour, solvency, and position, is the simple advice of *Punch*:—"Don't."

#### MR. GLADSTONE AT NEWCASTLE.

**A**UTUMNAL eloquence bears a definite relation to Parliamentary debate. The addresses which statesmen deliver to their constituents or admirers become comparatively uninteresting when they have no political battles to fight over, and no important measures to record. During the recent period of tranquillity, oratorical tours have gradually gone out of fashion. The compliments to the "working man" which only three or four years ago resounded on innumerable platforms, have become as obsolete as declamations on the Corn-laws, and no conventional topic has since taken their place. Even at agricultural meetings, the rule which strictly excludes all allusion to politics is, contrary to all precedent, beginning to be observed. Berkshire and Buckinghamshire engage in amicable contests on the question of prizes for deserving labourers; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself lately favoured the Flintshire farmers with a copious lecture on farming. There are only three eminent performers who are still popular or skilful enough to attract a provincial audience. Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. BRIGHT are always worth hearing and seeing. Genial and intentional commonplace, paradoxical ingenuity combined with flowing eloquence, and pugnacious vigour, are all, for various reasons, attractive to public assemblies. Lord PALMERSTON, though he is far inferior to his competitors as a speaker, has only to show himself, and to say in good-humoured and unadorned phrases what his hearers know quite as well as himself. The sagacity, the resolution, and the long

experience which are associated with his name, dazzle provincial town-halls the more effectually because they are not perceptible in his manner or his language. Mr. BRIGHT, disappointed perhaps with the discomfiture of his theories in Europe and America, has of late rarely shown himself in public. The inhabitants of Newcastle, laudably desiring to relieve the dullness of the season, were judicious and fortunate in engaging Mr. GLADSTONE. No contemporary orator is equally capable of saying something even when there is apparently nothing to say. Having barely failed to be a great statesman, Mr. GLADSTONE is a great artist, gifted with an extraordinary faculty either of decorating error or of exhibiting truth. It depends on accident and impulse whether he happens to be right; nor is his faculty in adopting and inculcating the theories of the moment altogether exempt from corresponding disadvantages. Old members of Parliament are affected by his arguments as grocers by the taste of figs; but the luscious richness of his style offers an unfailing attraction to an intelligent and inexperienced community. Mr. GLADSTONE is always so far sincere as to think, for the time, whatever he has occasion to say; and as soon as he touches the proper spring, the complex machinery of his intellect works with infallible rapidity and precision.

At Newcastle, he proved his reliance on his own ability by the dangerous experiment of repeating, for the hundredth time, his habitual congratulations to the country, involving an implied eulogy to himself, on the success which has attended the French treaty. Wearied critics would long since have agreed to leave off finding fault with Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, if he would have acquiesced, on his side, in a corresponding and equitable reciprocity of silence. Perhaps he has judged rightly in his persevering apologies, for the political and economical objections to the Commercial Treaty have ceased to have any present interest; while the improved trade with France is an undeniable advantage, although it was promoted or accelerated by questionable methods. Free trade is an excellent thing—so excellent, that all Englishmen, except Mr. GLADSTONE, have ceased to say so. Sound principles appear to be slowly spreading in different parts of Europe; and possibly the beneficial tendency may be encouraged by eloquent phrases which, as addressed exclusively to an English audience, might be thought almost superfluous. That the revenue should maintain itself, and that the suspension of American commerce should be attended by a partial compensation, are undoubtedly pleasant topics of discourse. Ordinary readers and hearers would have willingly dispensed with Mr. GLADSTONE's customary announcement that it will be the duty of Parliament in the next session to effect all practicable measures of retrenchment. It will be, as it always was, a duty to avoid unnecessary expense; and it is a still more urgent duty not to shrink from any outlay which may be required for the safety and welfare of the country. The office of deciding on the necessary expenditure belongs to Mr. GLADSTONE before it concerns the House of Commons, and if he thinks that military or naval armaments ought to be reduced, he can carry out his wishes by securing the assent of his colleagues. If he should fail to persuade them, there is still the alternative of resignation; and if he declines it, he cannot divide or diminish his own responsibility. After the disclaimer which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE extorted soon after Easter, Mr. GLADSTONE would do well to abstain from ambiguous phrases which might be misinterpreted as expressions of censure on the Cabinet, and especially on its chief.

It may be doubted whether the policy which was indicated in the more important part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech tends to the retrenchment which he professedly anticipates. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS may perhaps have made the South into a nation, but Mr. GLADSTONE is the first English Minister who has publicly recognised his success. There is not the smallest use in giving cause of irritation to the North, without offering any assistance to the Confederates in their efforts to secure independence. The Federal newspapers have lately been in the habit of asserting that English neutrality arises from mere cowardice, but they will not the less denounce Mr. GLADSTONE's apparent partiality. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to speak in public without a notice of the American war. There has hitherto been little room for practical argument, as all prudent politicians have concurred in the negative recommendation of passive and expectant neutrality; but the spectacle is too conspicuous and too powerfully interesting to be readily passed over in silence. In some respects, even the greedy vanity of the Northern population ought to be satiated with the degree in which the contest has absorbed European attention. Friends and enemies, as well as impartial

observers, have been astonished with the development of material resources on the part of the Federal Government, while a still fuller tribute of admiration and wonder is called forth by the heroic energy of the South. In fifty years of peace since the close of NAPOLEON'S wars, the world had almost forgotten that it was possible to indulge in so lavish an expenditure of money and blood. The Seceders appear, in foreign judgments, to have commenced the struggle without sufficient excuse, and their enemies persevere in the attempt to subjugate them long after the enterprise has ceased to offer any prospect of success. Nevertheless, human daring and perseverance are impressive, even when they are called forth by insufficient motives. The disruption would probably never have been undertaken if the risk which it involved had been foreseen, but, although it may have been both illegal and impolitic, it has been partially justified by the Southern victories. The Northern States, on the other hand, would scarcely have engaged in the scheme of reconquest if they had known how thoroughly the Confederates were in earnest. Their object in making war was just, as long as it appeared to be attainable; but they are now fighting only for idle revenge, and for a frontier which might be more fitly determined by negotiation.

It would have been more prudent, on the part of an English statesman, to discuss the great American struggle in the spirit of an intelligent observer. It was well known that Mr. GLADSTONE favoured the Confederate cause, and it has even been supposed that he would have been willing to raise the blockade by force, in concert with the French Government, for the purpose of relieving the distress of Lancashire. His former love of peace was altogether local and conditional, arising chiefly from an inclination to French policy on the Continent, and, therefore, expressing itself in opposition to all projects of national defence. When there was a cause which Mr. GLADSTONE approved, his disposition would naturally incline him to realize his convictions by force, if argument proved insufficient. Many plausible reasons may be urged for the policy which he now seems to recommend, though he is scarcely entitled to publish his opinions unless he has ascertained that his colleagues agree with him. Although the Federals may be in the wrong, still, beyond idle and irresponsible talk, they have offered no offence to England. Annoyance at foolish obstinacy is not a cause of war, and, short of actual war, there is no opportunity of interference. Mediation has been repudiated by anticipation, and an offer to arbitrate would only be met with insult. Bare recognition of the South, though legally justifiable, would be utterly inoperative, and the Northern agitators of all parties would probably make it the excuse for a formal quarrel with England. The arguments in favour of neutrality remain unshaken; and even if Mr. GLADSTONE'S judgment proves to be correct, it might well have been cherished in silence, so that the policy of England might appear to be unanimous as well as moderate and consistent. On the whole, the pleasure and excitement which have been enjoyed by the people of Newcastle are perhaps purchased at a higher price than they are really worth.

#### MR. MERIVALE ON THE COLONIES.

ONE view of colonial policy has been so incessantly urged of late years, that it has very generally been forgotten that there is anything whatever involved in the existence of a colonial empire besides the narrow question whether a money equivalent is obtained, in the shape of favourable tariffs, or otherwise, for the rather serious cost of protecting dependencies in every quarter of the globe. Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE has done a public service by recalling attention once more to what used to be thought one of the most valuable incidents of an extended system of colonization. Even if we were to exclude all sentiment from consideration, as rigidly as the advocates of dismemberment could desire, there would still remain two functions of a colony which must exercise a material influence on the well-being of a Mother-country such as England. One of these is to supply a market for our goods—the other to furnish a home for our emigrants. Recent speculations have been almost exclusively confined to the commercial value of our great dependencies; and it has been assumed that, if it could only be shown that colonies were as selfish and unwise in their fiscal regulations as they could be expected to be as independent communities, the whole problem would be solved at once, and the prudence of bringing about an immediate separation conclusively demonstrated. In point of fact, it is far from true that our colonies have

rivalled strangers in their hostility to British commerce; but if their aversion to free trade were ever so clearly established, it is well to be reminded that the purely commercial view is but one, and possibly not the most important, aspect of the problem.

No broad political question will admit of an exhaustive summary in scientific shape; but Mr. MERIVALE'S statement of the problem comes much nearer to the truth than the form in which it has been the fashion to enunciate it. The inquiry as to the economical advantage of colonies resolves itself mainly into two questions. First, how far does continued union with the Mother-country add to the prosperity of a colony, and to its commerce with the Mother-country? And secondly, how far does the advantage derived from emigration depend upon the maintenance of the political connexion? That our colonies do prosper by the tie that binds them to us is so far from being disputed that the essence of the complaint of those who advocate separation is that the colonies fatten at the expense of England. They have lighter burdens and fewer dangers to disturb their progress, and none know better than the colonists themselves the material value of their connexion with the Mother-country. But does the prosperity to which we so largely contribute bring us back any equivalent advantage, or are we loading ungrateful dependencies with assistance out of pure benevolence and traditional sentiment, and receiving no benefit in return which we should not equally derive from the same people in a position of independence?

If independence would not still further diminish the disposition to adopt free trade doctrines, and if an emancipated colony would be certain to remain equally prosperous and equally friendly after its final emancipation, it might be admitted that the severance would be an unmixed benefit to the Mother-country by saving it the cost of colonial government and defence. But not one of these assumptions is proved, or even brought within the limits of probability. There is not a shadow of ground for believing that our trade with the Australian colonies would continue on its present footing a day after the proclamation of their independence; and even Canada, illiberal as she has been thought in her commercial policy, is a very Paradise of free-trade when compared with the emancipated colonies of New England. Perhaps we do not make sufficient allowance for the instinctive leaning to Protection on the part of a young country struggling into its place among the nations of the world. This dependence on artificial support may not be wise, but it is an almost universal error, and it is only their connexion with Great Britain that prevents our colonies from adopting the same rampant Protectionism which is the unquestioned creed of the North-Eastern States of the American Federation. Neither experience nor *à priori* reasoning would lead one to suppose that separation would increase either the prosperity of our colonies or their friendly disposition towards ourselves. The severance of the existing bond might well be expected to check the prosperity of some at least of our colonies by involving them in the miseries of war, and loading them with the whole burden of their own defence. Occasions of difference could scarcely be wanting to embitter their relations with the parent country, while, in the present state of opinion, it is morally certain that free trade, where it exists, would be replaced by protection, and protection by absolute prohibition.

The case against the separatists would, perhaps, be strong enough on the narrow issue which they have themselves selected; but Mr. MERIVALE justly reminds them that there are other considerations behind, which they have entirely overlooked. The old Malthusian dread of over-population has ceased to trouble us, not because there was anything false in the theory itself, but because we have an antidote which will, at any rate, serve our generation and our country. Emigration has not only taken off our surplus numbers, but has done so without diminishing the population at home. If comparisons with other countries could be entirely trusted, we might say that the present population of England is greater than it would have been if no colonists or emigrants had ever left our shores. France loses none of her population by emigration, and the decennial increase is barely four per cent. England grows at the rate of ten per cent. in the same period, notwithstanding all her loss by emigration, or, as Mr. MERIVALE would say, precisely on account of it. To appreciate the value of such a resource, it is only needful to remember what the rate of increase in the population implies. A stationary or retrograde population is, in general, a sure symptom of deep national distress; and though the prudential check to which



Malthusian economists look for the salvation of the world may, as in France, avert the worst evils of an excessive population, it is immeasurably more wholesome that the natural law of increase should have full play, and that the excess should overflow into the unpeopled regions of the earth.

Nothing, perhaps, but a forcible check to the current of emigration could teach us all that we owe, in social comfort and national strength, to the facilities for colonization that England has enjoyed. Until recently, it is true, the United States have, in this sense, been more than colonies to us, and the vast progress which they have made since the Declaration of Independence may be traced to the position in which they stood as the principal field for British and German colonization. While the flow of population in this direction was supposed to be as permanent as the Gulf Stream, it might well be thought that all the benefits of colonization were equally attainable without dependent colonies. Before the Secession and the Civil War, a politician who argued in favour of retaining our colonial possessions, lest our surplus population should be without a refuge to fly to, would have been thought mad; and yet within less than two years there is scarcely a hope that the States will again become an attractive home to any wanderers from Europe, except those who find their natural element in confusion and war. None of the old conditions remain, except the abundance of uncleared land, which is equally to be found in any of our colonies. War ending in exhaustion, excessive freedom swallowed up by military despotism, threatened taxation beyond that of the most heavily burdened of the States of Europe, with the prospect of political convulsions and transformations for what may be a long period of transition, are not the conditions which an emigrant from England is likely to seek; and Mr. MERIVALE is indisputably right in saying that our own colonies furnish the only resort for our overflowing population on which we can place any sure reliance. If the colonial bond were broken, would they continue to offer the same facilities? Canada, the only destination which a needy emigrant can select, would inevitably be dragged into the American vortex from the day of her independence. Whether as an associate or an enemy of her neighbours, she would lose the power of offering a safe and prosperous career to the superabundant population of England. The outlet across the Atlantic would be lost, and we should for the first time be driven to try, within the narrow limits of these islands, an experiment which has failed in countries where population has not reached half our standard of density. For all countries colonization becomes, after a certain stage of progress, essential to the vigorous growth of prosperity. For England it is almost a condition of existence. Without colonies bound to us by political ties, it is quite conceivable that emigration on a large scale might become a practical impossibility; and though self-governing dependencies may show some of the selfishness and weakness of our common human nature, this is no sufficient reason for cutting ourselves off from a resource which is indispensable to our own progress, or encouraging dreams of separation which, in their immediate no less than their ultimate consequences, would be almost equally injurious to our colonies and to ourselves.

#### GARIBALDI.

ALL bystanders saw from the first that an amnesty to GARIBALDI and his followers was inevitable. As the common prophecy has been fulfilled, it would be a waste of time to inquire why the Italian Ministry alone seemed to be incapable of understanding the crisis. Possibly, RATTAZZI may have foreseen and designed the ultimate solution of the puzzle which he appeared to be prolonging. It may have been judicious to leave the prisoners in doubt as to their fate, and to intimate the risks which ordinarily attend treasonable enterprises in civilized States. An amnesty is essentially an exceptional measure, and the present circumstances are so far from furnishing a precedent that it is almost impossible for anything approximately similar to recur. The impunity which has followed an illegal act is accorded personally to GARIBALDI, and it is extended to his followers because their error is covered by the great name of their leader. No other Italian subject has deserved so much; and it happens that the hero's services to his country strongly resembled in character the rude and dangerous enterprise which might have brought it to the verge of destruction. It is also the duty of the Ministers themselves to feel, or their interest to affect, a warm sympathy with the object which GARIBALDI proposed irregularly to accomplish. Trial and punishment would have seemed to stigmatize the national cause in its

champion; and recriminations would not have been wanting to complicate the legal process. In short, there was every reason in favour of an amnesty, and there was no serious argument on the other side. The only remaining difficulty is to induce GARIBALDI himself to promise, for the future, abstinence from impracticable and unauthorized attempts. If he refuses such a pledge, the Government must rely on its own vigilance, and on the probable reluctance of the Italian youth to follow the fortunes of a leader who has lost the secret of triumphing over impossibilities. The attack upon Rome was recommended by the fabulous success of the former march upon Naples; but a fresh summons to arms will revive the memory of Aspromonte, of the prison at Spezia, and of the somewhat humiliating amnesty. If France continues to hanker after Sardinia, or after an eastward extension of the plundered territory beyond the Var, GARIBALDI may once more appear in his proper character of the instrument with which the national Government can move the united people.

On his wisdom and political judgment no sane politician will rely. Even since his failure and imprisonment, he has taken the opportunity of promulgating two of the absurdest documents which have ever proceeded from a man who is, with all his weaknesses, both honest and great. A subaltern American official at Vienna has extracted from the captive hero a promise that on some convenient occasion he would cross the Atlantic to assist the Federals in their hopeless scheme of subjugating the South. He might as well have offered his services to protect Denmark against Prussia, or to assist Germany in establishing the doctrine of nationality by the conquest of Holstein. At the time of the American rebellion, LAFAYETTE had a name to make for himself, and he fought for a cause which was popular with his countrymen, against their natural or traditional enemies. GARIBALDI joining in the war against the Confederates would be a LAFAYETTE on the wrong side, meddling in a quarrel with which Italy has not a shadow of concern. The distant Trojans of Virginia never injured him or his cause, and they would certainly have no reason to dread his prowess in a contest where all his peculiar qualities would be absolutely useless. Notwithstanding his honorary citizenship of the United States, he is an Italian or nothing, and as soon as he ceases to serve his real country he becomes a commonplace adventurer. The morality which tolerated the profession of arms apart from the sanction of national allegiance, is generally repudiated by the more enlightened conscience of modern times. Lord COCHRANE's daring genius scarcely reconciles English feeling to his uncalculated exploits in the obscure regions of South America. Sir CHARLES NAPIER was authorized by his Government to accept the command of the *Pedroite* squadron on the coast of Portugal, but his success is rather tolerated as the act of a spirited and pugnacious seaman than admired as a laudable achievement. As the Americans of the North are by no means likely to supersede M'CLELLAN in favour of GARIBALDI, it may be hoped that he will have no temptation to fulfil his ill-considered promises. He is more innocently employed even in writing the consummate nonsense which he has lately addressed to an imaginary population.

Few foreigners know what England is, or what Englishmen think. No nation is more characteristically unanimous in its ordinary judgment of foreign affairs. There was a time when the Government and the upper classes, still impressed with the memory of NAPOLEON's piratical policy, steadily supported the Continental rulers against movements which might facilitate French spoliation. For many years, however, the good wishes of England have attended every effort which has been made for the attainment of national rights or of constitutional freedom. The zealous Liberals who subscribe to GARIBALDI funds, though they possess neither social nor political influence, only exaggerate, in the natural pursuit of notoriety and importance, the sentiment which controls the policy of the Government and the country. All England wishes well to Italy; and there was scarcely a dissentient voice to question the censure which condemned the useless and mischievous enterprise against Rome. The friends of Italy regretted that the fabric of the new Monarchy should be exposed to so early a risk, and they were almost as much disappointed by finding that GARIBALDI could no longer be trusted to maintain the liberty which he had assisted in founding. Nothing could be farther from English habits of thought than any toleration for the anarchic democracy which would supersede the action of a legitimate Government by the caprice of the multitude, or of an individual leader. It was not until the skirmish of Aspromonte had removed the imminent cause of danger that a melancholy satisfaction was felt in the opportunity of once

more indulging a personal sympathy with the fallen adventurer. The universal opinion of England was favourable to an amnesty, and some impetuous friends of the Italian cause subscribed a few hundred pounds for the purpose of sending an eminent surgeon to examine the wounds of the illustrious prisoner. GARIBALDI by no means shared the belief of the French journalist that Lord PALMERSTON sent by Mr. PARTRIDGE 5,000*l.* as the subscription of his Cabinet to a foreign insurrection. It is creditable to his feelings that he should be grateful to a nation which undoubtedly admires his character; but he ought not to misunderstand a personal tribute as a proof that the most sober and conservative of nations has suddenly fallen in love with Socialism and Red Republics.

In an address written in the style of a suburban melodrama, GARIBALDI appeals to revolutionary prejudices which are happily unknown in England. Even if the population suddenly devoted itself to the occupation of seizing property and cutting the throats of its owners, there would still be a general prejudice against the servile adoption of French revolutionary patterns. The "principles of '89," whatever they may be, are but faintly appreciated by a country which has principles of its own several centuries older. Still less has any party in England the smallest desire to imitate the still more questionable principles of 1793; yet GARIBALDI thinks it prudent, in two separate passages, to applaud the French for their institution of the worship of the Goddess of Reason. That highly disreputable female is indubitably contrasted with the POPE, who, as the supposed anti-type of the Scarlet Lady, is certainly not popular with the majority of Englishmen; but if it were necessary to choose between PIUS IX. and the notorious Mrs. MOMORO, decent persons would certainly not prefer the celebrated republican deity. English feeling is Protestant as against Romanism, but the respectable subscribers to the medical mission of Spezzia belong, with few exceptions, to recognised congregations, which have no respect whatever for the brazen goddess of revolutionary Paris. If there are any fanatics who listen complacently to GARIBALDI's wild and turgid rant, they are happily not worth counting in the midst of a community which scarcely knows of their existence. An Italian who seriously desires to provide his country with useful allies will inquire how power and influence are distributed in any nation which he may wish to conciliate. No enthusiasm for Republican theories can affect the practical supremacy in England of those who support the existing Constitution. The Government, the Parliament, the owners of property, the educated classes, are, one and all, opposed to the adoption of idle theories which embody themselves in pretended worship of Goddesses of Reason. Especially they prefer freedom and order, at home and abroad, to military or democratic dictatorship, for any purpose, or under any pretext. If GARIBALDI thinks that they are wrong, he must nevertheless admit that they dispose of the army and navy, of the diplomacy, and of the moral influence of England. The English Jacobins, if they exist, are not worth counting, as they have no means of influencing the course of affairs in any part of the world. It is fortunate for GARIBALDI that thousands who have no pretence to his heroism or his fame can regard with pitying toleration the inflated folly which he has learned from his favourite revolutionary teachers. MAZZINI, who proposes to commence the completion of Italian unity by rebellion and civil war against the Government, must be held more fully responsible for the abuse of an intellect less incapable of reasoning.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

ONE of the autumnal excitements which used formerly to come in with pheasants and the fall of the leaf was that periodical "Battle of the Constitution" which Sir ROBERT PEEL exhorted his followers to fight without fail in the Registration Courts. In our degenerate days, this has become a rather tame affair. The provincial newspapers report, indeed, a certain show of activity in some of the boroughs and counties of the United Kingdom on the part of the political attorneys under whose generalship these local frays are ordinarily conducted. From that source we learn that Mr. QUIRK has succeeded in sustaining five out of five hundred "Liberal objections," and that Mr. SNAP has, with equal success, substantiated about the same percentage of his "Conservative claims"—the net result being that the two above-named professional gentlemen have pocketed as their *honorarium* a few bank notes, and that the relative political position of the honourable members whose interests they have

so gallantly represented in the Revision Courts is precisely where it was before. The qualification of the patriot who claims a voice in the government of his country, as the joint-tenant, with its four-footed owner, of some suburban pigstye, is proved to the satisfaction of the Court; while the unhappy tenant-pounder who has forgotten to pay his rates drops off the Register. Here and there, the balance of casualties may give an apparent triumph to one party or the other—to the "Blues," or to the "Yellows," whose names have survived the legislative abolition of their distinctive banners; but before the engagement is over, the generals in this sham fight usually contrive to distribute pretty equally the laurels and the losses, so that what QUIRK claims as a political victory SNAP need not necessarily accept as a political defeat. This mutually complaisant arrangement is not only a valuable device in order to keep up the spirits of those who supply the sinews of war, but is absolutely necessary to ensure the continuity of a combat which, involving as it does no real conflict of opinions, depends on artificial stimulants, in the absence of which it would be sooner or later given up by both parties in very weariness of an unmeaning and resultless strife. But so long as the agents of either party can report, after each registration, to their principals, a small gain or loss—it little matters which—of half-a-dozen in a borough, or half-a-hundred in a county, as the case may be, the ball will be sure to be kept up, and the "Battle of the Constitution" will last, at all events, as long as the pay and allowances of the local staff officers. Sustained interest in every conflict, whether it be a horse race, or a civil war, or the election of a beadle, depends on its alternations and the prolonged uncertainty of the issue. Even our flagging interest in the American war would subside altogether if we could know at once how it would eventually be decided. And so it is with our local politics, as now handled by the local administrators who pull the wires.

In the golden age of electioneering, when contests lasted for fourteen days, and the House of Commons represented therefore fourteen times as many sovereigns, and fourteen times as much strong beer as at present, it was always a moot-point with experienced canvassers which of three class-interests it was most important to propitiate—that of the clergy, the publicans, or the attorneys. On this question there can be no longer the smallest doubt. The first-named body still come out strong, no doubt, whenever Churchyards, or Church-rates, or Church-endowments are invaded, nor are the licensed victuallers renowned for passive submission even now to legislation which threatens to affect their interests. But the constant political quantity—the class which may be counted on as the ever faithful custodiers of that local and traditional party-spirit which is said to be the lifeblood of Representative Government—is that which contributes the professional warriors who fight in the Registration Court the "Battle of the Constitution." If a knot of country gentlemen assemble at the cover-side, or at the county town hotel, to settle the representation of their county in the coming Parliament, the first idea that occurs to their worshipful imaginations is to take counsel of those under whose oracular guidance they have threaded the mazes of petty-sessional jurisprudence, and been enabled to commit poachers without committing themselves. In fact, the first thing they do is to hire a staff of busy bustling attorneys to conduct in the various districts of the county the impending contest. If the political magnates of a borough foregather at the Red Lion to calculate the chances of a Purple candidate, or, what is still more important, the contingent advantages to be derived to themselves from his success, is not the solicitor of the Purple party the honoured ambassador who is at once despatched on a mysterious mission to the metropolitan market in Pall Mall? From first to last, the working of our political machinery falls naturally into the hands of those who have studied the details of its mechanism; nor is it a matter of marvel if that class of the community which, in times of political excitement, did all the drudgery of party warfare, should have retained, in times of political apathy, a control which no other class cares to dispute with it over those inferior elements the manipulation of which seems to constitute the only remaining function of electioneering science. But if the political world should seem to have outgrown the teaching of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and the battles of the Revision Courts to be, like modern tournaments, little better than childish caricatures of the real conflicts of other days—if the voters of the United Kingdom appear to be reduced to the dignity of pawns, to be moved on and off the electoral board by professional claimants and objectors, without the exercise of any volition of their own—this state of things arises from no encroachment on the part of those professional politicians who are left in almost undisputed occupa-



tion of a field which their fellow-constituents have left to their control.

The fact is, that, but for these local disciplinarians who have found their profit and amusement—sometimes as amateurs, sometimes as mercenaries—in drilling the “Blues” and “Yellows” of their district, whose only politics consisted in the traditional colours of their party, all vestiges of Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives, would have long since perished out of the land. Whether it be, as some sanguine quidnuncs say, because all questions which once divided mankind are for ever amicably adjusted, or whether it be, as others more despondingly aver, because, in the chaos of our party nomenclature, principles and opinions have become irrecoverably severed from the designations by which they once were currently distinguished, is a question which we do not now attempt to decide. Certain it is, that if you want to know to which party in the State you really belong, your best chance, in nine cases out of ten, of settling the question, is by a recurrence to the professional scrutineer of your political life and conversation, who, if he knows his business, and has had any tokens, however slight, to guide him, is pretty sure to have you rightly labelled in his poll-book.

A state of political apathy may, of course, be either praised for the contentment, or censured for the torpor, which it indicates; but that such is the state of England at the present moment must be accepted, for good or for evil, as a fact, if we are to judge from the various symptoms open to the observation of us all. And if such be the actual condition of the body politic, we may perhaps be content to submit, not without some hopes of a stimulating effect, to the action of that galvanic apparatus by which the professors of the Registration Courts enable us involuntarily to fight the “Battle of the Constitution.” Nor if, in the calm and languid mediocrity of political sensations which has crept over the public mind of England, Parliamentary Reformers should have to wait and whistle long for a favouring breeze, will the calamity be deemed overwhelming by a people which seems to take so little pleasure in politics as a pastime. There is, nevertheless, one possible consequence of a national indifference which places the suffrages of the country in commission, or leaves them to be dealt with wholesale by the provincial brokers of two political parties, which those who look beyond the passing hour will do well to contemplate. A machinery which has survived the principles which called it into existence may probably have powers which may be applied for evil or for good, at the will of those who work it. Marionettes may have a very easy life of it, but they do not choose the tunes to which they dance; and if the constituencies of England should come to interpret the precept of Sir ROBERT PEELE, to register their votes as the one great political commandment, the fulfilment of which absolves them from all further obligations, it will not be very surprising if their proxies should be used by those to whom they have unconditionally handed them, for their own purposes. It is notorious that at the present moment the educated classes in England take, as a general rule, no active part in politics; and we have it on the high authority of an “advanced Liberal,” that by the uneducated classes the franchise is regarded as involving “neither a trust, nor a privilege, nor a duty, but simply as a perquisite”—a negotiable instrument, payable in exciseman’s or bank notes at the discretion of the holder. If, under these circumstances, those who in every constituency are the men most qualified by their intelligence to mould and influence the opinions of their neighbours, and to apprehend the moral responsibilities involved in their privileges as citizens of a free State, sit by with folded arms while political attorneys are manufacturing statesmen out of the only coarse material which is ready to their hands, it needs little foresight to anticipate the eventual consequences of such an abnegation of obvious duties on the part of those who find it easier to boast of their representative institutions than to take any trouble either to improve or to maintain them. A hundred Reform Bills or Corrupt Practices Prevention Bills will not avail to infuse life under the ribs of death, or to impart health and vigour to a political system which is not animated by the individual breath of the members who compose it, but needs to be sustained by artificial inhalations. Our present political calm may, perhaps, need the storms of adversity to lash it into life; but when the day of conflict comes, it will not be to the passive automaton, but to him who has employed the interval of peace in personal training for the hardships and fatigues of war, that we shall trust to fight for us our battles, whether as defenders or assailants of that mysterious fortress which we call the Constitution.

#### THE HYDE PARK RIOTS.

THE British Sunday is a very British institution. Here in England we are very much addicted to two pursuits—religion and politics. Religion and politics are the two very hardest as well as the most important subjects which can employ the mind of man; but religion and politics come to all English people by intuition. A man may be totally unable to manage his own affairs, or to comprehend the simplest process of reasoning; he may know nothing of history, or of the progress of man and man’s mind; but in religion and politics, by the help of a dim medium which he calls conscience, he is an infallible judge. He has a right to his opinions; but what is the use of opinions unless he can express them? And of what value are opinions unless he can thrust them down his neighbour’s throat? All this being a matter of fact, and religion and politics being the universal possession and universal passion, what so natural as to give up our weekly holiday to ventilating religion and politics? So much for the thing and time—Sunday is the natural day for enjoying man’s chief good. Then, about the place for enjoyment. What are the parks for but for popular recreation? They are large, spacious, airy, convenient. It follows, therefore, that Sunday religion and Sunday politics should take to Hyde Park as naturally as a duck takes to the water. But, as thought is free, and as it is our privilege and duty to think what we like, opinions will differ. Some men think the Pope the Vicar of CHRIST, some think him ANTICHRIST; some like apples, some like pears; some think GARIBALDI the greatest hero, and some think him the greatest fool of history; some like strong fiery Calvinism, and others have a decided relish for a full-bodied blasphemy. When such Greeks and Trojans meet, that they should fight is a matter of course; and it is very considerate of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS or the SECRETARY OF STATE to provide in the parks of London a proper place for the cultivation and display of this most natural and creditable habit of the national mind. The bull-ring at Seville, or the rat-pit at Westminster, is not more admirably suited for its peculiar purpose than are the London parks as a full and fair field for the exhibition of our political and religious prowess.

There is, we think, a good deal of narrowness in the view that the parks are only places for quiet, healthful recreation, and for peaceable people. After all, peace and quiet, and sober folks, are not the salt of the earth. What is the world’s history but a record of wars and fightings? And what is the history of religion but a black roll of rows, quarrels, schisms, anathemas, persecutions, and wrangles? Here is the great American people. They have just taken their first degree in the hierarchy of nations, and their first real place in history, by engaging in a civil war in which a whole *Iliad* of blood and death signalizes a single battle, and in which battles are fought at the rate of seven in the week. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the world is meant for order and peace. Disorder, riot, bloodshed, and fighting are the highest form of social life; and if Sunday is the best day in the week, and if the parks are the glory of London, then a Sunday riot is the last, but, at the same time, the noblest form in which our national character displays and glorifies itself.

And to do the authorities, especially the Secretary of State for the Home Department, simple and bare justice, they have taken every step which forethought and discretion could suggest to bring out fully the national tastes, and to give them ample room and scope enough for their full display. Sunday, September 28, was only a sort of full-dress rehearsal for the nobler scenic efforts of Sunday, October 5. A fortnight ago, a few Garibaldians and a few Irish Papists had a preliminary riot, just for practice, and to study the capabilities of the battle-field in Hyde Park. They discovered an admirable mound, which might do very well, as experience proved, for the Hougoumont of the coming Waterloo. Very considerately, this mound was allowed to remain. We are not aware whether the forethought of the police provided a few cartloads of brickbats and paving-stones, or imported any considerable number of bludgeons for the coming strife. But under the superintendence of Captain HARRIS, Assistant Police Commissioner, Mr. Superintendent GRANT, and two very judicious inspectors, the police arrangements were admirably managed. The men were ordered not to display themselves offensively—indeed, they were most carefully concealed; and strict orders were issued not to interfere with the speakers, nor to occupy, and so to prevent others occupying, the mound of rubbish which soon got the name of the Redan. In other words, every encouragement for crowds to assemble was given, and everything which could prevent the riot or interfere with the

popular sport was carefully and studiously neglected. The commanding officer of the Guards admirably seconded the praiseworthy inactivity of the Home Office and Scotland Yard. Sunday is the soldier's holiday; and though soldiers had been conspicuous in the little row of the previous week, on Sunday last the soldiers were allowed as usual their out, accoutred, of course, with their side arms. The roughs of London were not slow to appreciate this official invitation to a riot. Saffron Hill and St. Giles's poured forth all their Celtic savagery, and the chivalry of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green scented the coming fray. A few Italian bravos, armed with the national stiletto, gave variety and point to the amusement. Sticks, bludgeons, stones, and knives did their work; the Redan was gallantly won, and not without honour lost; charge after charge was valiantly made and as valiantly met; the fortunes of the day were various—now the POPE and now GARIBALDI was in the ascendant; and the adherents of the Thirty-nine Articles and of the Tridentine decrees fought an exceedingly pretty battle. But the avenger was at hand. With admirable impartiality the police charged gallantly into both hosts, and, as is usually the case, the two quarrelling dogs lost their bone, which was borne off by the third party. One sees now how well all this was arranged. It was clearly done for the honour and glory of the police. The end and object of the police is to quell a riot; but in order to quell a riot you must first get it up. The rioters were encouraged to fight in order that the policeman's truncheon, with stern impartiality, should knock everybody down. This was done. The success of the men of order was complete, and they owe much to Sir GEORGE GREY and to Sir RICHARD MAYNE for the chance of so good a field day. Only, in our admiration of the efficiency of the police, we almost lost sight of the stupid and previous question, whether it is not as much a public duty to prevent a riot as to put an end to it—whether it is not a State physician's business to prevent disease as well as to cure it? And when the matter came before the other responsible guardians of the public peace, every consideration was paid to the feelings of those most concerned. The very mild punishment awarded by Mr. TYRWITT to the rioters showed how much he sympathized with them and with the rest of his brother officials. In one case only he so far vindicated the law as to give two months' imprisonment. In the others a trifling fine was the easy wink which Justice made at this playful outbreak.

To-morrow, however, better things may be hoped for. A fortnight's leisure and the experience of two battles will not only give the combatants, but their official patrons, an opportunity of doing something on a grand scale. The riots of 1780 had, like these, a fine No-Popery element in them; and surely in London we can outdo the peddling row of Belfast. The full capabilities of London as a scene of mischief have not yet been done justice to. There has been as yet no window breaking, no gutting of houses, no assaults on meeting-houses and mass-houses. Dr. CUMMING and Cardinal WISEMAN have not yet felt the full force of religious polemics. At present only a few heads have been broken—no lives have been lost. Probably it is thought at the Home Office that if half-a-hundred fools and savages, whether they are partisans of the POPE or of GARIBALDI, were murdered, it would be no serious loss to society. But we can hardly afford to let this Kilkenny cat business go on. It is not quite safe to allow a London mob to taste too much blood; and even the police may be so unobtrusively and unostentatiously manipulated that at last, when a riot has got good head, they will be found just as useful as a parish engine when "the devouring element" has mastered the staircase.

We have not the least objection to public meetings, whether they are to display sympathy with the POPE, or with General GARIBALDI. People of the intellectual calibre and moral judgment of Serjeant PARRY or Dr. WORTHINGTON, formerly of the Conservative Land Society, may fancy that the cause of Italian Unity is furthered by giving three cheers for the amiable and feather-brained zealot who is ready to hire himself out to fight the cause of liberty in the pay of the most despotic Government of the earth. But Mr. WESTON's Music Hall and the Crown and Anchor are the proper places for this sort of thing. If anybody, be he a tailor in Tooley Street or an obscure clerical agitator, chooses to call himself the people of London, by all means let him do it. Let him also, if he will, identify himself with the bombastic nonsense which announces that it is the sacred mission of England to carry the cause of "the Goddess Reason" through every country of Europe—that is, to begin another twenty years' war in the interests of Communism, MAZZINI, and VICTOR HUGO. But neither the Guildhall of the City of London nor the Royal

Parks are the places for these foolish and wicked displays. If Sir GEORGE GREY is within the four seas, or if a voice can reach him in the ancestral halls where perhaps he is adorning Scottish society, we are not without hope that all public meetings, all preachings, and everything which can lead to a concourse in the Parks will be strictly prohibited; and, for once, let authority display itself in all its force and all its terrors. Here in London we cannot afford another such a day as last Sunday. The sport is in itself excellent, but it is expensive; and its money cost is the least serious part of the outlay which it involves.

#### LORD GRANVILLE AND MR. CADOGAN.

EACH successive explanation only throws fresh darkness upon the mysterious contract between Mr. CADOGAN and M. VEILLARD. It appears, from Lord GRANVILLE's letter, that the Commissioners knew nothing of this extraordinary bargain. Mr. CADOGAN says that "it was known to the Executive;" and we must therefore conclude that, to his mind, the Commissioners were not "the Executive." Who "the Executive" were, and why they refrained from reporting so suspicious a state of things to their superiors, there is no evidence to show. Upon the nature of the contract itself no light whatever has been cast by the last explanation. Lord GRANVILLE himself appears to have harboured a vague curiosity concerning it, and those with whom he worked indulged in all kinds of speculations about it. He only knew, "by hearsay, and very conflicting reports, what were the duties Mr. CADOGAN engaged to perform, or the amount of remuneration he was to receive." Even to his practised mind, the probable nature of Mr. CADOGAN's duties was not evident at first sight. For the proprietor of an eating-house to hire the son of a Peer to act as something between an interpreter and a bagman, may be a very legitimate, but is not a very usual operation. Even at the rate of the salary for which any man of education would devote his time to such a work, the proceeding would have been thriftless. The instrument was too costly for the uses to which it was put. Lord GRANVILLE confesses, therefore, that the real nature of Mr. CADOGAN's duties never impressed itself upon him until he saw Mr. CADOGAN's own account of them in the newspapers. It is a pity that we cannot steal from Lord GRANVILLE's private diary a description of the "conflicting reports" upon this subject with which the leisure moments of the Commission were amused. Each Commissioner probably had his own solution of the enigma. There were many possible theories that might have been advanced. He might have been M. VEILLARD's taster, to secure that the foreign viands should contain no ingredient shocking to fashionable palates. Or he might have been M. VEILLARD's touter, warranted to lure away the whole fashionable world from the tables of his English rival. Or that most unfounded and unconscionable theory might have been entertained, that he was appointed because, as Lord GRANVILLE expresses it, "he had known him for many years," and M. VEILLARD had heard that, spite of competitive examinations, jobs were not absolutely unknown in England. But, we will venture to say, there was no ŒDIPUS at the Board who hit upon the true solution, that Mr. CADOGAN was employed at the rate of 3,000*l.* a year for acting the part which, in most French houses that have English transactions, is performed by an English clerk.

But this sum, enormous as it is, does not really represent the amount of remuneration for which Mr. CADOGAN stipulated, and which M. VEILLARD agreed to give. It was the result of an agreement that Mr. CADOGAN should receive from his culinary employer half a farthing for every visitor who should enter the Exhibition. But it is notorious that a much larger number of visitors were counted on than actually appeared. That this was M. VEILLARD's own impression is sufficiently evident from the fact of his having undertaken the contract. It has proved ruinous to him precisely because the number of visitors was very much smaller than he had anticipated. When, therefore, he made the contract with Mr. CADOGAN, it is clear that he expected that Mr. CADOGAN would receive a very much larger number of half-farthings than eventually fell to that gentleman's share. The number of visitors that actually appeared paid him at the rate of 3,000*l.* a-year. But the number that actually appeared was so much smaller than the number which was expected at the time the contract was signed, that the shortcoming made all the difference to M. VEILLARD between profit and bankruptcy. What salary he really intended to assign to Mr. CADOGAN when first the family solicitors were called in, must be a matter of conjecture. But it may be safely assumed that



M. VEILLARD expected to be a very long way on the right side of bankruptcy, and that, therefore, the sum which the half-farthings were calculated to yield was, at least, half as much again as they did yield. In other words, Mr. CADOGAN's services were appraised at about the same rate as the services of a Prime Minister or a Judge. He may call the comments of the press "cruel and libellous." But so long as the world is wicked, and the younger sons of Peers are not exempt from the general frailty, men will be slow to believe that this modest stipend was a remuneration for nothing else than the labour of writing the letters and conducting the interviews which are required in the process of setting up a refreshment room. There are occasions when the world will not be kept from criticizing even the most private bargains between man and man. On the occasion of the last Huddersfield election, the price of pigs rose suddenly to fifty pounds a pig; and many pigs were sold in that condition of the market. A very "cruel and libellous" view was taken of those transactions at the time. Yet a pig at 50*l.* was a cheap animal compared to Mr. CADOGAN at 3,000*l.* It is perfectly true that, though the pig was loyally paid for, the corresponding vote was not always given. It may also be true that M. VEILLARD would equally have obtained the contract though he had never seen Mr. CADOGAN. We are bound to accept the deliberate word of Lord GRANVILLE upon that point. But no charity can believe that M. VEILLARD himself was of that opinion. What he pledged that enormous share of his expected profits to secure was, not the services of an expert head-clerk, but the services of Lord GRANVILLE's influential friend. We are now informed that, in counting upon that influence, he acted under a complete delusion. What share (if any) Mr. CADOGAN had in impressing that delusion upon M. VEILLARD's mind, there is no evidence to show. But that M. VEILLARD entertained it, it would be ridiculous to doubt.

There are certainly many modes of obtaining a livelihood more eligible than that of coining into money your influence, or supposed influence, with great personages. But there is a good deal to be said in extenuation of such a proceeding. If the son of a peer does not make money out of his social position, what other wares has he to sell? He belongs to an isolated class, in whose eyes most kinds of honourable labour are as shameful as they are popularly said to be to the so-called "mean whites" of America. So long as the Peers persist in the practice of bringing up their younger sons in a condition of well-dressed pauperism, they must expect an occasional scandal now and then. Unless a family living happens to be vacant, a younger son who has not the peculiar talents required for the bar has none of the careers open to him by which, in these days, wealth is to be obtained. Men are growing rich in England every day as doctors, as bankers, as merchants, as manufacturers, and in many other ways besides; but from all share in this harvest this luckless section of the Commons of England have cut themselves off by a kind of traditional taboo. They condemn themselves to a limited circle of "gentlemanly" vocations, which hold out nothing more solid than gentility as their reward. When a class superstition condemns the members of it to this species of self-sacrifice, they generally submit to its requirements passively enough. But occasionally there will occur a discontented spirit who claims to be restored to the ordinary hopes and rights of other human beings; and then a scandal is apt to arise. The Suttrees went through the process of being reduced to a cinder, for the most part, without expressing any objection to it. But sometimes a widow was profane enough to dislike the ceremony; and then it was necessary to drown her cries with gongs and drums, lest the faithful should be offended. With equal resignation, the mass of the younger sons of Peers, unless they chance to marry heiresses, are content to struggle on through life, hanging about the drawing-rooms of great men, jobbing for small promotions, and never attaining even to a hope of overtaking their tailors' bills. But occasionally some one of them, more energetic than the rest, will be stirred up to murmur at his lot by the sight, perhaps, of the growing prosperity of some college friend who started more poorly than himself; and then he, too, conceives an eccentric desire to get rich enough to pay his bills. Mr. CADOGAN appears to have been actuated by a laudable but ignorant aspiration to escape from the poverty which is the badge of all his tribe. But it is difficult to escape from the bondage of class observances. The few who do it generally damage themselves in the effort. It is said in India that, if a native speaks English, he is probably a rascal, but that, if he is a Christian, he may be confidently assumed to be one. The saying, no doubt, roughly represents a general experience,

and is approximately true. If many cases occurred as discreditable to aristocratic scions as this CADOGAN contract, it may be feared that a similar evil repute would attach to all "honourables" who break the tradition of their class. Mr. CADOGAN deserves credit for the resolution with which he overcame the scruples that barred to him the golden roads of commerce; but unfortunately he seems to have swept away some other scruples at the same time. The first apostles of a social reform generally go a little too far. It is reserved for their successors to restore the proper balance. Let us hope that a good time is coming when "honourables" will freely mix in trade without incurring the inconveniences which Mr. CADOGAN has imprudently braved in the cause of his order.

#### THE PRAISES OF AGRICULTURE.

THE Marquis d'Andelaire, deputy of the Haute-Saône, as the French papers inform us, lately delivered, as president of an Agricultural Society, "an address entirely devoted to the praise of the first of the arts, according to the ancients, and from which politics were the more excluded, that they had nothing to do with it." The speaker, however, concluded his address with these words:—"In serving agriculture, a person at the same time serves his country and the Emperor." Certainly, as *La France* remarks, "these are sentiments which can with difficulty be taxed with being anarchical." A Government would, indeed, be hard to please which saw harm in these innocent words. And as it turned out, although *La France* fancied some wrong had been done to the Marquis by a malignant *préfet*, this was a mistake, and the erring journal had to insert a humble apology. Even in these days, when a play is condemned in France, by order of Count Walewski, long before any official has seen a line of it, any loyal subject of the Emperor is at liberty to praise the first of the arts as much as he likes. We presume that agriculture is praised in France very much as it is praised in England. There is a meeting, and plenty to eat and drink, and then the great man of the neighbourhood, or the great man secured for the occasion, makes a speech in which he gets rapturous about the loveliness of agricultural life, the honest manly sense of the farmer, and the sturdy independence of the labourer. There would be some differences in France, of course. The division of land would perhaps urge the orator to insist on the blessed privilege of having a plot of land of one's own, on the pride of industry that runs through the family which the plot supports, and on the immense political importance, wisdom, and foresight of the labourers of France generally. But it all comes to the same thing. People who are placed in a homely sphere, and engaged in a very coarse and homely calling, are gathered together at stated intervals, and a gentleman engaged for the purpose attends to sprinkle the flowers of poetry over their laborious occupation. They have the ideal side of their existence brought before them by a superior and business-like being, gifted with the power of seeing their prose and their poetry at once—a man able to talk about pigs and turnips—a man who has, perhaps, himself offered a prize for the best beetroot in the district, and who through his bailiff may have won the prize for the best-made dunghill, and who also sees in all agricultural pursuits the connexion of the art with Adam, and can prove that a ploughman who drives a furrow straight is serving his Queen or his Emperor. The agriculturist who was, perhaps, enjoying a sort of stolid happiness before, is to be made still happier by hearing agriculture praised. It may be worth while to ask how far this process can be expected to answer.

In the first place, we may observe that very much the same thing is going on in every department of modern life where the rich are brought to mix with the poor. It is one of the kindnesses which are offered with ease to the donor, and credit to the manager of the affair, and the feelings of the recipients lie hid in the recesses of their dirty bosoms. Any body of men, or women, or children, who earn their bread by the same means, and who can be got together to hear a stranger, and a superior, address them, can be made to listen to the praises of their calling. The superior stranger wishes to please, and he likes to show his ingenuity on a subject that is new to him. He can very easily make out that, in some way or other, the people before him ought to be proud of themselves. The end answered is, in a very faint way, that aimed at by the old guilds. The hearers are for the moment persuaded to regard themselves as a body or brotherhood, each member of which is glorified by the glory of the whole. The effect is rather temporary, and there are none of the solid, and few of the imaginative advantages, which the old guilds carried with them. But for the moment, perhaps, people are pleased. It may perhaps cheer a company of knackers, if a gentleman meets them by night, and assures them that, if they knock hard, they will be rendering true service to their country and their Queen. It is quite true that they will do so in a remote way; and as it may not have struck them, perhaps it is a kindness to tell them so. A man may go what sentimental writers call "more cheerily" through his dealings with dead horseflesh, if he has been shown that dead horses must have been somehow got rid of in the days of the Pharaohs. It is quite true that if a calling is lawful, and if it answers one of the elementary purposes of society, it is no discredit to a man to have been born

to engage in it, and its usefulness will probably have been appreciated by very remote generations. Perhaps, therefore, society owes some thanks to those who will expatiate on this simple truth, and will stir up the enthusiasm of the humbler classes by giving the gilding of an association with the past to the rudest forms of manual labour.

At the same time, it is evident that the main use of the praises of agriculture and of other employments of the poor is to give the speaker something to say, and that these praises are of a rather forced and artificial kind. Agriculture means to the poor, in France and England, something rather too rude and stern to be easily softened by fine phrases. Agriculture does, indeed, as Virgil long ago showed, afford a pretty theme for poetry. The art of coupling the glories of tillage and harvest with devotion to an Emperor is now nearly two thousand years old. Virgil told the agriculturists of his day that they were almost too happy, if they did but know it. But they did not know it, probably, for much the same reason that day labourers in England would not know it. They were labourers, and not poets. The praises of agriculture fall rather flat on the ears of such men as cultivate the soil of England. Whether the labourers of France are really better off is a question into which we will not enter, for no one would say they were so much better off as to make their lot present any substantial difference. What the life of an agricultural labourer is in England, we know, and we know it to be a very hard, beaten-down, wretched, and unpoetical sort of life. That labourers have a kind of bovine or porcine happiness—the happiness of vacant minds, and constant employment, and a relish for the little they can get by it—may be true. But it is absurd, apart from Georgics, and apart from after-dinner speeches, to say that people are “almost too blest” who get up, dark or light, in the cold of the morning, who work on through wet and in mud, who live with the farm animals they come in time to resemble, who are generally at the mercy of a very unmerciful master, who can scarcely get enough of bread and fat for their families, whose only holiday is lying in bed on Sunday morning, and whose only recreation is drinking drugged beer in a pothouse. This is what “golden Ceres,” and “the horn of plenty,” and the “soft sleep under the beech-tree,” and the “song by the side of the murmuring brook,” mean to real agriculturists. It seems rather a wild flight of fancy to suppose that such a life as this can be suddenly rendered glorious and happy by the simple process of a comfortable gentleman making a speech, and declaring that agriculture is the first of the arts.

We should, indeed, be sorry to suppose that there is no poetry in the lives even of very humble men. That the majority of agricultural labourers, or of the poor, feel any poetry at all, it would, we think, be absurd to hope. If anything can be read in their faces, a complete absence of poetry can be generally read there. Still, to some, and perhaps we may hope to many, there is a sort of poetry. Some callings are really calculated to open the heart and to stir the feelings. Wordsworth so often insisted that mountain shepherds were superior people, and he knew so much more about mountain shepherds than most of his readers can pretend to do, that we must take it on trust that they have a wisdom of their own. Possibly, also, the varied aspects of nature with which agriculturists are familiar may drive some special sense of beauty into their minds, although the history of literature shows the love of scenery to be so purely the fruit of cultivation that this may well be doubted. We are glad to think that the real poetry of the agricultural life lies in directions which open a similar happiness to all labourers. We should regret if the knackers could not share the poetry of common life. There really are given to labourers of all kinds two sources of pleasure and of fine feeling, besides that pleasure of health which may or may not accompany toil. There is, in the first place, the poetry of family life, and especially of children. Most men, however rude and hard and brutalized they may be, feel a tenderness steal over them when the helpless little things cling to them and smile on them. Secondly, there is always a sense of poetical triumph in the consciousness of work well done. We do not mean the reward of conscience, but the artistic sense of satisfactory execution. A labouring man who does the meanest and most trivial task really well, and rises in it above the average standard of performance, has a pleasure in it which is keen and genuine. It makes no matter what it is that he does; it may be that he is unusually smart at driving a straight furrow, or ringing a pig, or binding a sheaf; whatever the thing is, if he does it well, he walks with a prouder step, and his heart beats more lightly while the hour of his usefulness and glory lasts.

When we think of what the real comforts and successes of the labourer are, we turn with a smile to the platitudes of a loyal Marquis or poet assuring the agricultural world that the star of favouring Augustus burns brightly in the sky, that the good Emperor watches over all, and that agriculture is the first of the arts. We acknowledge that if the rich are to meet the poor, and if the rich must talk to the poor, there is some sort of excuse for these gushes of rhetorical philanthropy. We must look on them as the awkward utterances of unpractised speakers; and as the desire to be benevolent is apparent, we must excuse something of egotism and nonsense in their benevolence. This puffing up of the callings of humble men is silly in itself, and at variance with the stern facts of life; but the puffer tries to pay a compliment to his hearers by speaking as if the imaginary glories of their calling put them more on a level with himself than any of them could have supposed. Perhaps, too, as vanity is so pleasant a feeling

to the human heart, there may be a sort of kindness in trying to make men vain of their calling. The motives of men are very mixed, and vanity is sometimes elevating, if it is not too personal. It may elicit the nobler self of a grocer's errand-boy to hear that to serve in a shop is, to those who will think it so, a beautiful and divine mission. Mr. Disraeli recently told us that the elderly agricultural poor, to his knowledge, really enjoyed getting a pair of plush breeches as a reward for long and faithful service. We must not, therefore, be above noticing and humouring the odd fancies and strange vanities of the poor. A man who could stroke his prize small-clothes with pleasure as he thought of his thirty years of ten shillings a week on one farm, might be more cheered than we should fancy at being told that agriculture is “the first of arts according to the ancients.” Only let us recognise that phrases are about the very smallest and most uncertain contribution to his happiness that we can possibly make.

#### THE LOVES OF OLD LADIES.

ONE of the most curious features of the recent poison case which has created so much interest was the unsuspecting confidence with which the victim surrendered herself to her murderer. Mrs. Soames was bound to Catherine Wilson by no ties, and beholden to her for no services; she had no knowledge of her character or previous life, and she was not herself destitute of relatives to whom she might have more naturally clung. She had none of the ordinary motives for this fatal friendship. But she seems to have thrown herself at the head of her new lodger with as little caution or reserve as if she had been a boarding-school miss, and the poisoner had been an Irish fortune-hunter. So absolute was the self-surrender, that even when she was ill her own daughters did not dare to take the nursing of her upon themselves out of the stranger's hands, nor to offer any observations upon the stranger's mysterious practice of locking up the medicine bottle in her own room. The perfect absence of suspicion with which the murdered woman allowed herself to be poisoned by inches by a person of whom she knew nothing, and at the same time suffered that person to have access to her money, can be explained in no other way than by saying that she had fallen desperately in love with her. The romance of old ladies' love affairs has yet to be written. They are not a very attractive subject; for no reader could elicit from the perusal of them anything in the nature of a daydream. But they would be inadequately described by the name of friendship. They are, of course, platonic, and do not necessarily involve a male object. But they are so extravagant and so foolish that the language used to describe them must be borrowed from the vocabulary of the tender passions. Using the word in this qualified sense, the love-making of old ladies may be divided into three classes, according to the objects of their passion. Under which class they range themselves depends very much upon the subjects to which their minds have been previously turned. The most respectable type of the species, the devout old lady, of course falls in love with her clergyman. Nothing could be better and more suitable in every way than such a choice, if only it were required. There is that analogy of tastes and modes of action and logical processes which guarantees the most perfect compatibility of temper. And the old lady who is in love with the clergyman, and has become—quite, of course, in a proper way—a kind of tame cat about the Rectory-house, is so extremely useful for a number of small parochial jobs. She presides over the Dorcas Association, and makes ladies' society at the dinner which follows the clerical meeting, gives tea and cake to the National School, and makes her fashionable daughters teach there. The only drawback to her position is that the clergyman too often does not reciprocate her attachment. The clergy, as a body, prefer lambs to ewes. Old ladies have no experiences; or at least, if they have, they do not like to tell them for fear of a lecture from their husbands. Besides, they have acquired a hard, bold, prosaic view of men and things. The charming doubts, the sweet despairs, the soft metaphysics, and gentle casuistry, applied invariably to the elucidation of one privileged set of feelings—these are the things which make the spiritual consolation of blushing eighteen so very eligible an occupation. But in wrinkled sixty they are sadly wanting. And the clergy, though soaring far too high above human frailty to be conscious of the difference, still do, as a matter of fact, show an ardour in the ministry of their pastoral attentions in the one case, which is sensibly slackened in the other. It may be that they desire to economize their labour, and reflect that the young lady will some day become an old woman, and therefore have a double title to their care. Or it may be that they only desire to snatch her away from the prowling guardsman, who will convert her into a hardened married woman, and clog her soul with the worldly impediments of nursery governesses and household bills. With the sense of this danger strong upon their minds, they naturally feel a temptation to turn aside from the old lady, who is happily not exposed to it, in order to succour those who are in real jeopardy. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains one of the special crosses of the class of old ladies who fall in love with their clergymen.

Far happier are those who select their doctors as the objects of the innocent *tendresse* of their declining years. The clergyman and the doctor stand in a different position to each other in this respect. The clergyman is moved to pay attention to those who are under his charge solely by a sense of duty; whereas the doctor is animated by a desire of



fees. Now it is found in practice that the sense of duty invariably prefers the young ladies, while the desire of fees is attracted towards those whose age is likely to predispose to a lavish expenditure in that direction. The old lady, therefore, who values her peace of mind, and who does not wish to meet with any humiliating coldness, will, if she is prudent, turn the current of her affections upon the family doctor. It is his business to make himself agreeable, especially to people who are likely to be ill; he never refuses to come when he is sent for, and there is no fear that he will ever look upon invitations as importunate; and as a walking repository of gossip, the world cannot show his rival. Moreover, it is the best thing she can do for her family. Old ladies ought on every account to be encouraged to be fond of their doctors; for if they are proof against that tender passion, they almost invariably do a little doctoring on their own account. Such an inmate is one of the most terrible afflictions that can befall a family. Few messengers of death are more unerring than the science of medicine after it has been subjected to the mysterious processes of the anile mind. Even in the administration of medicine, a woman's intellect appears to be incapable of vigorous impartiality. As she contemplates her medicine-chest, she has her favourites and her antipathies, and will no more believe harm of the one and good of the other than if they lived and moved in virile form. She looks on all drugs as rival suitors for her favour; and she selects one, and clings to him, for better for worse, with true womanly loyalty. The cause of her preference is often obscure. She may have fallen in love with calomel at first sight, or antimony may have become endeared to her by a long series of well-remembered cures. But whatever its claim to her fidelity, no subsequent maltreatment or misbehaviour on its part can alienate her affections from the drug of her choice. And she is not satisfied with her own adoration of it. She likes it to be appreciated. She insists that everyone within the range of her influence shall acknowledge its merits too. In past times this evil was less than it is now. The lady of the house always had her pet remedy, which she delighted to administer to sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, and—hardest case of all—to the strangers within her gates. But then it was some traditional prescription of simple herbs, from which the most important ingredient had probably fallen out by accident. But the general use of powerful medicines has changed the state of the case. Wielding her blue-pill, or her morphia, the old lady-doctor has become a fearful engine of destruction. And she can only be disarmed by raising her mind from the medicine-chest to the doctor, and inspiring her with an attachment to the compounder of blue-pill to which her fondness even for blue-pills itself shall give way. Whenever a lady, advanced in years, is detected in clandestine visits to her medicine-chest, her family should lose no time in getting a fascinating doctor into the neighbourhood. It is their only chance of life.

Both these types of the loves of old ladies have their advantages, and, for the sake of avoiding worse, should be rather encouraged than checked. But there is one that has no redeeming point. Sometimes an old lady takes it into her head to conceive a passionate attachment for her servants. Generally, it is one particular pet, who is specially favoured; for diffusive charity is foreign to the female breast, in the matter of domestics as well as drugs. If the favourite be a woman servant, the consequences are very serious. Being perfect, as all ladies' favourites are as a matter of course, she is assumed to possess the virtue of perfect discretion; and under that assumption receives a full account of all family and other secrets in strict confidence, and in strict confidence she imparts it to the other favourites at the other houses in the neighbourhood. Old ladies of this type are very much addicted to a style of conversation with the favourite which they call "hearing what So-and-So has got to say," but which really consists in their pouring out their own hearts to So-and-So without reserve. By a confusion of the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego* for which a German philosopher might possibly account, the impression which half an hour's uninterrupted stream of their own garrulity leaves upon their memories is, that they have been quite silent, and have been receiving a great deal of valuable information. When the favourite is a man servant, the case is less serious for the family, but worse for the object of her attachment. It does not show itself by any of the ordinary signs. She does not seek his conversation, or appreciate his society—rather the reverse. It takes the form of an insane fear of overworking him. The sight of any one pulling the bell affects her, as if her own tooth was fastened to the wire. She contrives excuses for not going in the carriage, lest he should have to go out. She renounces society, and forces her unsympathizing family to renounce it too, lest he should be out late at night. She throws the males of her family into a state bordering on insanity by substituting heavy teas for dinners, that he may not have to wait. But the mark by which she may be known is the air of unspeakable discomfort which pervades her home on Sundays—a combination of the Turkish Ramadan with the Roman Catholic Good Friday—which is the result of her ingenious contrivances to enable him to have his Sunday to himself. And all the while she is doing her best to ruin him, body and soul. An embodied angel could not withstand the continued overfeeding and idleness of an ordinary London footman. In the interest of humanity itself, therefore, this form of old-ladyish affection ought to be discouraged. But when it once sets in, it is the most inveterate of all. Domestic

scandals are pretty sure to come in plenty; but they are wholly inadequate to root it out. The victim will go on petting her footman, and dismissing him for drunkenness, and then petting his successor—and so on, in continuous series, to the end.

#### PROFESSIONAL BELIEF.

THERE is a story told of a Kentish clergyman of the last century, very eccentric and somewhat immoral, who, among other things, never would read the Athanasian Creed. In this, Parson Patten, as he was called, was probably not singular; but his way of defending the canonical irregularity was both original and forcible. He would not read it because he did not believe it. When pressed with the argument that the Archbishop, who must know better than he did, believed it, his answer was—"And he can well afford to believe it; he believes at the rate of three thousand a year, and I only at that of fifty pounds." Now, if Parson Patten merely meant that the Archbishop was a gross hypocrite, who would say anything that he was paid to say, we may safely assert, without remembering what particular Archbishop it was, that Parson Patten was a base libeller. The charge of saying the exact contrary to what one thinks merely because it happens to suit one's interest, is a charge which we should never think of bringing against any Archbishop—indeed, one which we are always slow to bring against any man under the rank of Emperor. But, if Parson Patten merely meant that a man's position and interest often have a real effect upon what he does think, he hit upon an undoubted truth. The Archbishop may have believed more than the Curate without the slightest conscious insincerity; and yet it may be true that, if the positions of the two had been exchanged, their respective amounts of belief would have been exchanged also. This is a truth not exclusively applicable to archbishops and curates, but generally to all men, except mere hypocrites on the one hand, and men with the spirit of martyrs on the other. In this, as in most other things, the very good and the very bad are alike exceptional classes; the mass of men occupy their usual intermediate place.

That a man's feelings, belief, and general way of looking at things are influenced by the position in which he is born, by his place of birth, by the station of his family, by the opinions and feelings of his parents, needs no proof, and, indeed, no example. Most men have an hereditary creed, both in politics and in religion. Such a creed is held, and held sincerely; its professor really believes what he says he believes; but he believes it rather as a matter of habit, or as a sort of point of honour, than as a truth of which he is intellectually convinced. So with the views and feelings, not exactly religious or political, which are the natural result of birth in such a kingdom or such a province, or in such a class in society. Whether true or false in themselves, they are commonly held as prejudices. Those who hold them may be able to defend them by argument, but it was not by any force of argument that they themselves were led to hold them. All this is so familiar that we expect it. We take it for granted that it should be so. We remark the exceptional cases as something unusual. When a man forsakes his hereditary creed or his hereditary party—when he shakes off, whether for better or worse, the prejudices of his rank or his birth-place—we at once take a note of the fact. Whether we despise him as a renegade, or hail him as a witness to the force of truth, depends, of course, upon whether the opinions which he turns to are our own or those of somebody else.

When a man changes his religion or his politics in this way, he is fairly entitled to be looked upon as sincere, unless there is some overwhelming evidence of corrupt motives. For mere sincerity he probably does get some credit; but men call him inconsistent, untrustworthy, and the like—charges which are often utterly undeserved. It is an abuse of language, and something much worse than an abuse of language, to call a man inconsistent simply because he has changed his opinions. Inconsistency is not when a man changes his opinions, or even when he changes his principles, but when he professes certain principles and acts in a manner different from what those principles dictate. Nor is such a man necessarily unstable or untrustworthy. It does not at all follow that, because he has changed once, he is likely to change again. It is no sign either of moral or intellectual instability when a man reviews the opinions which he has hitherto held as prejudices, and deliberately determines that they do not stand the test of argument. It does not even prove anything of the kind if a man goes from one extreme to another. A young man imbibes certain hereditary opinions, handed down probably in a moderate and not very logical form. It is not unlikely that, as soon as he begins to think for himself, he may carry out those hereditary opinions to logical consequences of which his respectable forefathers never dreamed. His next step is not so likely to be backwards, from his own extreme deductions to the moderate views which he inherited, as right across to the opposite camp altogether. The soundness of the views which he reaches in these different stages will, of course, depend on the soundness of the judgment exercised at each step. But the mere change, even from one extreme to another, in no way proves a man to be either morally or intellectually unstable.

A sort of change which commonly brings a man into greater discredit is when his opinions and views change with his fortunes. A man rises in the world; he gets rich, and finds himself in a higher class in society than that in which he was born; he is successful in his profession, and obtains whatever wealth and honours attend on such success; his political party

gains a triumph, and he finds himself possessed of power, instead, it may be, of having power exercised to his disadvantage. In all these cases, his feelings and opinions are very apt to change. He forsakes the feelings and opinions of the class in which he stood before, and adopts those of the class into which he has risen. The man who acquires wealth often adopts the prejudices of wealth in much greater intensity than the man who is born to it. The man who obtains official promotion is apt to give himself airs, to despise his old friends—in a word, to become a Don. The political party which finds itself in power after a long season of opposition not uncommonly presses the powers of government to extremes beyond those of which they themselves once complained. In all these cases men are blamed, and they are so far rightly blamed that their conduct is not that of perfectly wise and virtuous men. A perfectly wise and virtuous man will not change at all, or he will only change so far as new circumstances may reveal to him new facts which may modify his previous opinions. But, in such cases, men are sometimes blamed more severely than a man should be blamed merely for not being perfectly wise and virtuous. Such changes show a certain degree of both moral and intellectual weakness, but they in no way prove any sort of conscious dishonesty. Parson Patten's phrase implies as much. His Archbishop believed at the rate of three thousand a-year. But he did believe—he was not merely shamming. The three thousand a-year influenced his belief, but did not make him pretend to believe what in his heart he disbelieved. If it be true that Leo the Tenth, or any other Pope, while persecuting heretics officially, used to say privately, "What riches this fable of Christ brings us!" then Pope Leo, or Pope anybody else, was the greatest rascal that ever walked the earth. But it proves nothing more than common human frailty if a man's faith should increase at every step from a Curacy to the Popedom. Nor does what seems the worst case—that of men who are demagogues while in opposition proving despots in office—really imply any monstrous wickedness. In all these cases, a man finds himself in a new position; he throws himself into that position; he tries to do what is right in that position—that is, in most cases, to do what is usual in that position: he does and says what his new fellows say and do; he adopts their customs and repeats their formulae, if not with any very fervent belief in them, yet without any definite disbelief. It may become his business to speak out on some points on which he might before allowably hold his tongue; or, again, it may become his business to hold his tongue on some points on which he might before allowably speak out. He will generally speak out and hold his tongue, on such occasions, and in such a way, as is thought usual and decorous in his new position. He acquires, in short, a sort of official or professional belief—a belief not held insincerely, that is, not accompanied by any conscious pretence, but a belief which is most certainly the result of position rather than of conviction. In short, having before believed only at the rate of fifty pounds a year, he now believes at the rate of three thousand.

This sort of professional belief comes out in various ways, and in various positions. Let us take the case of a candidate on the hustings. A hustings speech has become a by-word for insincerity. Now, certainly, gentlemen who are in search of votes do very often say things which they do not say on any other occasion, and which are not always exactly in harmony with either their past or their subsequent conduct. To say the very least, the candidate often professes a fervent zeal for such and such objects, which zeal gets marvellously cooled down in the atmosphere of the House of Commons. He makes promises as if from the bottom of his heart; and then, if he does not forget them altogether, he fulfils them in a very feeble and perfunctory way. Now this is not the conduct of the perfectly virtuous man—of the political saint and martyr. But, on the other hand, it does not prove any special wickedness. The professions of the candidate and the conduct of the member are certainly inconsistent, but neither of them is necessarily insincere. That is, he is not necessarily guilty of any conscious hypocrisy at the moment. We suspect that, in many cases, there is no conscious dishonesty even in very extravagant hustings pledges. The man is worked up by the general excitement of the scene. He throws himself into the spirit of it, and, for the time, he really believes a great deal, and really intends a great deal, which he forgets or is ashamed of when he wakes up in the soberer air of the House. Of course a thoroughly good and wise man will not, on the hustings or anywhere else, make a profession which he has not well considered, or promise anything which he does not deliberately intend to perform. On the other hand, an unprincipled scoundrel will profess and promise anything which suits his momentary purpose, though fully conscious at the time that he is lying. But men of the class, far larger than either, which lies between these two extremes, find themselves for the time in a certain position, where a certain course is expected of them. They say and do certain things which are not the expressions of any heart-felt or lasting conviction, but which, at the time, are said and done without any deliberate intention to deceive. As with the hustings speech, so with the received conventional talk of lecturers, chairmen, proposers of healths, returners of thanks. A great deal of it is very hollow, but it does not follow that it is consciously insincere. The man acts according to his temporary character. He believes what he says, for the time, with a sort of official faith. You constantly hear a man tell you that he said much more than he meant to say. That is, he said a great deal which, in his sober senses, before and after, he did not approve of; but he really meant what he said at the moment that he said it.

This sort of professional belief extends itself also to matters of graver import even than political pledges. There is, as our story of Parson Patten implies, such a thing as professional belief even on the most sacred subjects. Again, we say that such belief is not hypocritical. It need not be so even when a man turns his back upon his old belief and his old friends. A man is, we will suppose, a clergyman in no distinguished position, perhaps not engaged in any parochial work; he is in no way called upon to be a light and a pillar, or to bear testimony in any shape. His views on many points may be unformed. He has no very definite creed—perhaps he is inclined rather to the laxer than to the severer interpretation of things. His position requires no great zeal for orthodoxy, and he neither feels nor shows any. Make him gradually or suddenly Bishop, Dean, College Head, Rector of an important parish, and a new light breaks in upon him. He is put in a position where he must speak and act, and he speaks and acts according to the received traditions of his new position. His opinions become fixed—fixed very often in the opposite direction to that in which they before tended. In times past, he had probably a languid fondness for the ecclesiastical bugbear of the day—the *Tracts for the Times*, the *Essays and Reviews*, or whatever may be the school which, for the time being, is spoken against. In his new position he has a character for orthodoxy to maintain, and he smites the heretics hip and thigh. His old friends complain, and not unjustly; but, after all, there is nothing so very bad in him. Of course one cannot respect him as one respects those who have manfully struggled all their days for what they hold to be truth. But he is not necessarily a wicked monster. There is much that is artificial in his new-born orthodoxy, but there need not be anything that is insincere. We are amused at things in him which in others we should respect whether we agreed with them or not. But we are only amused—we do not condemn. We do not look upon him as a candidate for martyrdom, but neither do we at all look upon him as a hypocrite. He believes at the rate of his three thousand a year, but, as he does believe, it is not for us to find fault.

On the other hand, this tendency, like many others, is often crossed by an opposite one. It often happens that the professional spirit is strongest in the lowest members of any profession. A man who is nothing in himself, but something as a member of his order, will often be much fiercer for the rights of that order than his official superiors are. The higher members of any order or profession see more of men beyond their own order; they are more mixed up with the world in general, and so lose something of their strictly professional spirit. In this way, belief at the rate of fifty pounds a year may be more fervent than belief at the rate of three thousand. When the two Houses of Convocation quarrelled, the Lower was incomparably more sacerdotal in feeling than the Upper. But, after all, even this exception illustrates the general rule that a man—again excepting both saints and hypocrites—believes according to his position. Promotion may either kindle or deaden zeal according to a man's previous circumstances. The point is that it should make any difference either way. Whether the belief of fifty pounds or of three thousand be the more fervent, the general principle is the same, as long as a man's belief at all depends upon his office or profession, and not solely on the personal convictions of his own mind.

#### THE EMANCIPATING EDICT AND THE SOUTH.

IF England knows but little of America, it is plain that the North knows still less of the South. Nothing has been more evident, or more surprising, to distant spectators of the struggle than the utter ignorance displayed by the Federal Government, the Northern people, and especially the extreme anti-Southern party, concerning the character, condition, institutions, and resources of a country so recently subject to the same national government. When they entered on this deadly struggle, the Federalists misapprehended altogether the strength, the resolution, and the capabilities of their antagonists. They believed that the South was divided; that she was not in earnest; that she would be starved; that she could not raise an army; that she could not find means for a single campaign. But in nothing were they more utterly mistaken than in reckoning on the slaves as an element of incessant peril to their masters, and of consequent strength to the North; and to no mistake have they clung with more obstinate credulity. The very last step which has been taken by Mr. Lincoln, under the influence of the extreme section of the party which brought him into power, evinces the inveteracy of this delusion. The prospective proclamation of emancipation is probably intended to serve more purposes than one; and different results are expected from it by different parties to its issue. There are some—Mr. Lincoln is one of them—who cling to the vain hope of a restoration of the Union, and who hope, by so fearful a menace, to frighten the South into submission before the arrival of the fatal day. There are others, who have for a long time demanded such a measure, simply as a means of strengthening the Northern, and weakening the Confederate army—who imagine either that the negroes will flock by thousands to the standard of their liberators, or that the dread of domestic insurrection will distract the attention of the Southern Government, and that the necessity of protecting their homes and families will withdraw large numbers of men from the Southern forces in Virginia and in the West. Finally, there are many who hope to excite either a general servile insurrection, or a series of isolated revolts—to deluge the South with blood, to destroy its wealth, to break up



its organization, military and political, and render it an easy prey to the advancing armies of the North. All these hopes are founded on the same theory—that the slaves are miserable, turbulent, and discontented, eager for freedom, and ready at the first favourable opportunity to make a desperate and heroic effort to shake off the yoke.

We do not believe that there is the least probability that any of these expectations will be realized. The Confederates have shown that they are not afraid of their slaves. They have freely left them to the control of women and children, or of men past the military age, while from extensive districts almost every man able to bear arms has marched to the seat of war. No panic was excited by the proclamations of General Fremont and General Hunter. And, if the danger were real and pressing, many men who know the South well declare that she would not hesitate to free the slaves herself rather than submit to the renewal of union with the despised and detested Yankees. From negro recruits or negro auxiliaries the North has nothing to hope. Under their masters' command, the slaves might possibly fight with some degree of courage against an enemy advancing to destroy their homes and the crops they have helped to produce; but the idea of leading them, under the command of strange officers, to fight against the race which they have been accustomed to fear and to obey, is one which would never have entered the mind of any one acquainted with the nature of inferior and subject races in general, or with that of the negro in particular. Those who talk of weakening the Confederate force in the field by alarms of discontent and insubordination among the negroes must imagine that the whole white population of the Confederate States is actually under arms. But this is not the case. In every State there is left a certain reserve of men of military age, with a considerable number of youths as yet too young, and men considered too old, for the fatigues of active service in the face of the enemy. Formed into bands of Home Guards, and patrolling every district in which danger was apprehended, these would be amply sufficient to overawe mere brooding discontent, to put down any isolated outbreak, to crush anything except the kind of insurrection contemplated by the extreme Abolitionists, without withdrawing a man from the Confederate army. If emancipatory proclamations are to be effective engines of warfare, it must be as incentives powerful enough to kindle a general spirit of discontent, and to provoke either a concerted insurrection, or a large number of isolated but simultaneous risings. Now a glance at the map, and a comparison of the population and the area of the Slave States, are sufficient to assure us that a concerted negro insurrection is a sheer impossibility. It remains, then, that the offer of emancipation, finding the slaves already in a state of expectation, ripe for revolt, should kindle their smouldering discontent into flame, and rouse them at once in every part of the country to assert their equality with their masters, and their determination to be free. This is what the Rev. Mr. Beecher and other gentlemen of the same school have so long prayed for and predicted that they may be excused for believing it likely. But how are they to be forgiven for desiring it? We know what the uprising of subject races is like. We know how the Sepoys behaved in India; we know that the negro is a being lower in the scale of humanity than the Sepoy; and we may be perfectly sure that a general servile insurrection would make of every undefended village a Cawnpore, and repeat on every plantation within its scope the horrible scenes of Meerut and Delhi. And we cannot think that any degree of fanatical frenzy can excuse men educated in a civilized land, and professing a Christian faith, for striving to re-enact, on this stupendous scale, the crimes and the horrors of the Indian mutiny.

It would not be easy to speak calmly of such dangers if their success seemed within the limits of possibility. But we see no reason to fear a servile outbreak, save in a few exceptional instances, of which we shall speak in due course. It has been the fashion to speak of the negroes as if they were English free men with dark skins, who had been kidnapped and reduced to slavery by men of the same race. They are nothing of the sort. They are a different race from the white, as much in intellectual and moral character as in features and in colour. They have been slaves for generations. They are used to slavery, and, for the most part, contented with it. They are plentifully fed; for food is cheap and abundant, and even their legal allowance is more than they can possibly eat. They are well housed—as racehorses or hunters are well housed in this country—because they are costly chattels. They are as well clothed as the climate requires. In a word, the vast majority of them have no grievance whatever, except in the fact that they are slaves; and that grievance is one which few of them are thoughtful enough to feel. They would rather not work, if they could help it; but they are used from childhood to be made to work, and they do not resent the compulsion as an injury or an injustice. That they are contented, loyal, and by no means disposed to revolt or assassination for the benefit of their Northern champions, may be fairly concluded from facts which are incontrovertible. If they were, or were supposed to be, dangerous, the first and least precaution which their masters would habitually take would be to keep fire-arms out of their reach. Yet nothing of the kind is ever done. The guns which are found in every Southern house are not locked out of the way. If a negro had any wish to shoot his master, he would have no difficulty in obtaining a weapon. Slaves are habitually employed to kill game; they are entrusted with a gun to protect the fences against hogs or wild cattle; if they have a fauzy, after work is over, to shoot on

their own account, the master seldom refuses his permission. Since the war has broken out, many plantations have been deserted by all but the slaves, and the women and children of the master's family; and the latter are considered, and consider themselves, as safe as ever in the protection of their hereditary servants. Such could not be the relations of superiors and subjects if there were angry discontent on the one side, or fear and distrust on the other. Again, negroes have always had free access to the Confederate camps, while both Halleck and McClellan found it expedient, at last, to exclude the "intelligent contrabands" from the Northern lines. It was found that the runaways never brought any reliable information; many of them stayed for awhile, and then disappeared; and their disappearance was apt to be followed by movements which showed that the enemy had gained inconveniently accurate intelligence concerning the position and the strength of the Federal army. When Northern generals have attempted to raise negro regiments, they have been compelled to abandon the task in despair; while, in some few instances, the blacks have been armed, and have fought with desperate courage beside their masters. In the face of such evidences of the real temper and disposition of the slaves, it can hardly be argued that the South has much to fear, or the North much to hope, from the effect of President Lincoln's proclamation on the four millions of negroes whose love of freedom has slumbered, unexcited by the opportunities of war or the lavish offers of Abolitionist commanders.

There is, however, some cause for grave apprehension in regard to the towns, and especially the seaport towns, which have been for some time in the occupation of the Federal troops. The negro is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the white man, whether for good or for evil. He is very easily controlled by his master; and, when removed from his master, he is almost equally amenable to the guidance of strangers. He is excitable, of strong passions, ignorant, and impressible; and the same qualities which render him a useful and manageable servant make him, when his passions are aroused and directed by his master's enemies, a dangerous instrument in their hands. In the towns, the tie between the slave and his owner is looser than on the plantation. Those of the men who are not required as domestic servants are permitted, in Southern phrase, to "hire their own time"—that is, on payment of a certain fine to their owners, resembling the *obrok* of the Russian serf, they are permitted to engage themselves either as hired servants or in any mechanical occupation of which they are capable. The law takes no cognizance of such an arrangement; the master is still bound to provide for and take care of his slave, and the slave's earnings still belong to his master; but in practice the slave is free, with the advantage of having a white protector, bound to look after his interests and espouse his quarrels, and with the disadvantage of being obliged to pay this protector a certain sum annually for the liberty to work on his own account. It is said that the benefit of the protection is practically worth more than is paid for it, and that the slave who hires his own time has always thriven better than the free negro. However this may be, it is obvious that by practices of this kind the condition of the slave, and his relation to his owner, are materially altered. He becomes a quasi-free man; he acquires notions altogether foreign to the mind of the plantation "hand;" he is less dependent, and consequently less devoted; and the less prosperous or more restless of this class are peculiarly open to the suggestions of those who would instigate them to shake off the last vestige of servitude, and avenge their real or imaginary wrongs on their owner or his family. The male slaves in the towns, whatever their status, are necessarily less looked after than in the country, and are therefore more open to the influence of strangers. A large number of negroes, escaped from the control of their masters, have congregated round the camps at Norfolk and at New Orleans, where they receive rations and do little or nothing. A still greater number of female slaves have been decoyed away from their homes by Federal soldiers, and are living within the precincts of the camps; and their influence for evil upon the whole negro population is of course considerable. Excited by the proclamation of liberty, inflamed by Abolitionist harangues, maddened by drink, and armed by their new friends, the negroes of these towns may possibly be let loose upon the white population, who—especially in New Orleans—have been disarmed with great strictness. The fear of such an event was expressed in the French protest against the disarmament, addressed to General Butler, and his reply to that protest was by no means reassuring. If any negro outbreak should take place, it will be marked by outrages more appalling than those which render the capture of a town by storm the most horrible of military operations; and there is great reason to fear that the interference of the Northern garrison will be neither prompt nor peremptory.

We cannot doubt that the possibility of some such calamity—perhaps on a much larger scale—must have been present to the minds of those who advised the step which Mr. Lincoln has taken; and we greatly fear that the vindictive passions excited by a series of disastrous defeats have rendered them insensible, not only to the infamy involved in the permission of such atrocities, but to their inevitable consequences. The fortune of war is sure to put it into the power of the Confederates, sooner or later, to exact a signal retribution for the instigation of Slave revolts; and we may be certain that they will not fail to do so. There is only too much reason to fear that that which has been already done will arouse them to ungovernable fury; and that, even if it be not followed by the deeds of atrocity to which it seems to point the way, the Emancipation decree will in itself provoke retaliations which can have no other

effect than to embitter still more deeply a hatred already rancorous beyond measure, and to convert a contest always disgracefully savage into a simple war of extermination.

#### THE PRIMACIES.

TO have the appointment to three Primacies almost at a stroke is a piece of good or evil luck, as it may be considered, which probably never fell to a patron before. Lord Palmerston has done well in his selection for Armagh and Canterbury, and there is no reason for any apprehension that the new Archbishop of York will discredit that discretion and right feeling which have twice been exercised. Dr. Verschoyle, to be sure, represents, it is said, the very worst type of the Irish clergy; but Lord Carlisle and Dublin Castle influences have probably had more than Cambridge House to do with the Bishop designate of Kilmore. We believe "designate" is the word, as there is not even the shadow of Episcopal election in the Irish Church. Bishop Marcus Beresford, the new Primate of Armagh, succeeds a Beresford—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry;

and he represents, of course, the Beresford traditions. He is said to be a High Churchman, as High Churchmanship goes in Ireland; but, like his predecessor, he does not set his face against the National system of education. The Church of Ireland, if it is to be retained at all, must be officered by gentlemen; and no better person could have been selected for the high office of Primate than one who, by birth, and name, and education, will impart dignity to the office. Dr. Verschoyle, like Dr. Gregg, is said rather to represent the platform and parochial element of the Irish clergy, whose popularity originates chiefly in their volubility. Unless we knew from experience that Bishops of this class have a habit of sinking into utter insignificance when placed in a station for which their own unfitness soon reveals itself even to themselves, we should be disposed to speak more severely of the appointment to Kilmore.

Of all those English Bishops whom common consent nominated as possible Primates, Archbishop Longley is, on the whole, the best. He is an Englishman, and there are obvious reasons why the chief seat in the English hierarchy should fall to an English occupant. The son of a Kentish gentleman, Archbishop Longley returns to his native soil. The decent impartiality which gives Bishoprics to Oxford and Cambridge alternately has not been broken in the succession of the Primacy. Archbishop Sumner, an Eton and King's College man, has been followed by Archbishop Longley, a Westminster and Christchurch man. Twice in succession has Canterbury fallen to schoolmaster Bishops, and a Head-Master of Harrow succeeds an Assistant-Master of Eton. The new Archbishop of Canterbury brings, however, more varied experiences to the seat of Lanfranc and Anselm than his predecessor. Dr. Longley was not only a parish priest, as was Dr. Sumner, but he was tutor of his College, then the most famous House in Oxford, and also Public Examiner. He has administered three dioceses, and always with marked discretion and ability. At Ripon Dr. Longley occupied a new throne, and he had to create the whole administrative power of the diocese. Here he fairly won the difficulties and dignities of Durham and the honourable repose of York, and Canterbury crowns a career which, though not distinguished by any remarkable events, has not been signalized by a single mistake. It would be impossible to name a single clergyman uniting so many qualifications for the Primacy of the Church of England as Archbishop Longley. To describe him in the conventional antitheses which those who ape the monumental style of description affect would be easy; and we might say that the new Archbishop of Canterbury is a scholar without pedantry, a High Churchman without bigotry, active without fussiness—sober, yet not apathetic—dignified, yet not cold—conciliatory, while respectful of his station, and so on. The fact seems to be that Archbishop Longley represents moderation, not mediocrity, in all things. A correct taste and judgment will save him from his predecessor's unfortunate blunders, and he will probably import into Lambeth some of that decent state and dignity which have of late been strangers to the English primacy. If 15,000*l.* a year, after deep consideration, was allotted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a quiet old gentleman walking down to the Jerusalem Chamber with a brown cotton umbrella to open Convocation, hardly suited the rational requirements of the station.

The Archbishopric of Canterbury is a position of which everybody can draw an ideal occupant. Very great powers, and the first place in energy and influence among the Bishops, absolutely disqualify for this post. Consequently, the Bishop of Oxford was *ipso facto* shut out from this great preferment. In the Primacy, as in a constitutional monarchy, a very first-rate or a very inferior person is unfit for the place. To be too strong or too weak a king has been equally fatal to monarchy; and it is in the Church as in the State. Of all the Primates since the Reformation, Laud was unquestionably the ablest, whether for good or for evil; and he upset the coach. Of the older series, Anselm and Becket occupy the first place in natural and acquired powers; and they spent their lives in keeping themselves and the Church in perpetual hot water. The generation of Anselms, and Becket, and Lauds has passed away; but it would have been possible to promote one who represents the popular and ideal man of business. After all, the Church has been at work some eighteen hundred years, and innovation and experimentalism are the ordinary refuge of a weak head.

*Laissez-faire* has its virtues. To administer, not to reform, is a Primate's work. The Archbishop of Canterbury, amongst other things, is the Corinthian capital of a settled institution. A Primate who would have imported great activity, as it is called, into the calm and sequestered retreats of Lambeth, the settled and orderly haunt of traditions and accepted principles, would have fidgeted the Church and the clergy and the bishops, and might have won the applause of the penny papers, which he might also have favoured with communicated paragraphs; but he would have been out of his place. The place, it may be, is one of dulness; but dulness has its uses in the great economy of things. We might have had an Archbishop of Canterbury great at street-preaching, and a shining light at conferences, midnight-meetings, evangelical *soirées* of pious females and laymen, who find the religious line a passport into some sort of society. These things are very well in their way. A Church of elastic and accommodating rules may tolerate experiments. We have lived to hear sermons in theatres; and, doubtful of its hold on the intelligence and education of the country, the Church may be led to think that her exclusive mission is to the slums. But an Archbishop of Canterbury always experimentalizing with a system which he is called upon to administer would be a serious mistake.

Lord Palmerston has not inflicted his last trial upon the Church of England. It is not in its imbecility, nor have things come to that pass in which an Abraham Lincoln in the highest place of the Church is obliged to surrender himself to the nostrums of every quack in, what is called, religious zeal. Archbishop Longley has never been, as far as we know, behind his age, nor has he discouraged rational and sensible activity in his order. The Church is not asleep, nor are our clergy as a whole blind to those duties which men of business and of the world, as well as their own duties, require of them. But what the Church gains among cabmen it may be losing in colleges and seats of learning, in professional life, and among men of thought, education, and influence. A courteous and dignified bearing, and a "rearing of the mitred front," is what is wanted in a Primate. A bustling popular Archbishop of Canterbury might easily earn popular applause by trailing his lawn sleeves at an Islington tea-meeting, or by giving lectures to Christian Young Men; but there are people old-fashioned enough to think that on the whole the 15,000*l.* a year is just as usefully invested in purple liveries and in encouraging learned men and an intellectual clergy. The patronage of the see of Canterbury is enormous, and during the incumbency of Archbishop Sumner it is well known that he never bestowed preferment on a single man of letters or theological learning; and he even ousted from the librarianship of Lambeth that distinguished scholar, Dr. Maitland, while his chaplaincies, his livings, and his personal intercourses were confined to the narrowest circle of the narrowest professors of the narrowest school of religious thought. From Dr. Longley better things may be hoped for.

And it is not only a good appointment in itself, but valuable as a sign of better days for the Church generally. The Palmerston-Bishop no longer represents that class of clergy which had small learning, good family, and the favour of the *Record* newspaper. The new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the Archbishops of Armagh and Canterbury, point to the waning influence of the great Protestant Earl, as he has been called; and we much doubt whether the Palmerston Bishops will be any longer a Hastings cry for the Evangelical clergy. The Premier has, it is to be feared, done much to forfeit his title of a Man of God; and ere long Mrs. Grundy will perhaps recall even his vain Pelagian talk at Romsey. The simple fact, after all, is that Lord Palmerston has chosen to look at his own responsibilities and duties with his own eyes. His Administration has already foundered by jobbing jobs for his friends, and the throne of Canterbury was rather too serious a position to be made over to other influences, either to save trouble or to please a friend. If he only takes the pains to inform himself of facts, Lord Palmerston must know that, as a whole, as an historical fact, as a living institution, as an organization fitted to the necessities and requirements and even tastes of the times, the Church of England is not fairly represented by the harsh and strait system of modern Evangelicalism; and that Exeter Hall and Lord Shaftesbury, with all their virtues, do not exhaust the respectability and piety of the Church of England.

The Archbishopric of York has, it is reported, been declined by the Bishop of London. It is seldom that an archbishopric goes begging; but the Bishop of London was perhaps justified in verifying that cynical proverb which says that the only road a Scottish man who has prospered in England never takes is the Great Northern road. It was hardly to be expected that Bishop Tait should retrace his successful southern journey. Besides, he is very well placed in London. He has become accustomed to the work of London, and with his clergy he is popular and undoubtedly useful. And perhaps he has hardly yet earned, though he has done enough to earn, the dignified ease of Bishops-thorpe. We can only hope that the same good sense, and the same appreciation of what the Church of England requires, will rule the appointment to the Northern Primacy which has so notably been shown in the appointment to the See of Canterbury.

#### TRANSPORTATION.

THE arrangements for transporting a body of convicts to Western Australia may deserve a short description, particularly as one very notorious offender is likely in due time to receive the same attention as is now being bestowed on humbler criminals.



The ship from which the following particulars are taken carried out 300 convicts. By way of guard, she had on board 50 old soldiers, who, having been discharged with pensions, were going out as settlers to the colony. These pensioners would earn their passage by keeping guard over the convicts. The wives and children of the pensioners who accompanied them amounted to about 60. The crew numbered 44. The ship carried arms, which were to be placed in case of emergency in the hands of the crew, and of course the soldiers bore the usual weapons. Thus, if an outbreak should occur, arms and some degree of discipline would be opposed to threefold odds of numbers. We say some degree of discipline; because, although more than half of the armed men would be veterans, obedience is of little value unless there be some efficient person to obey. It might have been expected by a stranger to these arrangements that an officer of some military experience would have been placed at the head of the convict-guard. But the usual practice is to deliver the party of convicts who are about to emigrate for their country's good to a naval surgeon, and to give him supreme authority in the ship. The practice has been tested by experience, and may be supposed to work tolerably well. The old way of remunerating the surgeon was to allow him head-money on each convict landed in the colony. It was presumed that the doctor's interest in keeping his charges alive and well would be enhanced by making his pocket sympathize with the promptings of humanity and professional honour. Afterwards it seems to have been thought, as it fairly might, that a naval surgeon might be trusted to do his best for those under his charge even without the stimulus of a contingent twenty shillings per head. This testimony of the confidence of the authorities in the zeal of naval surgeons, although doubtless highly gratifying to the feelings of that body, has not produced any tangible advantage, but rather the other way; for the naval surgeon now gets a lump sum, which his employers pay him the compliment of believing that he will earn, but which is much less than the total amount of the old head-money. In the present instance the payment was to be 100*l.* in addition to full pay and a free passage back to England. The hire of the transport-ship at 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per ton on 939 tons, would amount to about 2,700*l.*, or 9*l.* for each convict. To this sum must be added the doctor's pay and the cost of provisions, &c., for the convicts and their guard. The position of the doctor, as head over everything on board the ship, is capable of leading, at least in theory, to rather strange consequences. If the convicts were to mutiny, he must direct and lead the armed force against them, and when the mutiny was quelled, he would set to work to dress the wounds which he had caused to be inflicted. Another and more probable supposition is that of the doctor ordering corporal punishment, and also regulating its application. He would give the signal to lay on, and he also would cry, "Hold—enough." Besides all these functions, that of chaplain also belongs, at least in part, to the doctor. There is a religious instructor on board the ship; but he, like everybody else, is under one supreme authority. Just as the doctor might order the captain to shorten sail, so he might order the religious instructor to abridge or modify his expositions. To act as sailing and fighting captain, to control diet, discipline, and instruction, to listen to everybody's complaints, and to supply physic for all maladies out of a very limited stock of drugs—the man who can do all these things tolerably well is surely cheap to the country at 100*l.*

It is natural to consider what are the risks of a three months' voyage in a ship crowded with such an assemblage as has been enumerated. The risk of deliberate mutiny is probably small, for the convicts must be very senseless not to see that their fairest chance of improving their position lies in making the best of the opportunities which the new world to which they are going is likely to open to them if they are well conducted and industrious. The risk of sudden and aimless violence exists afloat just as it does ashore. If a convict is determined to have a warder's life, and is reckless of consequences to himself, he can probably succeed in taking it. It happens every now and then at Portland, and other places where convicts are employed at home, that the implements of labour or articles of furniture in the cells are used to maim or kill the immediate agents of the State's justice. But that risk is inseparable from the duty of watching lawless men who have their limbs at liberty, and what may be made to serve as weapons near them. On the whole, the self-interest of the convicts is the best security for their good behaviour everywhere. If they mutinied successfully on board ship, and killed or made prisoners of their military gaolers, they would not know what to do with liberty when they had it. The ocean is now too well known and too much traversed for concealment of the ship and its crew of murderers to be long possible. The very best that they could hope would be to reach some port of the United States, where it might be thought by the authorities advantageous to expend the lives of three hundred ruffians upon some of the exigencies of war rather than allow them to be wasted on an English gallows. Even modern novels scarcely venture to imagine remote islands where pirates and desperadoes may lurk secure from English vengeance, and certainly such localities do not exist in fact. The cruise of a transport ship, manned by convicts who had overpowered and murdered those in charge of them, would soon be brought to a disastrous close. If any well-planned attempt at mutiny were made, the pensioners would no doubt resist it with the coolness and resolution of veterans; but still they would undoubtedly do better if they had over them an officer in whom they could thoroughly confide. There is, indeed,

one condition under which it cannot be supposed that the pensioners generally would be effective, although some of them might be—we mean the condition of a landsman when he first begins to feel the motion of the sea. But among fifty old soldiers there would be some who had crossed the ocean more than once before, and perhaps a few who knew a seaman's duty almost as well as they did their own. On the other hand, the convicts would be brought by sea-sickness quite as low as the majority of the troops. A contest in a ship so closely packed, and with women and children within range of missiles directed against men, would be very terrible, but is very unlikely to occur.

The general aspect of the convicts is creditable to the system under which they have passed the period preparatory to their embarkation. At Portland, whence part of them were taken, they inhale the purest breezes of the sea, they are well fed, and they labour moderately in the stone quarries and upon the works of the new fort. It is impossible to conceive a mode of life better contrived to restore and invigorate a constitution wasted by the dissipation which usually accompanies a career of crime. On getting on board ship, these convicts complained of the reduced scale of diet on which they were placed. But the food which was necessary, if they were to do a fair day's work, would be excessive where there could be no work to do. As soon as they get to sea, full meals, or any meals at all, would be, to many of them, the greatest punishment that could be inflicted; and, after a few days, their returning appetites would find the meals provided for them sufficient. The state of that ship during her first week at sea, or of any ship equally crowded with unseasoned passengers, may be imagined without particular description. The sleeping accommodation for the convicts is necessarily very confined. The same boards which furnish tables and benches by day are arranged to form berths at night. At these tables many convicts were writing their last letters to their friends, and some of them could write so well as to make the task of reading the letters, before allowing them to go, an easy one. Two convicts were playing at draughts, with a rudely-constructed board and men. By day part of them are sent on deck, and part kept below, in turn, so as to give to all equal benefit of space and air. At night, or in bad weather, all must be confined below. It would be difficult to conceive anything more disagreeable than to be locked up with them. As they stand or sit close together on deck, they present, at a little distance, the appearance of a mass of dirty yellow. The prevailing colour of their clothes prepares the visitor to behold sallow, unhealthy countenances, but closer inspection discerns a large proportion of health and strength. Those who know any handicraft are likely to find employment at it in the colony, as they have done in the establishments at home. There are many such at Portland, whose position, if they behave well, is preferable to that of others who have been higher or lower in the social scale. A carpenter or a smith may work at his own trade, and earn money at it. But a field labourer, or a regular town-thief, or a late member for a metropolitan borough, would probably be employed in "jumping"—that is, detaching blocks of stone by a bar moved by the weight of men standing on it. It is true that at Portland a convict of liberal education might be found useful in ruling forms of returns, and in other duties somewhat resembling those of a merchant's clerk; and, even in Western Australia, a good penman would perhaps be a more profitable commodity in-doors than in the field. A late inmate of the Portland prison must have been a handy man, seeing that he had been both tailor and sailor before he came there. The country has been deprived of the services of this accomplished prisoner by an escape, which was very ingeniously contrived and executed. Being a Belgian, this man preferred the reasonable request to be allowed to use his own Bible, which, being in his own language, he could understand. It is supposed that in the cover of this Bible was concealed a file, which assisted in his escape. Another conjecture is, that the artifice of making up a figure to represent himself in bed was suggested to this convict by his perusal of the sacred volume. At any rate, the artifice was successfully practised. The prisoner escaped, and is supposed to have got on board a vessel which carried him to his own country.

It is not at all improbable that a month of the convict's life at Portland would agree wonderfully with many persons whom neither the authority of their doctors nor the force of their own wills can compel to submit to the strict regimen which alone is necessary to bring them into perfect health. In summer time, the convict rises and goes to bed when daylight begins and ends. A few minutes' service in the chapel of the establishment commences and finishes his labours. The people of the neighbourhood probably do not go to church at all on week days, or perhaps they go once and have to stay an hour or more. The convicts' chapel is used at other times of the day for a school, at which each prisoner attends half a day in the week. Here may be seen some prisoners learning to read and write. Others receive more advanced instruction, and some are occupied in bookbinding and other duties connected with the management of the prisoners' library. After the short chapel service comes breakfast, and then the majority are marched off to the quarries, while some are employed in cleaning, or as assistants in the bakehouse, the laundry, or the kitchen. All those who know useful trades and who behave well are employed at them, so as to make the establishment as far as possible self-supporting. An hour-and-a-half in the middle of the day is occupied in giving dinner to the prisoners and to those in charge of them. About six o'clock their work is done, and supper and a short religious service end the day. In winter, the hours of

out-door labour are necessarily shorter, and the time spent in-doors may be partly employed in reading, if desired. Without going into detail about quantity or quality of provisions, it may suffice to say, that any one who had to choose between the diet of a convict and that of a sailor, even of a ship-of-war in harbour, would probably prefer the former in all respects, except that it does not include grog. The warders of the prison might well say, with something of professional pride, that their late charges who had embarked for Australia would miss the comforts of Portland when they got out to sea. They were marched from the prison in hand-cuffs down the incline by which the stone descends from the quarries to form the Breakwater. As they stood crowded together on the quay, waiting for the steamboat which was to carry them on board ship, some scowled, some looked jaunty and defiant, others bid farewell to their keepers as if they were not insensible of the kindness they had received. As the steamboat crossed the harbour, the convicts cheered—some perhaps in hope, and some to conceal despondency. They went to a country where much will be forgiven to men who are faithful and industrious. There is a prospect, not very definite, but still a prospect, of better days for those who may deserve indulgence. Even to the convict on board a transport-ship those words which have given comfort to many a sorrowing emigrant are not inapplicable; for even the convict may learn that there is wealth in honest labour, and may hope to find in Western Australia a new and happy land.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

THE West of England is certainly getting famous. The diocese of Bath and Wells is generally thought to be one of the quietest and best-governed in England, reposing pretty much in the condition of those happy nations which have no history. It is perhaps for this very reason that it has lately been subjected to two great spiritual invasions. Mr. Spurgeon has been enlightening the darkness of Cheddar Cliffs, and the *Times* itself has contrived to penetrate, in some form or other, into the Chapter-house of Wells. It is perhaps only due to the political dreariness of autumn that the yearly meeting of the Wells Diocesan Societies has been chronicled at large in the columns of the great journal, and that the High Sheriff of Somersetshire has earned the honour of a castigation in its leading article. In itself, the meeting in Wells Chapter-house might have seemed as little worthy of attracting the world's attention as the fact that a certain clergyman, who was neither the oldest nor the poorest in the diocese, has been appointed to a certain stall in Salisbury Chapter-house. Luckily for the diocese of Bath and Wells, S. G. O. does not live in it; or rather, luckily for S. G. O., he does not live in a diocese where he would find so very little to talk about. Some kindred spirit, however, has somehow intruded itself among the peaceful men of Somerset, and has sent up to the *Times* something which professes to be their picture, but which is in reality photographed from himself. The *Times* draws an amusing picture of a *posse comitatus*, "quarrelsome, violent, and rapacious, even as those Americans are," led on by a High Sheriff of kindred disposition, and fittingly rebuked by the "good sense, urbanity, and knowledge" of their Bishop. One would have thought that such a picture was written by one wholly in the interest of the spiritual power. The picture is throughout one of the guilty local Theodosius falling down at the paternal feet of the local Ambrose. The scene is well drawn—the only objection to it is that it is purely imaginary. The *Times*, no doubt, thought that, in describing the doings of so distant a county, some little play of fancy was safe, if not allowable; and it has accordingly given us a Bishop, a High Sheriff, and a body of clergy and laity, all described solely from its own internal consciousness. The *Times* labours also under one of its old geographical confusions. As, some time back, it could not be made to understand the difference between the cities of Gloucester and Bristol, so it now seems unable to understand the difference between the common Bishop of those two cities and the Bishop of the two quite distinct cities of Bath and Wells. We once saw a photograph representing a Right Reverend person, who was labelled by the unusual title of "Bishop of Gloucester and Wells." The *Times* seems to be in much the same state of mind. We must explain, for the benefit of Printing House Square, that Gloucester and Bristol form one diocese, which is presided over by Dr. Thomson, and that Bath and Wells form another diocese, which is presided over by Lord Auckland. We must explain further, that "Lord Auckland" and "the Bishop of Bath and Wells" are different names for the same person, but that the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol are two quite different persons. Both Bishops were present in the Chapter-house, and both spoke in the course of the meeting. For want of attending to these distinctions, the *Times*, like the labeller of the photograph, has rolled Lord Auckland and Dr. Thomson together into one purely imaginary Bishop of its own creation.

The general character of the article speaks for itself. Its style is the usual style of low sneering, its tone is unfair and uncharitable, its assertions are ignorant and inaccurate. It is not easy to see the wit or the meaning of saying, "The poor Catechism, which used to be learned so reverentially, and said so timidly, is flourished as if it were a soup-ticket." That there are "Church zealots" at Wells, or anywhere else, who complain that "Church people don't get the whole" of the Education Grant, is an absurd fiction. That "an atmosphere of Dissent envelopes the Western counties and Wales," is true as regards Wales, but utterly untrue

as regards Somersetshire. That the churches of Somersetshire are, as a rule, "cold and deserted," and the "occupants" of Somersetshire parsonages, as a rule, "rarely seen," are assertions as utterly groundless as the rest. We have so often dealt with the whole subject of the Revised Code and the Education question generally, that we need not dwell at length on the misrepresentations of the *Times* on that head. It is enough to say that the persons whom the *Times* calls "Church zealots" ask for simple equality between schools of different religious bodies—that is, for "the Denominational principle." The *Times* charges them with all manner of greediness and unfairness, because they simply want to be on a level with other people. For this they are called "stupid," "ill-affected," and "ungrateful." The meaning of the two last epithets we do not understand. Those who heard Lord Auckland, Sir Arthur Elton, and Mr. Neville-Grenville might, perhaps, think the "stupidity" was on the side of the *Times*.

But now for the meeting itself, which the *Times* so curiously mistakes for a "Diocesan Synod," and for the ringleader of stupidity, disaffection, and ingratitude—the High Sheriff of the county. Mr. Neville-Grenville, like most other people, has no love for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whom the *Times* kindly takes under its wing. It is not the first time that he has expressed his dislike, amid the general approbation of his hearers. And there certainly are some things about the Commission which the *Times* may perhaps fully understand, but which, to say the least, are not unlikely to seem odd to the mind of a straightforward country gentleman. Mr. Neville-Grenville sees a great deal of money go out of Somersetshire, and very little come back into it. He sees that the Commissioners spend a far greater proportion of their revenues in managing their estates than is the wont of himself and his brother squires. He hears odd stories about salaried Commissioners who are either too grand or too ignorant to attend to business; he hears of minor officials decamping to America with large sums; he hears strange tales about Bishops' palaces bought at an enormous cost, and sold again for very little. These things may possibly be intelligible in Printing House Square, but they are, at any rate, puzzling in Somersetshire. A plain man may be excused for asking, What is become of our fifty Prebends, of the separate estates of our Dean, our Precentor, and the rest of them? Do the tithes and rents that we pay to these Commissioners really go to endow poor churches at Manchester, or are they swallowed up in salaries, lawyers' bills, and bad bargains about parks for Bishops? And we beg to say, with all deference to the *Times*, that the High Sheriff of Somerset has had no answer to his very natural question. The *Times* most ingeniously puts what it thinks a triumphant reply into the mouth of "the Bishop," "the Lord Bishop"—evidently wishing it to be understood that the presumptuous High Sheriff, the champion of stupidity, disaffection, and ingratitude, received a severe rebuke from his own Bishop. A rebuke from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose "good sense, urbanity, and knowledge" the *Times* does not exaggerate, would be felt as something serious either by Mr. Neville-Grenville or by any other man in the diocese. But that Mr. Neville-Grenville came in for anything of the kind is a pleasant little romance of the *Times*. The *Times* carefully confounds the two Bishops. The High Sheriff, not being an Ecclesiastical Commissioner or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, seems to have erred a little in his figures. His own Bishop, Lord Auckland, corrected the error of detail. But the "reply" with which the *Times* seems so delighted did not come from Lord Auckland, but from Bishop Thomson. It had, therefore, no official weight whatever. Some people may think that a stranger Bishop might well have left the task to the Bishop of the Diocese, his superior in years, rank, and official experience. But we may allow something for the fire newly kindled in a prelate whose honours, whether as Bishop or as Ecclesiastical Commissioner, are not yet a year old. Bishop Thomson, evidently with great relish, undertook the task of demolishing the High Sheriff and defending the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. And on one matter he did throw a little light—on a matter so mysterious that no one who is not himself an Ecclesiastical Commissioner can expect to understand it. It seems that Bishops and Chapters are surrendering their lands at a great rate to the Commissioners, and receiving back other lands instead. A plain man, even a West-Saxon High Sheriff, may be pardoned for asking whether any object can be served by this process, except to pay large sums into lawyers' pockets. And even Bishop Thomson did not attempt to explain why it was done. He only said that it was done, and that the lands so surrendered were distinct from the other revenues of the Commissioners, and were not available for local purposes. Mr. Neville-Grenville may possibly, and we think pardonably, have confounded the two funds; but he still has got no answer to the main question—what really becomes of the old incomes of those members of the Church of Wells and of other churches who are now discharging gratuitous duties?

The *Times*' own view about the matter is not very clear. When we hear that "spiritual destitution is reduced to pecuniary estimates, and the Catechism is worked with productive industry," we somehow feel as if we were listening to Napoleon III. When we hear that "the belligerents" seek to "exclude the foe from a share of" the grant, we know very well what we are listening to. When we hear about "the Middle Level Drain" and about "the British Treasury flowing at high tide," we are again reminded of Curran's saying about sense and metaphor. When a meeting whose chief speakers are the principal gentlemen of the county is attributed to "burly clerical agitators," we can simply laugh. When



we hear that the meeting in Wells Chapter-house is as "ill-affected and ungrateful as an evening at the Dublin Rotunda," we can only assure the *Times* that there is not a man in Wessex who seeks either the repeal of the Union or the restoration of the Heptarchy. These are all flowers of rhetoric to which we are used. But the views of the *Times* as to the Ecclesiastical Commission are something very mysterious. "Some of the disappointed expectants" received, from "the Bishop," "the most excellent reasons why they got nothing." Yet "no explanation will satisfy" certain parishes, which parishes seem to be the same as "the disappointed expectants." "The measure is for the benefit of populous and ill-endowed parishes;" "the legislation is for the Church;" the Church is "ungrateful" and "disaffected" if it does not appreciate it. Yet the system is one which "damps the generosity of Church people;" "many and many a parish suffers rather than gains by it." It is "no wonder, then, if the Diocesan Synod (!) at Wells join in a groan at the Ecclesiastical Commission." Yet, in the very same breath, the *Times* "must be permitted to observe that the whole display is rather unseemly." After "service in the nave"—we know not the special virtue of the nave, in this respect, above the choir—"something better," "more edifying, is to be expected." The *Times* is shocked at "pecuniary remonstrances"—whatever those may be—after a "service in the nave," and thinks that the whole thing has an "evil odour of Mammon." As we have not heard that Mr. Neville-Grenville aspires to be a salaried Ecclesiastical Commissioner, we really do not know what this means. Further, Dissenters, we are told, "manage to observe the decencies of a spiritual work, even while they are pushing their national claims." For "national," we ought, perhaps, to read "rational," which makes, though not very good sense, yet a trifle better than the other; but what the "decencies of a spiritual work" are, and whether the late Bicentenary talk is a specimen of them, is left quite in the dark. Finally, all Church zealots, burly clerical agitators, &c., are warned, that if they do not behave better, the *Times* will cease to report their meetings. "It is in the interest of the Church that we report these affairs; but the interest of the Church will soon require us to pass them by in silence." We really hope the *Times* will reconsider this resolution. We should be quite sorry to lose our chance of such a yearly article as the present one. Possibly the gentlemen attacked may have the same feeling; at least, we cannot fancy that the High Sheriff of Somerset will at all sink in his own estimation, or in that of anybody else, on account of this attack upon him in the columns of the *Times*.

#### PROVINCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

THIS present season of the year is a time of great anxiety to managers of mechanics' institutes and proprietors of theatres in the country. The long evenings are near at hand, and there is some chance of drawing a few hundreds of persons to the Town Hall or the Theatre Royal, if an attractive entertainment can in any way be hit upon. Mr. Vincent Crummles, it will be remembered, was never at a loss for entertainments. With Mrs. Crummles, Master Crummles, Master Peter Crummles, and the Infant Phenomenon, there was little fear of his running short of a "taking" performer. But few managers are thus fortunately situated; and although people are often willing enough to be amused for a couple of hours, it is difficult to allure them in any numbers to the shabby Assembly Rooms of a country town. Those who have the happiness to be surrounded with a large household can generally find occupation within their own dwellings, and the squire himself can rarely be persuaded more than once in the season to "confer the distinguished honour of his patronage" on a local entertainment. The man, however, who is obliged to pass the best part of his time in his own society is sometimes likely to be driven hard for diversion, unless he is one of those particularly good persons who find in their own reflections a perennial spring of comfort and joy. Unfortunately, not every one possesses a mind so rich in profitable thoughts. The past cannot always be dug up and explored with complacency. And it is not unlikely that to a lonely man the winds and rains of winter may suggest retrospections which are not wholly cheering, and awaken memories which he would fain let sleep on. In the long hours of a winter's night, the voices that are for ever silenced and the eyes that can smile upon us no more will sometimes recur, not indeed with the charm of old, but with a pathos which time and change cannot completely destroy. At such periods the solitary may be excused if they seek the amusement abroad which they are unable to find by their own hearths.

Nothing can be much more curious than a course of provincial entertainments. Those who get them up manifestly have a very poor opinion of the tastes and capacities of their supporters. In the first place, anybody is considered to be clever enough to amuse a country audience. An opera company, composed of singers who would be ignominiously hissed off a London stage, is thought to be a great treat for "provincials," and it is not even found necessary to provide the usual adjuncts of scenery or band. A drum, a fiddle, and a clarionet are enough to form the latter, and a rough sketch of a forest, with another of an "interior," pass muster for the former. The theatre is generally little better than a barn, not at all waterproof, pervaded with a damp and musty odour, and exposed to a constant current of draughts. Very likely the fog is so thick that the *prima donna* of the evening shivers and coughs violently in the midst of her great *scena*, and

the tenor comes boldly forward with a thick woollen wrapper round his neck. We have seen a *Manrico* appear in a common grey overcoat, and excuse himself to the audience for the oddity of the costume, on the ground of the dampness of the building. Dramatic companies care less for these vicissitudes; and if they have a good comic man among their number, they can usually manage to pick up a living, such as it is. For real amusement, however, there is nothing equal to the performances of strolling players. *Hamlet* in a booth, played to an audience who smoke short pipes at pleasure and make free remarks on the personal peculiarities of the performers, is a sight worth going some distance to witness, even when the snow is on the ground. We remember to have seen *Macbeth* played with no more than half a dozen performers—one man taking several parts. The man who played *Macbeth* stopped in the middle of one of his speeches to drink to the health of his audience in a pot of beer. After all, these entertainments are often of greater interest than those of a more pretentious class. One good singer or actor from London cannot make amends for the stupidity and coarseness of half a dozen "screws." It is true that on a bitterly cold night some of the strolling players may get very drunk, and prop themselves up carefully against the scene as they repeat their parts, while the ladies likewise show an unsteadiness of gait before the evening is over; but even this is not more intolerable than the "eminent tragedian" of whom no one has heard, and who corrects *Shakespeare* as he goes on. The strolling players are genuine enough—the modern *Roscus* is a humbug and a sham.

Perhaps there is no class of wandering lecturers who have been more successful during the last three or four years than those who take mesmerism for their theme. They rarely stand in need of confederates. There are generally plenty of boys among the audience who are willing to sham being deaf, or rigid, or blind, for the mere fun of the thing. A woman whose name we have tracked through almost every town in England and Wales has been extremely lucky as a mesmerist. Some man gives a short lecture on the subject, and the lady then invites anyone of her audience to be operated upon. Boys immediately rush to the platform by scores; and when one is mesmerized, and told that he is a barber, and another sits down to be shaved with a mop and a piece of lath, the audience is quite satisfied that there is really "some truth" in mesmerism. The only entertainment that approaches this in success is that of the professor of magic. The old tricks that one has seen time out of mind are repeated over and over again; and the provincial folk go to see them with as much zest and curiosity as ever. But sometimes it happens that there is a long period during which no amusements whatever will draw people to the big hall. Everything fails, and even advertisements of silver teapots and gold watches to be given away do not rouse the inhabitants from their apathy. The diorama of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, with the twinkling lights before the shrine, is pretty certain to make its appearance at this critical juncture; but that soon passes on to the next market-town. Professors of magic, or lecturers on slavery, stay a few nights, and then flee, early in the morning, no one can tell whither, leaving a few debts to tradesmen as memorials behind them. This apathy of the public is simply due to the reaction induced by a long series of impositions. Those who live at some distance from towns are obliged, of course, to be thankful for anything; and they seldom meet each other in public except at church on Sundays. But even thickly populated neighbourhoods are badly off for public amusements. Our forefathers managed to while away the tedious evenings when books were few and scarce and newspapers were unknown, but they must have gone to bed very early; while the labouring classes amused themselves at the alehouse. The former method of killing time was at least preferable to some of the devices now in vogue among those who undertake to furnish the public with amusement.

As a rule, Dissenters are less at a loss for amusement in the country than Churchmen. There is usually a cheerful tea-meeting in the school-room once a week, and it is hard if a missionary who has been out among the savages does not turn up now and then to horrify the young ladies with his recollections of heathen exploits. There are, we believe, a few retired missionaries who may be hired out for the evening, like a piano, so strong is the popular relish for stories of scalp-hunting and man-eating. These gentlemen are paid to speak a couple of hours to an audience who have just been drinking watery tea to excess and eating clammy cake, and the anecdotes related are usually much more startling and wonderful than the boldest traveller would care to put into print. If the missionary has a real live black with him, who can just manage to describe his conversion and give the audience a taste of his past life, the evening is sure to pass off with great spirit. The pleasure of the audience is much enhanced if the black will acknowledge, in a penitent manner, that in the days of his sinful state he has partaken of a slice of roasted baby or grilled man, and that very likely he would be taking similar refreshment now if it had not been for "Massa," the missionary. In very remote districts they like a specimen of the warwhoop, but this little addition does not do so well near the centres of civilization. The narratives of "native cruelty" are the safest stock in trade. It is odd enough that no one seems to doubt these stories, or to suspect the narrators of exaggeration. Perhaps much tea-drinking tends to produce a very credulous spirit, or it may be that among a certain class no one who begins a speech by declaring that he has been "a worker in the vineyard," and uses Scriptural quotations freely, is suspected of being capable of untruth. In some parts a

"converted" collier is found almost as great a lion as one of these supernumerated missionaries; but anyone who can talk the peculiar language which is used at Dissenters' tea-meetings is sure of a patient hearing.

Less exciting than these gatherings, and perhaps less interesting to a mere observer, are the ordinary amusements provided for the subscribers to a mechanics' institute. The "course" opens with an address from the President, preceded, of course, by the inevitable tea at three or four in the afternoon. Various speeches are made, more tea is drunk, and a few hours of this mild dissipation are considered to open the winter season successfully. On future evenings the fare provided is of a much harder kind. Some fluent fanatic delivers, for the thousandth time, a rhapsody about liberty, or a professional dealer in tittle-tattle delights the company with a budget of "anecdotes of living writers"—the anecdotes being specially invented by the lecturer for the benefit of "provincials." A fortnight after there will be a concert by a few worn-out singers, and then there will perhaps be a reading from Dickens, or an evening with Burns. This is the kind of mental provision which is thought to be most suitable for the middle and working classes. Anything that would make the audience merry would probably scandalize the chairman—the only stimulants a good man need wish for being a lecture on logic and a comfortable cup of tea. Nevertheless, there is perhaps no single mistake that has contributed more to the decay of mechanics' institutes than the heavy, monotonous, wearisome character of the entertainments. The lecturers and readers who find employment at these places would not in themselves draw an audience of fifty persons. They are simply bores of a very deep dye. Their dismal platitudes and stale jokes are only calculated to send people home perfectly miserable. It is, no doubt, difficult to get up an entertainment of a first-class character when the distance from town is considerable. In addition to the fees charged by the performers, there would be their travelling expenses to pay, and few Town Halls or Assembly Rooms will accommodate a sufficient number of persons to render an expensive engagement a successful one. But there surely must be something better to be had than an "oration" which has done duty all round the country for the last three or four years. Mr. John B. Gough nearly wore out the patience of even rabid teetotallers before he took his departure; but he was amusing, compared with the wretched, empty declaimers who now astonish and perplex the provincial mind. The error appears to us to consist in not making local talent available so much as might be done. An amateur entertainment, in any part of the world, is usually a success; and there are few towns in England where there are not many persons ready enough to assist, now and then, in arranging a concert or dramatic performance. Maps of geological strata, and a snuffly professor behind a green-baize table, may have a learned and respectable sort of look to the outward eye, but they are suggestive of a terrible mental trial. A little less "information," and a little more amusement, is what many a man, driven to seek amusement in the country, must have wished for very earnestly. A lecture on astronomy is considered a good card at any season of the year; but lately moral subjects have come greatly into fashion, and the middle classes are now admonished, by way of amusement, concerning early rising, saving money, the right employment of time, and other kindred topics. Not one of the lecturers has anything to say that has not occurred to all of his hearers who possess a grain of common sense; and possibly the audience stand far less in need of being talked at on the question of temperance, for example, than the orator himself. Indeed, all local entertainments are more or less stupid and dreary. Managers of places of amusement in London know their business better than to try to instruct their visitors. Readings and lectures may occasionally be attempted, but the instances of success are very rare. In the country it seems to be thought that every mountebank who puts up at the principal hotel is fit to instruct the rest of the human race in their moral, religious, and social duties.

#### THE TEMPORAL POWER TESTED BY CHURCH TRADITIONS.

IN the consideration of the question relating to the present position of the Papal power, an inquiry presents itself, which it would be curious and not altogether unprofitable to pursue—the inquiry how far that position is consistent with principles which, in the Roman Church, have been handed down among the most sacred and venerable traditions of the past. In these traditions might be found the strongest arguments against the maintenance of "the temporal power," if we are to understand by "the temporal power" a system under which the Bishop of the city of Rome is to be master, by the force of foreign bayonets, over citizens who detest his rule. It would not be very difficult to show that such a system is abhorrent to all the maxims which, in the ancient days of the Roman Church, were accepted as unquestioned truths. The very authorities which are referred to in support of the civil power of the Pontiffs supply the most conclusive arguments against "the temporal power" as it now exists. The severest condemnation of the Government of Pius IX. might be found in the history of the influence which was exercised by Gregory the Great. Tried by the spirit, if not the letter, of the earlier canons, the Pope would find it impossible to justify his present position in Rome, or to defend the acts by which it is maintained. From the Capitularies of Charlemagne might be framed the most severe indictment against the Christian Bishop

who, to preserve a temporal sovereignty over his unwilling people, would authorize and even employ a soldiery to suppress any manifestation of their discontent by shedding their blood.

It is obvious that the question is not whether, abstractedly, it is desirable that the Roman Pontiff should possess a territory within which he should be sovereign, but whether it is right that the temporal power should be maintained by foreign troops in the manner in which it now is, and under the circumstances which now surround it? The question would be a very different one if the Roman people cheerfully submitted to the sovereignty of their Bishop. It might be a very desirable arrangement if the citizens of Rome saw in the Pontifical Government all the blessings of a beneficent and paternal rule; and the sovereignty of the Pope might be a good thing for Christendom if matters were in such a state that Romans would rally round the Pope as Englishmen would round the Queen. Europe would have no reason to complain if the temporal power were maintained by the same means by which Gibbon tells us it was originally acquired—by the voluntary deference of the people to the virtues and patriotism of the Popes. Italy would find no fault with it if she saw in the Popes of the nineteenth century the defenders of national liberty against foreign oppression, as Italy saw in the Popes of the eighth and even of the twelfth century. The allocutions of Pope Pius would, we cannot help thinking, be better arguments against Victor Emmanuel and the revolution if he could make the complaint that was so feelingly uttered by Pope Gregory the Great—that the constant appeals of the people to him, to guide them in their distresses, distracted his attention from his spiritual duties. There is on record an "allocution" of the great Pope, in which he laments to his people that the occupation of his time by their appeals had obliged him to interrupt his lectures on the prophecies of Ezekiel, and he almost reproachfully tells them that the attention which their entreaties compelled him to give to their secular affairs left him sometimes in doubt whether he was filling the place of a spiritual pastor or an earthly ruler:—"Ita ut sepe incertum sit utrum pastoris officium an terreni proceris agat."

Whether a temporal sovereignty, accorded by the good will and supported by the affections of his flock, would be inconsistent with the true character of a Christian Bishop, is not the question which Roman Catholics have now to decide. They are called on to say whether it is right or proper that a Christian Bishop should force himself, as their temporal ruler, upon his reluctant and indignant people—whether he is justified in maintaining such a rule by an expedient so earthly as that of keeping soldiers to ride down, and shoot in the public streets, any dissatisfied members of his flock? This is a question which affects all Christendom, but which comes home more peculiarly to Roman Catholics. For their sakes, we confess, we would wish to see it examined by a reference to those ancient maxims and traditions the authority of which they have been taught to accept as divine.

We have stated our belief that, of such a sovereignty, a reference to those maxims and traditions would supply the most decisive condemnation. Such a reference is obviously beyond our limits. Yet many of the topics almost immediately suggest themselves to any one even superficially acquainted with the history of the Church. The horror with which the ancient Church regarded the shedding of blood by a priest is well known. Priests were prohibited under the severest penalties from taking a part in any judicial proceeding which might call on them to give sentence affecting life or limb. It is said to be in conformity to these canons that our Bishops to this day observe the custom of retiring from the House of Lords in every criminal trial. The rules of their order, at all events, supply the pretext under which, in withdrawing from all criminal trials, the prelates gave way to the jealousy of the temporal peers. In ancient times the Church unquestionably regarded the hand that was stained with human blood as unfitted to offer up a sacrifice to God. Her canons contain no injunctions more solemn than those in which her ministers are forbidden to implicate themselves in the spilling of the blood of their fellow-men. So scrupulously sensitive upon this point was the conscience or the superstition of the early Fathers, that a decree is on record in which one of the Lateran Councils interdicts the practice of surgery to priests. The hand that ministered in the mysteries of the altar was not to be polluted, even for the purposes of a cure. The prohibited "ferum et ignis" were declared to include not only "the fire and sword" of the warrior, but even the remedial agencies of the cantery and the knife. We can well understand the more natural jealousy which, under the penalty of deprivation, commanded the priest to avoid even the remote participation in blood-shedding which the pronouncing of a capital sentence might involve. We have never seen any satisfactory attempt to reconcile these principles with the sovereignty of the Pope over a State in which capital punishment is inflicted in his name. This, it will be remembered, is a comparatively modern practice. Long after the Popes had acquired the virtual sovereignty of Rome, criminals were executed in the name of the Emperor, not of the Pope. We presume that Roman casuists have found some means of reconciling with his priestly office the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope in every capital case within the Roman States. No casuistry can possibly reconcile with the spirit of the ancient rules the scandal of a Christian priest giving orders to his troops to shoot down the people who refuse to submit to his temporal dominion, and insisting on the retention of a sovereignty which he knows can only be upheld by such means.

The student of history who remembers that, up to the days of Pope Celestine, in the year 1143, the supreme Pontiff was elected



by the Roman people, may possibly find it very hard to reconcile the present position of the Papacy with the character claimed by the Pope as the successor of a long line of Pontiffs elected by the Roman citizens themselves. Yet the election of the Popes by the people of the first 1100 years of the Church is an historical fact admitted by every Papal historian. The attempts at usurpation, by some of the German Emperors, of the right of nomination, formed no real exception to the rule. It would furnish a curious illustration of the present position of the Papacy if, when a vacancy occurs, the ancient canons, even those of Gregory VII., were put in force, and the successor of Pius IX. were nominated at an election in which the people of Rome would, at all events, have a voice.

A comparison of the present relations between the Italian Episcopate and the Italian people, and those which must have existed in the early ages, suggests a contrast equally strange. The ancient canons are full of provisions most carefully framed to secure the election of each bishop by the clergy and people over whom he was to preside. Even in the decretals of Isidore, a letter of Pope Leo is quoted, in which the good pontiff takes especial care to enjoin that no bishop should be consecrated unless he was accepted by the people. His reason has the merit of common sense. The forcing of a bishop on the people might indispose them to religion itself. His words are, "*ne plebs invita episcopum non optatum contemnant aut oderint, et fiat minus religiosa quam convenit cui non licuerit habere quem velint.*" We can easily understand with what feelings the writer of this letter would have regarded the effects upon religion of a policy which endeavours to set all the bishops of Italy in antagonism to the people—thus incurring the very mischief which Pope Leo pointed out, by making them hated and despised.

It were easy to multiply proofs to show how entirely the present position of the Pontiff, in relation both to the Roman citizens and the Italian people, is opposed to all the spirit and teaching of the Roman Church of the ancient times. It must not be forgotten that the possession of temporal power, even under the most favourable circumstances, has been deemed inconsistent with the character of a Christian Bishop by many in all ages, whose orthodoxy has never been questioned. Arnold of Brescia has, it is true, been stigmatized as a heretic, but a general council pronounced him guilty only of schism, when he preached a crusade against temporal power in the hands of Churchmen. Dante, of whom Roman Catholic divines boast as "the most Catholic of poets," employed some of the most divine of his divine verses in mourning over the ills which Constantine's fatal gift of earthly wealth and power had inflicted on the Church. Perhaps it may be thought that the result of the experiment justifies those who condemned any attempt to place temporal power in ecclesiastical hands. But it is not, as we have said, with this abstract question that Christendom has now to deal—we are concerned with a temporal power which can only be maintained against the will of the people by force. We desire to see such a temporal power tried by a reference to the admitted traditions and principles of the Papacy itself. We do not know whether the few hints on which we have ventured will suggest to any one to undertake the task. It is one that would perhaps best be left in Roman Catholic hands. The deeper the reverence felt for ancient principles, the more unqualified, we are persuaded, will appear the condemnation of that system which is now known as the temporal power. The more devout the belief of the inquirer in the Roman Catholic faith, the firmer will be his conviction that in his own list of early Popes, there is not one, from St. Peter to Gregory the Great, who would not have preferred the cross of martyrdom to a temporal sovereignty which was to be upheld by military violence upon the people of whom God had appointed him the pastor and the guide.

#### MEDICINE AND PHYSIOLOGY.

THE most ancient, the most universal, and the most necessary of all the applied sciences—that which seeks to restore the human body from disease to health—is just now in a singular condition. Medicine and its professors have long held sway over the hopes and fears of mankind. The science officially taught in universities and lecture-rooms has over and over again been forced to alter its fundamental principles and its outward practice; yet one half of mankind has continued to look up with unswerving confidence to the authority of the Faculty, while the other half has been ever ready to run after the new sectaries who constantly arise to question the doctrine of the schools, and to propound some new remedy for human suffering. To no purpose have the orthodox professors exposed the manifest shortcomings of their opponents. Quackery has continued to thrive—being commonly a mere impudent speculation upon the public credulity, sometimes a sincere and ignorant confidence in the virtues of a nostrum, and now and then the partial appreciation of some truth neglected or overlooked by the regular practitioners.

It has been a convenient doctrine to set down the success of dissenting medicine to the general want of scientific instruction, and to an ignorant impatience of disease among the unreasonable mass of mankind, prompting them to have recourse to whatever irregular short-cut might be offered for escape from bodily suffering. But in this, as in some other matters, men in general are not such fools as wise professors think them. Cold water and hot air, nay, even such coarse specifics as those of Morrison and Holloway, have not recruited their votaries exclusively amongst the ignorant and the credulous. The plain truth is that people

have followed quacks because they have not found in the doctrines or the practice of the regular profession reasonable ground for confidence. Even those who knew nothing of the numerous revolutions that have over and over again upset the prevailing doctrines as to the nature of disease and remedial action, have seen that there could be little certainty about a system which changes all its outward practices every ten or twenty years. If bleeding, calomel, starving, stimulants, warm rooms, open windows, have each been tried in turn—and, as it seems, without any marked advantage one over the other in effecting cures—it was not surprising that sceptics should doubt the inspiration of the oracle whose utterances were found to be so changing. Those who examined further, and discovered that the doctrines which were successively invoked to authorize each new system of treatment rested on arbitrary assumptions, not demonstrated, nor for the most part capable of demonstration, began to suspect that the difference between regular medicine and quackery was not so profound as they had been used to believe. Both appeared to be in the dark as to first principles, and to appeal for support to empirical evidence. After analysing all that medical science could say in the great majority of cases of disease, the only reason to be given why you should swallow a given drug was the fact that many others who seemed to be affected in a way similar to yourself had taken the same drug, and had survived the dose. The doctor, often uncertain of the nature of your disease, was quite ignorant of the cause of it. He had no evidence as to the action of his drug, or even whether it acted at all upon the cause of disease, and lastly he had no certainty that the drug would affect you in the same manner as others who had taken it. The very utmost that he could urge was a belief, more or less probable, that the same drug had been serviceable in cases presumed to be similar. Was there any essential difference between his process of reasoning and that of the honest quack who, by a nearly similar process, had worked himself into a belief in the virtues of a specific?

The doubts which have been gradually spreading amongst reasonable men as to the trust that could justly be put in medicine as a scientific system based on ascertained truths, have of late received unexpected confirmation from the highest authority. One after another, a succession of men eminent in the medical profession have declared the final result of their experience. All unite in limiting within a narrow range the possible utility of the physician's efforts. With but a small number of special exceptions, we may abandon the search for antidotes to cure disease. For the chief—in most cases the sole—curative agent, modern science has no better name than that given by the simple ignorance of antiquity. *The vis medicatrix nature* is the foundation of the therapeutic art. Save in cases of malformation or organic defect, the natural condition of the human body is health. Disease implies a disturbance of some organ from its normal functions. The same mysterious forces that maintain the vital functions in play tend to replace whatever is injured—to restore order wherever there is disturbance. If science should hereafter gain further insight into the causes of disturbance and the process of restoration, the physician may perchance play a more leading and influential part. As it is, he fills a secondary place; and if he succeeds in averting fresh cause of mischief, and in clearing the way for the curative process which is itself beyond his control, he has fully performed his part.

It would be strange, however, if the education which puts into a man's hands the accumulated results of the experience of others—and which, if it does no more, should teach him how short a distance his own knowledge reaches—were not to make him a safer and a more useful adviser than the pretender who, in utter ignorance of the structure and functions of the human body, administers at random his pill or potion to every applicant. If there is but little apparent difference between many regular practitioners and the quacks whom they denounce, the explanation is to be found in a variety of causes which combine to the same end. In the first place, the practice of medicine is full of difficulty. Modern science has done something to aid in the diagnosis, often the most difficult part of the physician's task. Auscultation and the use of the microscope have substituted certainty for conjecture in many cases. But, for this essential preliminary of ascertaining what is the matter with the patient, a combination of faculties is often needed which cannot be communicated in the schools. The power may be developed and improved by use, and corrected by careful observation, but it is born with certain men, and it is not to be gained by teaching or study. Then, supposing the disease to be ascertained, it constantly happens that there is little or nothing to be done that can with any confidence be expected to shorten or reduce the intensity of the attack. The option lies between a system of slight palliatives, almost or quite inoperative, and the application of stronger remedies whose action is uncertain. Fortunately, the effects of medicine in general are far less considerable than is commonly supposed. The statistics of hospitals in which the most different systems of treatment have been adopted do not, indeed, prove that all the systems have been equally good or bad; but they do show that in many diseases there is no known system of treatment that has any marked advantage over others. It is not too much to say that, for one case in which the medicine administered has been of real use, there are ten where the patients would have thriven as well or better without it.

A further difficulty in medical practice has been less noticed than it deserves to be. All that is known of the effect of remedies is the general or average result of a large number of cases in which they have been applied. But no two men are exactly alike

in the manner of action of their various organs. When the chemist who has once tried an experiment brings the same substances together under similar conditions, he is absolutely certain that they will act on each other as they did before. Not so it is with the living organism. The idiosyncrasy of each patient is more or less unknown to the physician; and till the experiment has been tried, he can have no certainty as to the result of his treatment. It is quite true that the exceptional cases that sometimes arise present apparent rather than real anomalies. There is no reason to suppose that the laws of physics have been suspended by an independent disturbing power when a drug produces on a particular patient an unusual effect. The conditions of the experiment have doubtless been changed by some peculiarity in his organization, which the present means of science are powerless to detect.

The main cause why medicine is still so little advanced is to be found in the backward condition of the science on which it mainly rests. Physiology, including pathology—the first taking cognizance of all the vital functions of organized beings, the second of the disturbance of those functions by disease—is far from maintaining its place in the general march of physical science. Some important steps in advance have, however, been gained, and quite enough is firmly established to make the science one of the most valuable, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, branches of human knowledge. If the study were more generally pursued, sounder notions of the conditions of health and disease would prevail, and the medical profession, while abating somewhat of its pretensions, would gain in the opinion of all the reasonable and well-informed. When physicians no longer deem it a point of honour to affect a confidence in their art which they do not really feel—when they frankly own, as the best amongst them often do, that the diagnosis is uncertain, or the case one in which medicine is of little avail—the judicious portion of the public will discern what it is now sometimes difficult to trace—the line of separation between the scientific practitioner and the ignorant quack.

Like other branches of natural science, physiology cannot be thoroughly mastered without actual observation and experiment. Facts presented to the eye have not merely the advantage of exciting the attention more vividly, as the Horatian maxim runs—they are also retained more permanently, and are more suggestive, than mere description, however vivid and accurate. Yet it is quite possible to gain by reading a general knowledge of the results of physiological inquiry, and an acquaintance with the leading facts on which the more important conclusions have been founded. It is not, indeed, easy to point out any single work which completely answers the purpose of the general reader; but there is one which does so to a very great extent, and which is not yet as widely known as it deserves to be. In his *Physiology of Common Life*, published a year or two ago, Mr. G. H. Lewes has achieved the object which he seems to have proposed to himself, by producing a work which is at once popular and scientific; though it is only fair to add that he has in some degree diminished the utility of a very interesting book by making it at the same time controversial. Thoroughly versed in his subject, and well skilled in the literary art, Mr. Lewes has found it easy to convey accurate knowledge in a form calculated to excite attention and interest. The least-informed reader finds it easy and pleasant to accompany him so long as he travels on the beaten track of generally-admitted doctrine. But in physiology this does not extend very far. We soon reach the limit where the way becomes uncertain, and, all ignorant as we are, we find that our guide calls upon us to decide between himself and the most eminent professors of the science, and say along which of two or three different paths the road to truth may be found. By extensive knowledge and observation Mr. Lewes has fully proved his right to maintain his own opinions against any authority in the science, however weighty. His reasoning is always acute, though sometimes pressed rather farther than a cautious logician would approve; and in regard to the part of his book upon which he has bestowed the greatest amount of labour, there is much reason to believe that his views of the nature and laws of nervous action will be admitted as substantially correct. In some cases where Mr. Lewes calls in question the conclusions of his predecessors, the difference between his conclusions and theirs seems to be more apparent than real, and in a work intended for beginners in the study, and for general readers, it would certainly have been advisable to reduce rather than to increase the number of polemical discussions. With this slight drawback, the book may be fairly recommended as the best extant introduction to Physiology for ordinary readers who are not prepared to undertake a course of systematic study. There is no branch of science which touches us all so nearly, and none in regard to which it is so desirable that the general ignorance should be dispelled.

## REVIEWS.

### ORLEY FARM.\*

THE numerous readers of Mr. Trollope will, we think, agree with us in considering this one of the best of his many novels. His power of producing novels is wonderful, and, as a mere literary feat, there has been scarcely anything equal to what Mr. Trollope is doing and has done lately. His *North America* was,

indeed, to a great extent, bookmaking; but the novels are always well written, well contrived, and exceedingly entertaining. Nor are they copies of each other, and in *Orley Farm*, we are glad to say, even the well-known and established circle of Barchester and the neighbourhood are wholly avoided. Mr. Trollope, too, gives almost always a shilling's worth of story for our money. He does not make us pay the discount of philosophical reflections, or descriptions of his own mental state. He writes, from one end to the other, a tale which is meant to please and amuse, and which effects its object. Why a novelist pleases is generally beyond the reach of analysis to decide; nor, if it were possible, would it be worth while to bestow the requisite labour on an inquiry which would be fruitless. But there are one or two reasons for the success of Mr. Trollope's novels which are worth noticing, as they go far to fix his place among the novelists of the day. In the first place, he does the family life of England to perfection. No one has ever drawn English families better—without exaggeration, and without any attempt at false comedy. His gentlemen and ladies are exactly like real gentlemen and ladies, except, perhaps, that they are a trifle more entertaining. Mr. Trollope gives us two families in this new novel—one that of a judge, and the other that of a country baronet—and they are each excellent. The young ladies make love or receive it, and joke and have their little difficulties, in the most natural and lifelike way. They are not out of the ordinary way, and do very common things, and yet they have a distinct character, and behave with propriety and becoming reserve. How hard it is to sketch such persons in a story may be guessed by the fact that hardly any novelists have succeeded in it. The old ladies and gentlemen are equally natural in Mr. Trollope's books; and Lady Mason, the heroine of *Orley Farm*, is a masterpiece of one kind of delineation of character. Her mixture of guilt and innocence, her strength and weakness, and her power of making herself loved, whatever she does, constitute altogether one of the best-conceived types of mixed character, neither good nor bad, that modern English fiction has to show.

Mr. Trollope also excels in the creation of subsidiary comic characters. In his early novels he fell into the error of introducing characters merely to give a clever description of them. But practice has taught him to bring in those minor performers with the skill of an easy workman. In *Orley Farm* he has hit on a happy vein. He has described the bagman world, and his portrait of Mr. Moulder, who travels in the sugar line, and of Mr. Kantwise, who travels with the object of selling certain metallic chairs and tables, are quite revelations of the being and nature of commercial gents. Mr. Moulder is of the old school, and sticks to the rules of the commercial room, and has everything of the most comfortable. Kantwise is a little, wiry, pushing character, whose masters are by no means of the respectable sort, and who makes it his business, night and day, in season and out of season, to praise and advertise the horrid furniture by which he lives. A scene in which Kantwise has his boxes into the commercial-room and brings out a miserable wire-table, on which, to show its strength, he offers to stand, would be highly entertaining in itself, and its fun is much heightened by the very clever illustration in which Mr. Millais has set the scene before us. There is also a dinner which Moulder gives at home on Christmas day, which shows a sublime appreciation of the weak points of the bagman. Moulder has got a turkey, for which he has given a guinea, and to the cooking of which he has attended himself. This he carves in the most deliberate way, cutting off all the slices wanted from the breast, and then solemnly helping each person to as exactly the same amount in quantity and quality as he can manage. This seems rather a slight groundwork for the novelist to base his comic writing on, and we feel at once the wearisome exaggeration by which the sensation school would have tried to make it funny. Mr. Trollope goes through it with an easy and subdued humour that is a real comfort to his readers.

Unfortunately, however, there is one drawback to *Orley Farm*. It is a novel with a purpose. Mr. Trollope wishes to express certain opinions he holds as to the bad working of English courts of law. He thinks that it is wrong for an advocate to support a cause which the advocate thinks a bad one, or to make any effort to deceive a jury. What the advocate ought to do is to point out, with caution and within the limits of indisputable truth, all that can be said for his client. If he doubts, he ought to let the jury see that he doubts; if he believes the prisoner he defends to be guilty, he ought to let the law take its course. Then, again, Mr. Trollope pities witnesses very much who are cross-examined under our system. How far he seems to us right or wrong in these opinions we will discuss presently. But even if he were entirely right as a critic of British institutions, it would be very doubtful if he could possibly be right as a novelist. The legal difficulty on which the plot hangs is exceedingly well devised. It is a really difficult thing to invent a subject of trial as to which a shrewd reader can be kept long in ignorance. But the forgery and perjury in *Orley Farm* is quite as good as any villany that we can suppose would remain doubtful. At the same time, attentive readers will have observed that, unless one of the supposed attesting witnesses to the will had died before the testator, and unless another had been a born fool, the fraud must have been necessarily useless; and, as Lady Mason could not have known, as Mr. Trollope did, that she would have this very accidental assistance on her side, she was incurring a risk in which she must have known almost all the chances were against her. However, we need not be too particular in a novel, and the plot will do well enough. But Mr. Trollope wanted to have a pattern trial illustrating the legal errors he censures. To do this, it was necessary that the guilt of the prisoner should be known to every one, and,

\* *Orley Farm*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.



of course, to the reader too, in order that the speeches of counsel might be seen to be sufficiently objectionable, and that the witnesses who were bullied and badgered might be known to be speaking the truth. The consequence is, that after the middle of the second volume the interest of the book rapidly diminishes, and gets exceedingly faint at the end. The excitement is got over early in order that the trial may bear an instructive character. Lady Mason abandons her pretty attitude of possible innocence and present sweetness and dignity, and we know her history. She is tried after the secret is out, and the trial teaches us that trials in England are not quite what they ought to be.

The morality of advocacy has been so often argued that we are almost ashamed to go over such familiar ground. Mr. Trollope does not appear to us to put the question quite fairly. He invents two lawyers—one a thoroughly clever, hardened, overpowering advocate, Mr. Furnival; and another, a young, modest, sensitive, eminently high-principled junior, whose name, Felix Graham, denotes his nature, and who very properly marries the Madeline of the story. Mr. Furnival, an old friend of Lady Mason, knows quite well that she is guilty, but he undertakes her defence. Felix Graham, at first sure of her innocence, begins to doubt it as the day draws near, and on the eve of the trial solemnly asks his leader whether he thinks their client guilty. On this Mr. Furnival thinks it necessary to say he does not, and this Mr. Trollope informs us was a lie. When Mr. Furnival comes to speak in behalf of Lady Mason, he makes an elaborate oration in which he asserts his own private and personal conviction of her perfect innocence. As to the first case, it is obvious that a junior counsel has no business to ask his senior whether he thinks the client guilty, unless he intends to do as much for his client after he hears the adverse opinion of the senior as he would have done had the opinion been favourable. But Felix Graham was prepared to go off into a state of virtuous indignation if he had heard that Mr. Furnival thought a verdict against Lady Mason would be deserved. It is also perfectly unnecessary, and most undesirable, that counsel should ever give their private assurance, as men, and not counsel, that they believe a prisoner to be innocent. There is an evident injustice in a man thus mixing up the two characters of pleader and private adviser to the jury. He only confuses the jury, and gives an argument for a particular verdict which he has not the slightest business to give. His private opinion has, according to the whole theory of advocacy, nothing whatever to do with the cause he takes up; and evidently, if pleaders were in the habit of giving these personal assurances in cases where they could do so honestly, the omission to give them in doubtful cases would be constantly remarked, and would be almost inevitably fatal to the interests of the client.

Mr. Trollope objects apparently to our system of cross-examination, for two reasons. He thinks it fails to secure the ends of justice, for it leads the jury into all kinds of irrelevant inquiries; and it is very unfair and cruel to the witnesses themselves. Certainly it must be admitted that wrong verdicts are given, and a novelist is at liberty to describe a mistake that sometimes occurs. But Mr. Trollope very properly makes the judge, in his summing up, clear away from the case all the digressive matter which the counsel for the defence had introduced, and bid them attend solely to the one fact in issue, whether the attesting witnesses had attested one document or two. One of the witnesses also states, after the trial, that a very important question was not asked her, and this omission was evidently one principal cause of the result of the trial being as described. But this does not tell much against our system of examination, unless we are prepared to admit that the question which the counsel for the prosecution did not think of was one that in real life would have escaped them. It seems to us ridiculously obvious. The testator is supposed to have really signed a deed of partnership, and then his signature and that of the attesting witnesses were carefully copied by his wife to a short codicil in her handwriting that she wished to set up. After the trial is over, one of the attesting witnesses says she could have sworn that the document she really attested was not a will, but that no one asked her the question. This seems to us most improbable. A deed of dissolution of partnership would in all probability be on parchment, and would be an exceedingly different-looking document from a short codicil in a lady's handwriting. The witnesses are only asked whether the signatures are theirs, but the point was so very simple as to the difference in size, look, and substance of the two documents that one of the first questions a witness would be asked would be what sort of document it was she signed. We think Mr. Trollope is far from right when he inveighs against the latitude which counsel assume in cross-examinations. We cannot say that we think witnesses ought to be petted, or, as Mr. Trollope puts it, that they, and not the judge, should have the most comfortable and honourable seat, as they come forward without pay to do justice, which is more than he would dream of doing. But the irrelevant inquiries in which counsel indulge, in order to discredit and damage and annoy a witness whose evidence they cannot shake, are often very cruel, and very injurious to society at large. Witnesses naturally keep out of court as much as they can, when they know that, if the opposing counsel chooses, they may be asked questions suggested by the mere fancy of the questioner, and designed to do them a general injury. It is in vain that the witness appeals to the judge for protection. The judge can do no more than ask the counsel whether he proposes to connect these questions with the main issue, and if the counsel says that he does, the witness is at once told that he must answer. This is, we allow, a mischievous

freedom, which is checked by nothing but the good sense and good feeling of the bar; and if Mr. Trollope likes to contrive a story for the edification of barristers, and designed to stimulate their good sense and quicken their kindness of feeling, he may be doing a public service.

#### AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE.\*

"NEVER mind the facts—what are the principles?" was a favourite dictum of a certain University professor in search of useful information. Count de Gasparin's last volume, written with talent, eloquence, fervour, and an unwearied and lofty enthusiasm, seems to have been composed upon the plan which too exclusively occupied the University professor. As long as so earnest a writer can arrive at the principles which he affects, he is not always solicitous as to the facts. Starting from, or rather standing still at, one point of view of the war in America, Count de Gasparin would admit willingly nothing in fact, nothing in speculation, nothing in probabilities, and nothing in justification, which did not square with his own theory. Carrying out with a vigorous French logic the consequences of the premises he laid down in starting, he arrived at conclusions which, in his mind, would obviously remain for ever unshaken, however widely they might chance to vary from the actual course of history. The whole of his judgments upon England, as well as his speculations upon the tragic problem which America is working out to a solution, show him as he was, *tant soit peu doctrinaire*. Yet his book is valuably suggestive, and well worth a serious perusal, in so far as it reproduces the course of reasoning which the general instinct of the Northern United States has inflexibly carried on from the commencement of the struggle, wrought out fully and clearly by an eminent foreigner, from an independent and disinterested position.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for the success of this work in its new English dress, that the interval which has elapsed since the author (now deceased) put the finishing touch to the volume in its original language, has done little, to ordinary eyes, except to falsify his anticipations, and to render his premises doubtful. Although he could fairly afford to "thank God" in his preface that "the truth of his study does not depend on events," and that his "theories will subsist, whatever may be the result of the campaign in Virginia and Tennessee," an illogically practical circle of English readers will be more strongly tempted to ask how far the study is true, when it appears to contradict events, and whether the theories are relevant which are not found, in one way or another, to affect the course or issue of the campaign. Count de Gasparin wrote his first pages "to the sound of death-warrants pronounced universally against the United States" (presumably after the first battles of Bull Run), and his last to the acclamations of those who think that the United States "will soon be out of the affair, and that there will be nothing difficult left for them to accomplish"—in fact, at the moment when the grand army of the Potomac had been trained to the theoretical point of irresistibility, and had only to prove in practice its certainty of conquering. With a greater respect for eventualities than might perhaps have been expected from a strict theorist, he threw his MS. into the fire on learning of the Trent affair. It was only on regaining security that no actual European violence was immediately about to divert the struggle from its only legitimate issue, that he undertook anew the task of proving on which side the victory must lie in the region of ideas, and how, through the enlightenment of public opinion in Europe, it was bound sooner or later to lie there in the region of fact. Count de Gasparin set out with the axiom, that the certain hope of European interference was the main inducement to the South to rise in the first instance, and the sole encouragement which maintained the insurrectionary spirit after the rising had once taken place. The deplorable want shown on this side of the Atlantic of large sympathies for the most glorious cause of modern times was, in his eyes, as in those of the indigenous patriots and politicians of the Northern States, the only conceivable reason why the rebellion, instigated by a few tyrannical traitors, was not put down within the prophesied ninety days. In March last, when his preface was written, "the American crisis," as distinguished from the "European" one, was already left behind, and its main difficulties happily surmounted. The European crisis was still not at an end, inasmuch as the greedy hunger for the cotton of the South might still be expected to bias the interested views of selfish England. Yet even in England itself the current of public opinion seemed to Count de Gasparin to be then returning from its unnatural bias towards the cause of slavery, to flow in a healthier channel of sympathy with a free people asserting its rightful sovereignty. "The England of 1862 is not," said Count de Gasparin, "the England of 1861. Of these two Englands, the better, thank God, has just taken the lead." Selfish England, which eagerly seized the incident of the Trent as an occasion for war, had yielded to noble and virtuous England. A sudden, but thorough, change of policy towards America had taken place, distinctly observable to Count de Gasparin, though, like so many eclipses, invisible in London itself. The unfriendly *animus* which had caused the wanton recognition of the rebels as belligerents found itself, after all, incompetent to push that recognition to its

\* *America before Europe. Principles and Interests.* By Count Agénor de Gasparin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1862.

full and natural conclusion, and was succeeded by a revulsion of feeling against an alliance which would have for its object the defence of slavery.

The whole affair of the *Trent* is criticized in this volume from a strikingly different point of view from that occupied by any section of public opinion in England, except, perhaps, by the Anti-Slavery Society. As Count de Gasparin's judgment of the motives of our statesmen and the springs of our national feelings may probably be regarded abroad as the well-digested and impartial conclusion of a writer of great authority and experience, it is as well to give it fully. We cannot but disagree profoundly with its accuracy from beginning to end; and, consequently, we cannot accept the compliment to ourselves as a nation with which it concludes, although a French constitutionalist may well be pardoned for taking every opportunity to laud what he considers a symptom of unexpressed national vitality. The following are the stages of the *Trent* difficulty, according to M. de Gasparin:—

The Cabinet lived by expedients, the majority was reduced to the most alarming proportions. Lord Palmerston saw the session approaching without having yet discovered means to strengthen his position. Suddenly, an overwhelming majority presented itself; the Tories promised their support; the *Morning Herald* pledged it solemnly in their name, provided Lord Palmerston showed no weakness towards the United States; it was a party stroke, and the long Parliaments of the American war seemed about to begin anew. With the war, all serious opposition, for the moment at least, would cease; the national excitement would give birth to a sort of unanimity; all reforms and all questions of solution would fall to the second place."

Added to this motive, peculiar to the Palmerston Administration, was a general anxiety to do all that could be done towards humbling Bright and Cobden, by ensuring the failure of republican institutions in the United States. To make an expensive war for this idea would certainly not have done much credit to the English character for illogical common sense. An extra threepence of income-tax added to the war ninetence would have been felt by his bitterest enemies in the country to represent a very exorbitant price for Mr. Bright's humiliation. We are not so much in the habit of eating off our nose for the purpose of spiting our face. Fortunately, before we had done so in this instance, a change came over the spirit of our national dream:—

A simple Society appeared; and we felt at once that evil passions were about to recede before a superior power. For my part, I admire the victories of the mind far more than those of the bayonet or bullet. A few almost unknown men present an address to the Prime Minister, and the terrible world breathes again; although it is not yet known what will be the decision of America, it is henceforth known that the cause is judged, for England has regained her path and will never more wander from it.

In plain English, an Anti-Slavery deputation addresses to Lord Palmerston a remonstrance against a pro-slavery war. The determination of the Government and the nation to stand by their conviction of the legitimate rights of neutrals instantly vanishes into thin air. England, which had seized with avidity on the occasion of making herself "a commentary on the words of the Apostle, 'their feet are swift to shed blood,'" was suddenly struck by the impossibility (the italics are M. de Gasparin's) of giving the hand to the defenders of slavery, whatever might be the answer from the Cabinet of Washington. "It is one of the traits of the English character that it is not long embarrassed by inconsistencies. Men stray from the right path and return to it, perhaps only to wander from it again, and all this is accomplished with perfect assurance." It is by such incautious frankness in change, after all (so thought M. de Gasparin), that the "genuine and glorious consistency of the English people is maintained." Happy is the people in which "faults committed are repaired in this wise, and in which the public sense of right thus makes itself obeyed."

With such an idea of English character and motives, so clearly developed in his own brain, and so capable of adaptation to the facts, M. de Gasparin could not but treat with utter incredulity the general assertion, after the chance of a *Trent* war was over, that England had never desired war at all. If he had happened to be in England at the moment when the legal bearings of Captain Wilkes's act were still under the consideration of the law officers of the Crown, he might, perhaps, have discovered for himself a very general anxiety that the American officer might prove to have been acting within the bounds of strict legal right. Such an anxiety was quite compatible with the equally general determination to maintain our rights for ourselves, when it was once authoritatively declared what they were; and it was equally genuine, although from the nature of the case its expression was more conversational, and entered less into the tone of the public journals. Even at that moment, Count de Gasparin seems to have reached the foregone conclusion that England was looking out for the first opportunity of a quarrel; and he would in no wise give Lord Palmerston the benefit of a belief that the rapidity of his preparations for an unfavourable event might be in accordance with the time-honoured maxim, that those who wish for peace should be ready for war. Had he been aware of the wide-spread conviction of this country that the Crimean war had been the result of the too pacific tactics of the English Ministry of the time, he might at least have given us the benefit of a doubt whether our sublime inconsistency had not on this occasion prompted the display of overbearing force from honestly peaceful motives. But there is no need to dwell longer upon M. de Gasparin's criticism of ourselves. It is more interesting to follow his speculations upon the ultimate result of the great struggle in America.

The South must be conquered, if only for the purpose of vin-

dicating the principle that it had no right to secede. Once conquered, its wish for secession, if it really has such a wish, and will express it in a legitimate manner, cannot fail to prevail, "for the excellent reason" that no power in the world could succeed in opposing it. As it is impossible eternally to garrison disaffected countries, "it follows" that when the separation has become a revolution, "violated right submits to the presence of triumphant fact. It will certainly be necessary to let those go who can be no longer retained except by the lasting use of force. Free institutions would perish in the effort, through enemies or despots, were they carried on under these conditions of persistent struggle. By this course, a republican government would speedily become transformed into a military despotism." But it is most probable that, if once conquered, the South would no longer wish to separate. If it persists in a wish for separation, it can only continue to exist under an ignominious European, probably an English, protectorate. Since slavery has been the only cause of the war, the first step towards cementing the Union afresh at the close of the war must be the unflinching yet considerate extirpation of the ground of the quarrel. When the inevitable vista of total abolition is once opened before the eyes of the men of the South, their sentiments will by degrees be changed. Mr. Lincoln's liberating hand will restore to them their instincts as citizens of a free country. The organic life of a great homogeneous State will once more revive in accordance with the providential necessities of its natural boundaries. By "progressive abolition, indemnity accorded to the masters, and equality secured to the enfranchised negroes, America will confound its calumniators, and gain for all humanity the greatest liberal contest of our times."

Such was the banner of the American crusade waved in the face of the Gallies of Europe by M. de Gasparin. Probably it was under the same flag that the chivalry of the Orleans princes sought an opportunity of showing itself at the side of McClellan. The same visionary idea seems at times to flicker before the excited brain of Garibaldi. The last year's campaign in Virginia will not have multiplied in Europe the believers in this Apocalypse of American futurity. The first step towards its realization is (as M. de Gasparin himself must have allowed) harder to mount than ever. The longer that step is delayed by the uncompromising resistance of the South, the clearer is the proof that, even if it were now accomplished, it could only be the prelude to the one future which M. de Gasparin strongly and repeatedly protested must not be. If the North should ever plant its foot as a conqueror on the neck of the South, the inevitable result would be that described in M. de Gasparin's own eloquent words:—

To subjugate, to hold garrison, to reduce the Southern States to the condition of provinces, to send and long maintain among them governors from Massachusetts or Illinois, to enter upon the system of subject republics, to proclaim a lasting suspension of constitutional rights—what are we to call this? We know what Venices and Polands cost Europe—what they cost, not in money or soldiers alone, but in honour and liberty. An American Poland or Venice would be far worse. To give itself the pleasure of crushing the South, the North would begin by immolating its own institutions. This would be true suicide.

In her horror at the prospect of such an eventuality, the England of 1861 and of 1862 unreservedly sympathizes with Count de Gasparin.

#### THOROUGHBRED HORSES.\*

EVERYTHING connected with the rearing and improving of horses seems, at this moment, to be exciting great interest in France. We recently reviewed General Daumas's *Horses of the Sahara*; and there are several works of the same kind now in circulation, to which, for the present, we shall only refer. It is sufficient for our immediate purpose—indeed, it concerns us not a little—that these authors all concur in extolling the Barb or Arab horse at the expense of the English thoroughbred, and in anticipating advantages to France from the former, which, according to them, the importation of the latter has failed to secure. In the present state of the English turf, when the majority of those who may be considered the natural owners of blood-horses are in a great degree supplanted by a set of racing tradesmen whose only object is to make money by the pursuit, it may not be amiss to consider, in a national point of view, how our thoroughbred stock originated, whether there are any causes at work tending to its deterioration, and, if so, what steps ought to be taken to restore it to its pristine excellence.

M. Michel, who has published a book, *Du Passé et de l'Avenir des Haras*, denies that the words "pur sang" are applicable to our breed of horses, and asks contemptuously what the meaning of the term is. The meaning is simple enough—it denotes an Eastern origin. Ever since the reign of Charles II. horses of that character have been carefully separated and distinguished from those of an inferior race. We have no doubt that, even before the *Stud-Book* or equine peerage was compiled, the great families of the Darceys, the Cavendishes, the Manners's, and others, were at least as particular in guarding against the degeneracy of their studs as their successors in days nearer our own time; but those famous horses were then fewer in number, and in the hands of fewer proprietors, and their formal registration was therefore of less importance. Everything, of course, must have a beginning, and there may possibly have been a dash of Spanish blood, or even of the best native

\* *Du Passé et de l'Avenir des Haras*. Par Francisque Michel. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861.



blood, in some of the animals who took rank as racehorses, and were selected, as such, to perpetuate the breed. For instance, there was an illustrious mare, the Coffin mare (so called, we believe, from having been hidden in a vault by her owners during the civil war), who stands at the far end of some of our longest pedigrees. Her descent is unknown, at least to us. She may have been an Arab of the highest caste, but on the other hand, she may have been, for aught we know, only a native celebrity, raised by marriage to her husband's position and privileges in society. But even if she, and some others like her, were of mixed blood, they were so few in number that they do not substantially affect the position that the English thoroughbred horse derives its origin from some one or other of the fine Eastern breeds. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the Eastern horses imported were among the best of their kind. The French writers, indeed, imply that the Arabs have never sold to Europeans any but the refuse of their studs; but this, we believe, is not so. We have always understood that the finest horses, and those of the highest caste, were readily and even eagerly sold by their owners, if they happened to be disfigured in their eyes by any one of the numerous marks which they look upon as unlucky or ill-omened; and that, therefore, we get, from the superstition of the Arabs, horses which no mere love of gain would tempt them to part with. This may explain the occurrence of such names as the bloody-shouldered, and the bloody-buttocked Arabian, found in some of our early pedigrees; and the famous Darley Arabian, procured after a long residence in the East, by a gentleman of that name, may also have laboured under some such imaginary defect. Over one of our great horses, indeed—the one known as the Godolphin Arabian—a mystery hangs. He was bought, tradition says, out of a water-cart in Paris for thirty shillings, and was entirely neglected in England till he became the sire of a racer called Lath—after him Cade, from whom sprung the renowned Matchem, Regulus, the maternal grand-sire of Eclipse, and other successful runners, who gave him his high place in the English *Stud Book*. Though called an Arabian, he was supposed to be a Barb. But how he got into the water-cart—whether stolen, or sold by some one ignorant of his value—was, we believe, never discovered.

In those days, whatever may be the case now, the breeding and training of racehorses found its best justification in the number of fine animals, either of pure or of mixed blood, with which it enriched the country. But, if the French are right in their estimate of our actual thorough-bred stock, it would seem that all the good effects of racing in that respect have been produced, and that its present tendencies are in an opposite direction. Even among ourselves, angry controversies have not been unfrequent between the eulogists of the past and the supporters of the present, as to whether our horses are improving or falling off. It is true that Admiral Rous, if we recollect rightly, treats the pretensions of Childers, Eclipse, and other flyers of old, with the utmost contempt. He says they would be beaten by any plater of the present day, and that it was only the imagination of the public, excited by their easy victories over worthless antagonists, in the infancy of racing, which created for them those wonderful feats which remain unapproached and unapproachable in modern times. In the same spirit, all ideas of recurring for fresh blood to the Arab, or the Barb, are put aside as absurd. We do not understand the Admiral to deny that the good qualities of our present racehorse are Arab good qualities, but he thinks, apparently, that the good rearing and training of the animal here have lifted him, as it were, into a higher state of being—that he stands in somewhat the same relation to his desert ancestors as Mr. Darwin's dogs (who are supposed to have lengthened themselves out into superior speed and power by being forced to dine, if at all, on hares through a hundred generations) did to their stumper forefathers, who lived in a land of rabbits. On the other hand, *laudatores temporis acti* are not wanting who think that Eclipse could have given Shark a stone, that Smolensko or Filho-da-puta would have required a ten-pound allowance to go over the course with Shark, and that Teddington or Voltigeur would never have been able to make Smolensko gallop. The two questions are, we think, in some degree the same. All the famous horses of old were near in blood to the East; so that, if any such degeneracy as some contend for could be established, one of the causes probably would be our having failed to revert to the fountain-heads of the race. The weak point of Admiral Rous's rose-colour theory is, that every particle of evidence on the subject which exists is dead against him. We do not mean to say that this evidence is of any great weight. It has never been subjected to much cross-examination, and is, we dare say, anything but conclusive. Still, as it stands, it requires something more than a mere contradiction to get rid of it. And if it be true that, owing either to the non-infusion of Eastern blood of late years, or to the system of short races and light weights, which renders soundness and endurance of less value in the market than mere speed and stride, our horses have deteriorated, and are deteriorating, it is a matter of national concern that this evil should be arrested as soon as possible. The great difficulty which Admiral Rous, and those who think with him, have to solve is, that races sixty or seventy years ago were habitually run, according to the observation of those who saw them, in a shorter time than they are now. Eclipse, with his mile in a minute, we will not insist upon; but if Sir Solomon and Cockfighter, to cite one instance out of many which occur to us,

ran two miles in three minutes on the Doncaster course, they performed a feat which no present racehorse can equal. Admiral Rous would content himself with saying that they did nothing of the kind. He may be right; but to common apprehensions, the power of looking at a watch when a horse begins to gallop, and of looking at it again when he stops, has not accrued to the human race, as a special faculty, within the last fifty years.

We have not space enough to enter into the whole question here, and must content ourselves with expressing an opinion that our two and three-year-old colts, forced forwards like hothouse plants, are probably as good, perhaps in some respects better, than their ancestors at the same time of life about the year 1800; but we do not believe that, after the first three years, they improve in anything like the same degree. Our notion, perhaps quite erroneous, is that whilst Regulus, and Shark, and Hambletonian, and Haphazard, each in his own generation, were allowed, by the system of training then in fashion, to ripen gradually to the complete perfection of his nature, our celebrated runners are prematurely ruined in their colthood, so that we seldom, if ever, now see what a really first-class horse, in the full maturity of his powers, might attain to. We believe this to be the case even in respect of speed; whilst with regard to soundness, vigour under heavy weights, and general powers of endurance—qualities far more important to the country at large than mere pace—it is, we think, hardly open to discussion. A glance at the old racing calendars, before the time when two-year-old colts were trained as a matter of course, will show us the same horses year after year, running three four-mile races during the week at York, and ready to run three more a fortnight afterwards at Doncaster, without being in the smallest degree shaken by their performances. We ourselves, in comparatively degenerate days, have seen a four-year-old colt, in the hands of a breeder of the old school, run two severe four-mile races, against different antagonists, within an hour, and then walk over for a deciding heat, apparently uninjured by his exertions. Now, however, in a contest for the whip, if a Kingston or a Stockwell can get over the Beacon course once in his life without breaking down, he is hailed as a wonder. Accordingly, the long races, almost everywhere, have been shortened, and the heavy weights lightened, to accommodate them to the diminished energies of the nineteenth century. This may suit the Jockey Club, but it surely cannot be looked upon as other than a public evil by the rest of the world. The whole system of racing, indeed, at present, has a tendency to make infirmities, and the propagation of infirmities, among thoroughbred horses, of comparatively little importance. If Longbow, in spite of his roaring, be at any time thought likely to impart to his progeny greater speed for a mile than Stockwell or Voltigeur, he will be resorted to in preference, without hesitation, though all the great authorities on the subject have decided that roaring is an hereditary disease. Nor does this indifference to such defects operate only to produce direct mischief—it acts also indirectly, by lowering the value of the horses that are free from them. Accordingly, most of the animals selected by foreigners or colonists—who are wiser in their generation than we are—consist of the very soundest and stoutest that are to be found in the market. The roasters and the cripples they very obligingly leave to us. Longbow, magnificent horse as he is, they would hardly accept as a gift; but Fisherman is carried off to the antipodes on the first opportunity. Stockwell narrowly escaped the Emperor of the French, last year. Van Tromp and The Flying Dutchman are both gone; and Touchstone and Voltigeur would also have departed from us if money could have bought them.

It may be said, no doubt, to what purpose are you urging all these topics? Do you expect to induce people to annual two-year-old races, to restore four-mile heats, and to replace twelve stone upon the backs of the competitors for a Queen's plate? Certainly not—we may regret the past, but we cannot recover it. At the same time we think it possible to offer some suggestions—first, to those connected with the Turf; and, secondly, to those unconnected with it—which can do no harm, and which will at least have the advantage of relieving our own minds, if they are productive of no other good result. The system of weight for age was established, and its main principles decided upon, at a period when race horses were really in their infancy at three years old, and they consequently received an enormous allowance from their elder contemporaries. This enormous allowance is still continued, and the consequence is, that the precocious three-year-olds of the present day are so favoured that, in a weight for age race, nothing else has a chance with them. Anybody, therefore, who might be tempted to sacrifice the prospects of his colts to the hope of their eventually turning out finer horses does so at a disadvantage which, in point of fact, amounts to prohibition. When he has got his sound and sterling five-year-old, there are no prizes of importance which he has a reasonable chance of winning. He might waive the rich three-year-old stakes, and content himself with cups and Queen's plates; but, even there, his horse will find himself unable to give away the weight to his younger antagonists. Everybody, therefore, is obliged either to give up racing, or to swim with the stream. And as it is found that a horse which can just be held together long enough to get through his three-year-old engagements is, for all practical purposes, as good as the best, that is the horse with which racing men are satisfied. We think one remedy—at least a partial remedy—for this, is to be found in recognizing it as a principle that no three-year-old is to be allowed to win an all-aged stake, except as the consequence of a

real and genuine superiority. At Doncaster, in the middle of September, a four-year-old is called upon to give to the colt a year younger an allowance of 19 lbs. We believe that 10 would be a better measure of the difference between them, at that period of the year. We should reduce it to seven, and act upon the same plan, adopting the necessary modifications, elsewhere. We should also try to revive the old six-year-old and five-year-old plates, for horses of a certain age, carrying a certain weight. For these races a horse younger than the age specified might compete, but he could only do so on condition of carrying the same weight as the rest. By these innovations, or rather returns upon the past, whilst the richest prizes, such as the Derby, St. Leger, Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, &c., were still confined to the younger animals, some inducement at least would be held out to those who might desire to perpetuate a stouter and more lasting breed, and we should hope in time to see more race-horses of the Fisherman and Touchstone stamp.

These recommendations, we acknowledge, are only palliatives; and the improvements which might result from them would be limited in degree, and gradual in their operation. But the great proprietors of England who have no connexion with or leaning towards the Turf are not, on that account, exonerated from their responsibilities to the land which the law gives them. We do not mean that they seek to evade these responsibilities; on the contrary, the exertions which they make, and the expenses which they incur, in endeavouring to improve our domestic animals, deserve an honourable mention. But the horse, the noblest animal of them all, has been hitherto too much trusted to the Jockey Club and its affiliations. Without blaming men for not having done what they never undertook to do, we may express a doubt whether this confidence has been altogether well-placed. There appears to us some ground for apprehending that the breed of horses which has long been one of the undisputed distinctions of our native country is likely to be damaged under their care. This should not be permitted. On the other side of the Channel, our neighbours are hard at work to outstrip us in this respect, and if the smallest reliance is to be placed upon their estimate of the Barbs, whom they mean somehow or other to obtain, they have a good right to expect success. Nor do we grudge them any advance. We only wish that this improvement, like so many other of their improvements and inventions, was not always associated, in their thoughts and expressions, with that ugly and uncomfortable word, war. It is the horse of Neptune, the old antagonist of the olive, that they wish to naturalize in France. We trust, however, that our aristocracy will not allow us to be beaten in this contest without a struggle; whilst to those who may have a distaste for this kind of horse-breeding, as having promoted gambling, we would suggest that no more effective rebuke to the Turf could be administered than by showing that the plea on which racing has always been justified was not tenable, and bringing before the world a class of horses, the result of judicious crossings and importations, superior to anything it could produce. We do not know whether the Barb "drinkers of the wind"—some of whom, it is said, can accomplish eighty leagues within the twenty-four hours, without injurious fatigue—are to be obtained; but Egypt, Syria, Arabia itself, are open to our investigations. There are the Moorish horses, superior in some respects, especially in hardness of constitution and in the iron toughness of their legs and feet, to the desert courser himself. There is one choice Persian variety, which the great Russian breeders prefer even to the Arab. There is the race of Dongola, which Bruce the traveller pronounced to be by far the most magnificent he had ever seen. There are the white horses of Soudan, full of spirit and beauty. All these are within our reach, and fit for a series of noble experiments—experiments which, we trust, some day or other, a certain number of our wealthy noblemen and squires will have the energy to undertake, and the good fortune to prosecute to a successful issue.

#### LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

WE have already had to consider the first and second volumes of M. Hettner's work, which were devoted respectively to the examination of the literature of England and France during the eighteenth century. That order of treating the subject was, as has been seen, selected because, according to the view of M. Hettner, the intellectual progress of the last century in reality dated and received its impulse from the establishment of civil liberty in England by the Revolution of 1688. It was shown how freedom of thought and the spirit of free inquiry were fostered and encouraged by free political institutions, and how, for a short time, in literature and philosophy, England exercised a supremacy over Europe. The next step was to point out the effect of English influence on the intellect of France, and to trace the development of modern French philosophy, and its triumph over the obsolete dogmas and traditions of the age of Louis XIV. The object of the remaining portion of M. Hettner's task is to submit to a similar examination the literature of his own country. He proposes to offer a sketch of the state of intellectual culture in Germany in the period which followed

the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War—to show how Germany gradually recovered from the effects of that desolating conflict and made the first steps in the advancement of literature—to determine the weight and character of English and French influence on the German mind—and, finally, to show how much Germany took from her neighbours, how completely she made it her own without imitating her models, until at length, in what is called the classical period of German literature (we mean the age of Kant and Fichte, of Göthe and Schiller), she held beyond dispute the first place in European literature. The first book with which we have now to deal is confined to a history of the intellectual cultivation of Germany from the close of the Thirty Years' War to the accession of Frederic the Great.

The peace of Westphalia is a convenient epoch to start from, because it concluded a period which in art and literature was nearly a complete interregnum. Learning was at a lower point than it had been for a century, art could scarcely be said to exist, and Germany, exhausted by war and suffering, had fallen back into a state of semi-barbarism. She had given the Reformation to Europe, but had failed to reap the fruits of it herself. In England and in Holland, the Reformation had gone hand in hand with the advancement of learning and the establishment of civil liberty. The Roman Catholic countries, France, Spain, and Italy, each possessed a national literature. They had moulded their languages into form, and had produced, or were on the eve of producing, works which will survive the memory of intriguing cardinals and profligate princes. The spirit of free inquiry which belonged to the age of the Reformation had created art, literature, and science in the Roman Catholic as well as in the Protestant communities. Germany alone, so far from advancing, lost the rank which she had previously occupied. It is undoubtedly true that, immediately before the Reformation, in civilization and in learning she was equal, if not superior, to any nation north of the Alps. The Reformation was the consequence of the intellectual progress of the Teutonic race. It was the work of their learned men, who combined with their learning all the feeling of independence which is so marked a feature of the German mind. But, notwithstanding the power of the men who directed that great revolution, and the vigorous popular support which it received from its first commencement, it was for a long time fatal to civilization; and, if it did not destroy it, deferred to an indefinite period the legitimate advance which might have been anticipated under more fortunate circumstances. From the changes which were slowly going on in the fifteenth century, and which made themselves unmistakably felt in the following one, the spread of learning and cultivation was inconceivably rapid in Europe. A new and vigorous impulse was communicated to art and to science; and at length the Reformation came, which everywhere, except in the country in which it had its origin, seemed to stimulate and encourage fearless inquiry and research in the domain of science, to give vigour and beauty to every school of poetry, to develop individual character and national feeling. The German nation, unfortunately, was debarred, by its geographical and political position, from enjoying the benefits of the revolution which it had inaugurated. The preponderance of Charles V. and his dynasty completely destroyed the ancient constitution of the Empire. Foreign influences predominated, and objects of foreign ambition were fought for on German ground. At length, when near a century of religious wars was terminated by the peace of Westphalia, the exhaustion of Germany was complete. Its national feeling had been destroyed. Swedes and Danes, French, Croats, and Hungarians had been fighting for the souls of the North and South Germans; every atrocity had been perpetrated by the savage combatants; the national feeling was almost destroyed. In the meantime, the final settlement, such as it was, accomplished by French diplomacy, and calculated in the genuine spirit of the Richelieu policy, was peculiarly adverse to German interests. The Empire still subsisted in name, but the great feudatories were already independent princes. Something of the same kind had taken place after the first conflict between Charles V. and the Protestant princes, but the Peace of Westphalia finally broke up the German Empire.

As the princes gradually became independent, their administration of their territories became more despotic and more unbearable. Whatever of a popular character had existed in municipal or provincial institutions gradually disappeared, and in their place was installed an ignorant and meddlesome government of functionaries directed by a Court favourite or a Boetian soldier. It was the darkest time of German history. Among the Protestant clergy there was no enlightenment and no independent spirit. They were, nearly without exception, on the side of authority. At a very early period in the contests of the Reformation, the Protestant clergy, to escape the odium of being supposed to be implicated in the peasant insurrections, became the most loyal and courtly of Court divines. In learning they soon became utterly insignificant, and they only retained the worst feature of their predecessors—a hard and narrow theology, which as a study could not have been very advantageous, and which gradually destroyed their influence on the intellectual movement of German society. There were, therefore, two great hindrances to the advancement of learning in Protestant Germany—the unenlightened despotism of semi-barbarous princes, and a clergy powerful from the recollection of its descent from the Reformation, but daily decaying in moral influence, from its abject subservience to authority and its concealed repudiation of all intellectual cultivation. There was, however, a third cause which further helped to keep

\* *Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Hermann Hettner, in drei Theilen. Dritter Theil. *Die Deutsche Literatur im achtzehnten Jahrhundert.* Erstes Buch, 1648-1740. Braunschweig: F. Vieweg und Sohn. 1862.



Germany either in a state of intellectual darkness, or, what was scarcely better, ignorant imitation of French modes of thought and French style. Whilst Germany was still suffering from the consequences of her long struggle, Louis XIV. was at the height of his prosperity, and the poor stupid Landgraves and Electors were alternately dazzled or terrified by the splendour of the sun of Versailles. Most of them thought themselves highly honoured at being received by the Grand Monarque; and, on returning home, imitated, but at a most respectful distance, the magnificence and the profligacy which they had witnessed as humble pilgrims. It was well said by Frederic the Great, in his *Anti-Machiavel*, "Il n'y a pas jusqu'au cadet d'une ligne apanagée, qui ne s'imagine d'être quelque chose de semblable à Louis XIV.; il bâtit son Versailles, il a ses maitresses et entretient ses armées."

The considerations to which we have adverted cannot be neglected if it be attempted to explain the peculiar phenomena of German literature, and to account for a nation no way inferior in intellectual taste to its neighbours only coming to maturity at so late a date. According to M. Hettner's view, the effort made by Germany in the eighteenth century was to take up the tradition of learning which had been nearly lost, and, by long and patient work, to lay the foundation of a national literature. But this was no easy matter. The teaching in the schools and Universities was as bad as it was possible to be; the use of the Latin language was generally retained, but not as it had been in the high and palmy days of German scholarship; German was scarcely cultivated, French was the language of the Courts. Happily, this state of things was not destined to last for ever. The first to awaken the German mind from its apathy was Leibnitz—the only German who for two generations had achieved a European reputation for learning and philosophy. But it required a long time to shake off the baneful influences which had pressed upon Germany. The men of the eighteenth century—and for the most part they were but weak champions—had to combat with the formal theology which narrowed and debased German education; and they also had to contend with the false and frivolous taste of the age of Louis XIV. The battle had to be fought in science, in poetry, and in the fine arts. The names of the combatants are now forgotten by all except those who, like M. Hettner, delight to trace a prolonged conflict of opinion, and a final but well-earned triumph of true principles in science and in art; and, indeed, there is little to recommend to our notice the German writers of the first half of the last century. Yet they were doing, though in a humble way, very good service. They were showing what could be made of their language, and they were slowly freeing themselves from the trammels by which their predecessors had been oppressed. They patiently studied the best works of England and France. In some cases, no doubt, they only imitated slavishly; but they were gradually forming the taste of the nation. It was something to spread a taste for literature and philosophical speculation, though the fruits of it were not to appear till a generation later. And whilst this was being effected, the pretensions of the Protestant clergy were effectually checked, and a despotism was prevented that at one time threatened to be more oppressive even than anything known north of the Tweed.

Without the assistance of such a guide as M. Hettner, it is difficult to appreciate the importance of the conflict of opinion in Germany during the early part of the last century. Yet it must have had a very great significance. The century began with the feeblest writers and poetasters, and it ended with Lessing, and Göthe, and Schiller. The most accelerated rate of progress was probably during the reign of Frederick the Great, for then there was at last a genuine, though an imperfect expression of national feeling. Few people, except his biographers, can have much sympathy with the philosophy or the roguery of that enlightened prince; but as he did, at the head of German armies, defeat the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, he really did more for his country than could have been done by a wilderness of average Electors; and in his strange military and philosophical way he certainly did something for the encouragement of learning and art. But the best result of his reign was to raise the heart and spirit of Germany, and to make his subjects and his neighbours feel that they were a nation. It is worthy of remark that although much painstaking work had been done during the first half of the century, the men of real genius only appeared after the national sentiment and self-respect had been awakened by the victories and the policy of Frederick.

#### LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.\*

IT is no detractor from its undoubted merits to say that, on looking back to the pages of the *Sketch-book*, one is tempted to feel some surprise at its extraordinary success. Like all the author's works, it is marked by both humour and pathos, and its graceful and natural style makes it very pleasant reading. But, independently of these, there were other causes for its popularity in England. Following, as it did, upon the revolution which the Waverley novels had wrought in the character of works of fiction, it found the mind of the reading public prepared to welcome with enthusiasm any fresh step in the direction of literary novelty. Forty years ago, there was a virgin piquancy in writings which purported to hover between the confines of the real and the fanciful, and to be based, however amplified and embellished the superstructure, on impressions made by real scenes upon a refined and

intelligent observer. In the prevalent ignorance, too, of all Transatlantic literature, it was no doubt a discovery to find that an American author could write English with as much purity and even elegance as any native and to the manner born. But though Washington Irving rose above the literary horizon at a conjuncture undoubtedly favourable to his fame, his position as a writer is unquestionably due to his own merits. His works have a charm emphatically their own, for the reason that few reflect with equal fidelity and distinctness the idiosyncrasy of their author. They breathe the sprightliness and tenderness of his nature, as well as his generous and elevated sympathies. And if this is true of his published works, it is naturally much more so of his letters, which Mr. Pierre Irving has arranged in these volumes with good taste and ability. Following the example of Professor Stanley in his *Life of Arnold*, he aims at making them as much as possible the medium of his biography. With his brothers Washington Irving was, during his long absence in Europe, in constant communication; and it is impossible to read this part of his correspondence without being struck by the unusual warmth of affection which it discloses, and the readiness on the part of the writer to consult the wishes or defer to the opinion of his natural advisers. Other letters are addressed to his friends in all the varying grades of intimacy, from the associates of his early life in New York to the casual acquaintance formed in foreign travels, which, under the influence of his genial and amiable temper, invariably ripened into friendship. They are delightful from the quiet humour and play of fancy which characterize them, but still more from the elevated tone and chivalrous spirit with which they are imbued.

The first twenty years of Washington Irving's life were spent in his native land, the range of his travels being limited to Canada, into which country he made an excursion in the summer of 1803. Born at New York, of ultra-Puritan parents, in 1783, he was named after the great patriot, who had recently entered New York with his army. His name was the means of procuring him an early introduction to his illustrious namesake, when he came back to New York as President of the United States. A young Scotch maid-servant of the family, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted the General's arrival, determined to present the child to him. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop, and, pointing to the boy, "Please your honour," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." Washington did not disdain "the delicate affinity;" and, placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing. The Presbyterian strictness of old Mr. Irving caused a reaction in the religious sympathies of his children, who all, with one exception, conformed to the Episcopal worship. As a boy, Washington's passion for the play was unbounded, and whenever he could afford the indulgence it was his habit to go early to the theatre, then hurry home to prayers, at which the presence of all the children was inexorably required, and, at the close, to retire as if for the night, but in reality to escape by the window and steal back to see the after-piece. At sixteen he began the study of the law, but with no taste for it, and apparently with no serious intention of following it as a profession. The first two years spent in a law-office, says his biographer, were marked by considerable proficiency in *belles-lettres*, but very slender advancement in the dry technicalities of legal practice. Though a heedless student, he became a great personal favourite of Mr. Hoffman, a distinguished advocate of New York, whose house soon became his second home. In his company and that of his family he received his first impressions of Canadian scenery, travelling in patriarchal fashion in wagons drawn by oxen, and under circumstances which present an amusing contrast to the experiences of the modern tourist. Shortly after he came of age, his health began to fail; and his brothers, animated by a common spirit, determined to send him, at their own expense, on a voyage to Europe. He had already attained some celebrity by a series of humorous contributions to one of the New York journals, and, beside the solicitude of his relatives, a very general interest had been awakened in his favour. Arriving at Bordeaux in June 1804, he was met by the intelligence of the proclamation of the Empire. After staying six weeks to improve himself in the French language, he set out on his travels through the south of France, not without experiencing some annoyance from the Government spies, with whom the country swarmed. The friendly offices of a little Pennsylvanian doctor who had taken a place in the same diligence not only protected him from imposition, but enabled him to satisfy the police that he was not an Englishman. At Nice, however, he was brought to a standstill, and it was not till after a detention of five weeks that he was allowed to embark on a felucca for Genoa. At the latter place he found charming society, and had a very polite reception from the Doge. It was with difficulty that he tore himself away, at the close of the year, for the purpose of visiting Sicily. Near Elba his vessel was boarded by pirates, from whom the passengers escaped with the loss of some of their property. Nothing can exceed the picture which his journal gives of the wretched condition of the Sicilian peasantry. At Syracuse he explored the celebrated Ear of Dionysius, and went to a masquerade at the theatre in the dress of an old physician, teasing, in that disguise, his acquaintance among the officers, till one of them discovered him by his voice. From Sicily he passed on to Rome, where he became intimate with Allston, the painter:—

Here (to quote his own words) the thought presented itself, Why might I not remain, and turn painter? I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he

\* *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. Edited by his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. I. London: Bentley. 1862.

taught at it with eagerness. . . . For two or three days the idea took full possession of my mind, but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces, and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise.

The idea, however, was not destined to be realized. An amusing story is told of the unexpected civilities lavished on the traveller by Torlonia, the Roman banker, under the notion that he was a relative of the great Washington. At Rome he met, for the first time, Madame de Staël, and was amazed "at the flow of her conversation, and the question upon question with which she plied him." After witnessing the ceremonies of the Holy Week, he set his face northwards, travelling by Bologna and Milan to Paris, in which capital he proposed to attend a series of scientific lectures, but seems to have been more sedulous in attendance at the theatres. In the autumn of 1805 he crossed the Channel to the "land of his forefathers," and fixed himself in lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Strand. As at Paris, his first visits were paid to the theatres. The following criticism of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, which we condense, will be read with interest:—

The former appears to me a very studied actor. His performances throughout evince deep study and application, joined to amazingly judicious conception. They are correct and highly-finished paintings, but much laboured. Thus, while witnessing the exertion of his powers, though my head is satisfied and even astonished, yet my heart is seldom affected. I am not led away to forget that it is Kemble the actor, not Othello the Moor. Once, however, I must own that I was completely overpowered by his acting. It was in the part of Zanga. . . . The next time I saw him I was less satisfied. It was in the character of Othello. Here his performance was very unequal. In many parts he was cold and laboured; in the tender scenes he wanted mellowness (I think him very often wanting in this quality). . . . Kemble treads the stage with peculiar grace and dignity. His grand disadvantage is his voice; it wants the deep rich bass tones, and has not sufficient extent. Some of its tones are touching and pathetic, but when violent exclamation is necessary, it is evident that he is obliged to use great exertions. Were I to indulge, without reserve, in my praises of Mrs. Siddons, I am afraid you would think them hyperbolic. What a wonderful woman! The first time I saw her perform I was struck with admiration. It was in the part of Calista. Her looks, her voice, her gestures, delighted me. She penetrated in a moment to my heart. She froze and melted it by turns; a glance of her eye, a start, an exclamation, thrilled through my whole frame. . . . And yet this woman is old, and has lost all elegance of figure—think, then, what must be her powers that she can delight and astonish even in the characters of Calista and Belvidera. What Mrs. Siddons may have been when she had the advantages of youth and form, I cannot say, but it appears to me that her performance at present leaves room to wish for nothing more.

Washington Irving was at the theatre when the thrilling announcement of Nelson's victory and death was made from the stage. "Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the victory," he writes to his brother, "and its importance at so alarming a crisis, yet I can scarcely say which is greatest—joy at his achievement, or sorrow for Nelson's fall." Early in 1806, his thoughts began to turn homewards, and after a stormy passage of sixty-four days, he arrived at New York. The tone of society in that city seems to have been remarkably jovial at the time of his return and nominal resumption of legal studies. Falling in with this prevalent spirit of merriment, Irving proposed to his friend Paulding to join him in a work which should be mainly characterized by a spirit of fun and sarcastic drollery, to come out in numbers, under the title of *Salmagundi*. Its success was decisive, and great was the curiosity to know who were the authors. *Salmagundi*, in spite of the disparaging estimate of it by Irving himself, is the literary parent, not only of the *Sketch Book* and the *Alhambra*, but of all the intermediate and subsequent productions of Irving, even of some slight ornaments of the graver offspring of *Columbus* and *Washington*. His next literary enterprise was the *History of New York*, which he began in conjunction with his brother, and the first idea of which work was a mere *jeu d'esprit* in burlesque of Dr. Samuel Mitchell's *Picture of New York*. It was far advanced towards completion, when he was overtaken by a great sorrow, which probably gave a colour to his whole future existence. This was the death of Matilda Hoffman, a lady to whom he was deeply attached. In some memoranda found among his papers he thus speaks of this loss and its effects:—

Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe seemed to give a new turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it.

The work which this calamity had interrupted was shortly afterwards completed and published. Its success was great, but we cannot but think the series of puffs preliminary, by which its author ushered it in, in spite of their humour, a little unworthy of his reputation. Sir Walter Scott was the first cis-Atlantic author to bear witness to its merits. "I have never read," he says, in a letter to Mr. Brevoort, "anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the *Annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker*. . . . I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne."

In 1810 Irving was admitted by his brothers, with characteristic liberality, into their mercantile firm. It was not expected, however, that he would pay any attention to the business, their object being mainly to provide for his subsistence, and leave him at liberty to devote himself to literature. During the following year he acted as their agent at the capital; and his

letters from Washington show that he knew how to combine pleasure with duty. Shortly after, war broke out with England, and on the news of the capture of Washington by the British, Irving offered his services to the Governor of New York, by whom he was made Military Secretary, with the rank of Colonel. It does not appear that he was present at any action. On the conclusion of peace, he availed himself of the opportunity to revisit Europe, intending to mingle for a while in the exciting scenes that were opening on the other side of the Atlantic, but little dreaming, as his biographer remarks, that the ocean he was about to cross would roll its waters for seventeen years between him and his home. The first five years of this expatriation were spent in England, where he arrived to find the mail-coaches coming in decked with laurel, with the tidings of the battle of Waterloo and the flight of Napoleon. For the first time in his life Irving experienced the cares of a man of business. Owing to the illness of his brother and partner, he had to take sole charge, for a time, of the commercial establishment at Liverpool. The business proved unprosperous, and, after much harassing anxiety, the partners were driven, in 1813, to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act. This misfortune, however, was felt by Irving much more on his brother's account than his own. His temper was too hopeful and elastic to give way to depression. During this dark period he still found much to enliven life. His visits to the theatres were renewed. Of Miss O'Neil he writes with the utmost enthusiasm. She is "the most soul-subduing actress" he ever saw, Kean is mentioned in more measured terms. "He is," he writes, "a strange compound of merits and defects. His excellence consists in sudden and brilliant touches, in vivid exhibitions of passion and emotion. I do not think him a discriminating actor, or critical either at understanding or delineating character, but he produces effects which no other actor does. I have seen him guilty of the grossest and coarsest pieces of false acting, and most tyrannically clapped withal, while some of his most exquisite touches pass unnoticed." In the society of the artists Allston and Leslie, and a warm interest in their professional labours, he found a distraction of his own private cares. His knowledge of England was extended by excursions into various parts of the country, and his observations were turned to account in those scenes of rural life in England which were among the most favourite numbers of the *Sketch-Book*. That work made its appearance in England in the year 1820, having been previously published in America. It may be regarded as the first fruits of his emancipation from commercial pursuits. Irving had recently determined to give himself up to literature, and in accordance with that resolution, declined about this time an appointment in the Navy Board of the United States:—

I have been (he writes) for some time nursing up my mind for literary operations, and collecting materials for the purpose. I shall be able, I trust, now to produce articles from time to time that will be sufficient for my present support. . . . To carry this into better effect it is important for me to remain a little longer in Europe, where there is so much food for observation, and objects of taste on which to meditate and improve. I have suffered several precious years of youth and lively imagination to pass by unimproved, and it behoves me to make the most of what is left.

An additional proof of his earnestness in adopting a literary profession was furnished by his refusal of the post of editor to an Anti-Jacobin periodical to be started in Edinburgh, which was offered to him in very flattering terms by Sir Walter Scott. "I have," he writes, in answer, "a general dislike to politics. I have always shunned them in my own country, and have lately declined a lucrative post under my own government, and one that opened the door to promotion, merely because I was averse to political life, and to being subjected to regular application and local confinement."

The thoughtful kindness which the letters of Scott published in this volume disclose, is a fresh testimony to his warm and generous nature. Irving on his side is enthusiastic in praise of Abbotsford, and all that it contained:—

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling, golden-hearted, old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manners that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbours, his domestics, his very dogs and cats—everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart.

This volume concludes with the departure of Irving for the continent after a five years' stay in England. The execution of the labour of love imposed on him, so far as it is carried in this instalment, reflects credit on his nephew and biographer. In spite of an occasional looseness of language, and a tendency to dwell too minutely on details which have no great interest for the public—as the bargains, for instance, made by Irving with his publishers—he has shown judgment and good taste in the selection and arrangement of a large mass of correspondence. The letters of Irving are, as we have said, singularly charming both from their style and matter.

#### JULES GÉRARD IN INDIA.\*

AFTER all, the Anglo-French alliance is a reality. Not to speak of Mr. Cobden and his treaty, here is M. Jules Gérard, le *Tueur de Lions*, who has gone and Anglicized himself in India, and now writes of what he did there in a book which combines

\* *Voyages et Chasses dans l'Himalaya*. Par Jules Gérard, le *Tueur de Lions*. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.



French and English ways of acting, thinking, and speaking in a very agreeable way. It has been remarked that the best and noblest Frenchmen usually display, if they have the opportunity, a warm appreciation of England. To earlier examples of this tendency may be added M. Jules Gérard, whose English tastes are as decided as his eminence in the line which he has chosen is incontestable. It appears that M. Gérard held some post under the Indian Government, and that his station was near the slopes of the Himalayas. Whenever he got leave of absence he made some hunting excursion in the neighbourhood, and this book describes what he saw and what he did. As he was, in fact, an English officer, and as his companions, when he had any, were English officers likewise, he uses "nous" and "notre" in speaking of persons and things English, but he speaks of them in French, and occasionally like a Frenchman. The result of his performance is an Anglo-French alliance, of which we cordially approve.

M. Gérard states that when, on returning from India to England, he saw how many sportsmen were wasting their time, their trouble, and their money in stalking deer or shooting grouse in Scotland, he concluded that it must be through ignorance of the facilities which were open to them of getting to the Himalayas, and of finding there an almost infinite variety of game, that *nos sportsmen Anglais* did not attempt enterprises more worthy of the pains bestowed. The object of M. Gérard's book is to show the way to the sport which he has himself enjoyed. He remarks that the game of India does not become familiar to Anglo-Indians by the simple fact of prolonged residence. As he truly, but irreverently observes, there are many old women of both sexes who pass all their lives in India without ever having seen a single specimen of its great game, and without knowing more of its haunts and habits than their friends at home, whose imagination, assisted by the letters of correspondents of a high epistolatory power, represents to them a complete menagerie escaping from a railway-train, scared by the whistle of the engine, while the serpents and the apes hang in festoons on the wires of the telegraph. "Have you ever killed a tiger?" is a question sometimes put to Anglo-Indians, who are as capable of the feat as they are of killing a sea-serpent. You cannot buy a shooting-ground in the Himalayas in the same expeditious way that you can at home, and birds are not to be got there as easily and certainly as pheasants in a *battue* or poultry at Covent Garden Market; but judgment and keen perception are necessary to success. The opportunity for exercising these faculties constitutes for the true sportsman the great charm of hunting in the Himalayas. M. Gérard sketches a route for those readers whom his descriptions of his sport may tempt to follow in his steps. They will travel by Calcutta and Meerut, passing many stations of an aspect sad and desolate, where the servants of the Government are employed in places less cheerful than penitentiaries at home, and under a climate which, during eight months of the year is, as M. Gérard thinks, more disagreeable than Purgatory, and nearly as hot as Hell. The visitor is recommended to time his arrival in one of the four cool months, when even the stations of the plains begin to appear comparatively agreeable, and the European inhabitants content. A hundred miles from Meerut is the valley of Doon, at the foot of the Himalayas, which was one of M. Gérard's hunting-grounds. He says of the invalid officers who had come thither to regain health, that in general he found them stout jovial fellows, with rosy cheeks, whose malady, like the elephants of the Doon, could only be discovered by an experienced practitioner. It might be observed, however, that M. Gérard himself complains of constant attacks of fever in the plains, whereas, when he got into the Doon, the elephants of that locality would not have thought there was anything the matter with him, but much the contrary. He gives, in one of his chapters on elephant-hunting, an amusing picture of what he calls the Dalilah-like cunning with which the trained female elephant fondles and bewitches some strong and stupid Samson whom the Philistines have resolved to capture. The female advances by a gentle and composed movement to the side of the male, and contemplates, with respectful admiration, his massive proportions and terrible aspect, until she perceives that she has attracted and fixed his attention. Next, she passes her trunk gently over his shoulders and his head, and perhaps she entwines it timidly in his. Then she puts the end of her trunk on his lips or in his mouth, which is the way elephants have of kissing; and finally, as her caresses grow more endearing, she makes preparation to tie his legs. It is this last operation which shows the wonderful power of reason in these animals; for coquetry and fascination come by nature, and are therefore less remarkable than the judicious management of cords and slip-knots. In another passage, M. Gérard insists on the keen intelligence which birds display under the influence of hunger. Look, he says, at half a dozen of the ravens of Calcutta, who seem plunged in reflection as they sit on the roof of a house, or hop to and fro thinking of nothing at all. If at that moment a friend passes rapidly near them, evidently going about his business, while the fluttering of his wings, his way of moving, his general aspect, if not the expression of his countenance, inspire the conviction that he is going to dine, and that he knows where to find dinner—instantly an effect is produced upon the others; they appreciate at once the highly important fact, and they follow at speed this unexpected guide.

Among the visitors to the Doon were two private soldiers, who came there to pass a few weeks of holiday, and resolved to devote them to the pleasures of the chase. Their weapons were by no means first-rate, and as they could not afford tents or servants, they lodged usually in some cowhouse or cabin, or lay down before a

large fire when they could not get shelter gratis. There was plenty of wood for burning in the forest, but hospitality is a virtue unknown to the Hindus, and although professed by Mussulmans, it is only practised by them towards their own friends. About the time of the visit of the two soldiers, a tiger had committed some depredation near a village. Inflamed with the hope of such noble game, they went to the expense, which for them was heavy, of buying a calf by way of bait, and established an ambuscade. While they were thus employed, the tiger killed a native; whereupon they sold their calf instantly for what it would fetch, and appropriated the dead body for their ambuscade, considering that it was an excellent bait for a tiger, and, above all, not expensive. It is satisfactory to learn that these humble sportsmen did, in time, contrive to kill a tiger. This story leads M. Gérard to remark on the importance of encouraging a taste for field sports among the active and well-conducted soldiers by way of diverting the profound dullness of the stations. Some little is done, he says, by a few officers, to provide amusement and occupation for their men, "mais la façon systématique universelle et pratique de se mettre à l'œuvre, chacun pour le plaisir de tous, si remarquable dans l'armée française, nous fait absolument défaut." The reader will, of course, observe that "nous" stands here for the English army. By way of contrast to the two tiger-hunting soldiers, the following picture of native character is not uninteresting. M. Gérard and Lieutenant Speke travelled together to Rampore. On their way they got separated from their attendants, and reached the town before them. When the coolies arrived they reported that one of their number had fallen down a precipice by the roadside. They could not tell whether he was killed or not, for, according to the custom of natives in such a case, they had run away from the scene as fast as they could. M. Gérard and Lieutenant Speke hereupon made hasty preparations to go with help to the fallen man, and asked the coolies to come with them. But this proposition was received with a smile of incredulity. "Qui voulait, disions-nous, venir à la recherche de cet homme, et le sauver s'il était vivant encore? *Voulaient!* Naturellement personne ne voulait." The eagerness of their masters appeared to them merely puerile, and the chief of the coolies expressed himself with indignant eloquence on the folly of risking other precious lives. After all it was only one man the less. He was dead, and we ought to do nothing until daylight. We asked him whether, if the case were his, he would like to lie for the whole night, perhaps with both legs broken, at the bottom of a precipice; "mais il repoussa dédaigneusement cette supposition comme tout à fait étrangère à la question." The only course to be adopted was the thoroughly Asiatic one of seizing, without ceremony, the six strongest coolies, and telling them that if they would not come quietly they would be forced to come after being considerably well thrashed. The man was found alive and uninjured, having escaped destruction by a miracle. This incident occurred just before the news of the mutiny reached Rampore. The travellers, on hearing of it, returned hastily to the plains. M. Gérard went to serve as a volunteer in the Doab, and Lieutenant Speke met his death at the storming of the Cashemire gate of Delhi.

Among some of the tribes who dwell high up the mountains, M. Gérard found an extraordinary amount of intoxication. Having halted at a village about eight o'clock in the evening, he wished to send for the head man of it, but he was told that it was too late to see any of the inhabitants on business that evening, because they were all tipsy. At another place, M. Gérard had made his preparations for an expedition, but was obliged to halt a day because there was a festival, at which every inhabitant having any pretensions to respectability felt bound to get thoroughly drunk. It would have been reckoned a great breach of propriety on that day to keep sober after seven o'clock in the evening. M. Gérard could not wound the religious sentiments of his attendants by ill-timed remonstrances against the performance of such a serious ceremony. As he says, we have taught the natives that their best plan is to have a religious prejudice for what they do like, and a religious prejudice against what they do not like to do. So his servants kept the festival, and next day he thinks that they would have relished a few dozen bottles of soda-water if they could have got them. In this expedition M. Gérard encountered great difficulty and suffering from the cold. At one point he had pushed on ahead, and as his servants did not follow, he returned, and found them sitting down in despair among the snow, groaning, and assuring one another that they must all perish. M. Gérard's remedy for their despondency was to lay about him vigorously with his stick, so as to give them an immediate evil to think about, instead of looking into the future. Having thus stimulated them to activity, he served out among them two bottles of spirit, by way of support under the fatigue and cold. It appears that M. Gérard is like General Havelock in disapproving of the general use of intoxicating drink, although sensible of its great virtue on peculiar occasions. He says that, although he never took any pledge of total abstinence, he has entirely given up drinking beer, wine, and spirit, and he attributes the steadiness of his hand in shooting to this regimen. He never knew a sportsman adopt it without affording proof that he could walk, shoot, and endure fatigue of every kind infinitely better than when he took, to strengthen himself, beer and spirits. Such is the testimony of M. Gérard on this subject, and certainly Dean Close ought to be proud of such a distinguished convert to one of his opinions.

The matter of this book is interesting, and the style is very neat and pleasant. A miracle of a priest or lama of Thibet is happily disposed of in the following sentence:—A tribe called the

Hunnias had been invaded by the Sikhs. They told M. Gérard that they had confided the defence of their country to the Lama, and that he had made snow fall in winter to destroy their enemies. "Je leur fis remarquer qu'il vaudrait encore mieux, en cas d'urgence, qu'il la fit tomber en été, et que je me chargerais au besoin moi-même de la première cérémonie." M. Gérard had an interview with a zumpun, or officer of a district inhabited by the Hunnias, which is subject to the Chinese empire. The zumpun told him that he would be obliged to depart next day, because the odour of a kyang, or wild horse, which M. Gérard had killed about two miles off, was distressing to him. Hereupon M. Gérard remarks:—"Il fallait avoir une imagination bien ingénieuse pour inventer un pareil prétexte; car tous les chevaux morts de la Chine ne pourraient en cinq heures empestier l'air autant qu'un seul Hunnia vivant."

## EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ.\*

ARCHDEACON PALEY said that the best letter was that which came most directly to the purpose, and his definition is a sound one. The polite involutions, curious turns, quaint images, and hyperbolical compliments with which our grandfathers tickled the fancies of our grandmothers and great aunts, should be, and luckily have been, swept away. Letter-writing with some is a pastime, but with many a passion. With ladies this passion soon grows into a disease, and when they are under its influence it is astonishing what long letters they will write upon the slightest subject, and how, if encouraged, a perennial spring of correspondence will gush from them. If, indeed, badly bitten with this mania, they are always "gushing;" and since the disease is inevitable, it is well that they should take it in the best possible form. If a doctor be careful of the *virus* he chooses for vaccination, surely we should be particular in the choice of the "Familiar" letter writer from which our relatives first "take the venom of a lady's pen." Basing ourselves upon Paley's dictum, we may be somewhat astonished to find that, in an age of euphemistic periphrasis, James Howell arrived at once at the highest point of excellence. His familiar letters, on subjects of which it would half fill a column to give a list, are models of what letters should be—humorous or serious, affectionate or severe, as the case may require, but practical, clear, concise, and always direct and to the point. There is something also very manly and delightful in their style; and the reading, good humour, and knowledge of life they display are immense. Hence, of upwards of forty different publications by this clever travelled gentleman, these alone remain to us and are read, and each time with a greater zest and pleasure by the true lover of old literature.

Travelling, in Howell's days, was as fashionable, if not as easy, an amusement as it is now. We leave it to the "black letter dogs" to determine the important question whether Shakespeare had ever been to Scotland, or to Paris, or had "swum in a gondola." His descriptions of Italian scenery are sufficiently accurate to warrant the supposition that he had done so. But if he was not actually a traveller, the majority of the more fortunately born and richer gentlemen of his day were; and poor scholars musing their few gold pieces went afoot like William Lithgow, for "thirty and six thousand miles, perfitting his long nineteen years travel by surveying forty eight kingdoms, twenty-one reipublics, ten absolute principalities, and two hundred islands," and finishing his journeys (and being himself finished, poor fellow), by torture at Malaga, where he was arrested as an English spy. Of greater education than he was a son of the Archbishop of York, William Sandys, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, to which titles James Howell also may lay claim. Born in Carmarthenshire in 1596 (one child of fifteen, as he tells us incidentally), Howell was educated at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in 1596. There is abundant evidence that graduates of the Universities and gentlemen of good family were not averse to trade in that age; and although the dramatists and courtiers satirized the citizens, still the sons of knights and noblemen sought employment of the merchants and chief traders for their sons. James Howell was appointed steward of a London glass factory, and in 1619 went abroad in that capacity to perfect his knowledge and engage "gentlemen workmen." He travelled till 1621, corresponding in the meantime with high dignitaries and noblemen (one of his brothers was Bishop of Bristol), and on his return still followed his stewardship. This connexion of business with literature, which undoubtedly did him good, lasted for some time. Upon its cessation he became a travelling companion, then a Government agent to Spain—where he was witness to "Babie's" and "Stenie's" romantic attempt at a Spanish marriage. Next, he became Secretary to Lord Scrope as President of the North, was then elected member for Richmond, in which post he remained nearly four years, and afterwards went to Copenhagen as Secretary to the British Ambassador. In 1640 he was made Clerk of the Council by Charles I., and three years afterwards was, by the Parliament, imprisoned in the Fleet, where he maintained himself by translating and working for the booksellers. After the King's death he was released, and at the Restoration was made our first "historiographer royal," and continued using his pen till the year of the great fire, 1666, when he died.

\* *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ; Familiar Letters, Domestic and Forren, Historical, Political, and Philosophical, upon Emergent Occasions.* By James Howell, Esq., one of the Clerks of His Majesties' Most Honourable Privy Council. 7th edition. 1705.

From so busy a life we should expect much, and we are not disappointed. Howell's thick volume of upwards of five hundred pages is full of observation, and is as amusing as the essays of Montaigne. His letters are to all sorts of people—to the King, Lord Herbert of Chisbury, Lady Digby, Secretary Conway, Sir Robert Mansell, Sir Sacvil Trever, Captain Francis Bacon, Mr. Ben Jonson, Mr. Ed. Noy, and others. It is to be presumed that, with the method of a tradesman, he kept copies of all his letters, for although some assert that he compiled them from memory when in the Fleet, they are often too full of amusing trivialities, of local touch and colouring, the most evanescent of qualities, to be otherwise than genuine. His letters are, as we have before hinted, supposed to be the earliest specimens of epistolary literature in our language. Howell's style seems to have been based upon the precept contained in his motto:—

"Ut clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus."

He dedicates his letters to the King in a "Poem Royal," dated *Calendis Januarii, 1641*, which contains some strong and excellent lines. He brings, he says:—

No medals or rich stuff of Tyrian dye,  
No costly bowls of frosted argentry,  
No Roman perfumes, buffs, or cordovans  
Made drunk with amber by Moreno's hands.  
... but something I will bring  
To handel the new year to CHARLES, my KING,  
And usher in bifronted Janus,—

in fact, his book of letters. In his very first page he defines what an epistle should be, in one written to Sir J. S. (John Smith) at Leeds Castle:—

It was a quaint difference the ancients did put 'twixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attird like a woman, the other like a man; the latter of the two is allowed large side-ropes as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely-couch'd; a hangerlin (a short scanty coat) becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed, we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in short and succinct terms. The tongue and the pen are both interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue, in *udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fall and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having the greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error. Now, letters, though they be capable of any subject, are commonly either *narratory*, *objurgatory*, *monitory*, or *congratulatory*. There are some who, in lieu of letters, write *Homilies*; they preach when they should epistolize. There are others that turn them into tedious *tractats*; and others that must go freighted with *meer Bartholomew* *weare*, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of schoolboy verses.

Really, Mr. Howell must have been reading, by prophetic vision, some of the vacation and lady-tourists' letters which are now-a-days issued. He is equally severe on the elder Balzac and the letter-writers of our "transmarine" neighbours:—"Loose flesh without sinews, simpering lank hectic expressions, a bombast of words made up of finical and affected compliments, I cannot away with such sleazy stuff;" and luckily he has backbone enough to prevent his committing the faults which he so ardently condemns. In an early epistle to his father he tells us that, had he remained steward of the glass house in Broad Street, he should "have melted away to nothing amidst those hot Venetians." Captain Francis Bacon succeeded him in Broad Street, whilst Howell was taken into the employment of Sir Robert Mansell, who, with "my Lord of Pembroke and divers others of the Prime Lords of the Court, had got a sole patent for the making of glass from pit-coal, only to save the huge loads of wood formerly used in the furnaces." Here is the first hint of the improvement in the blast of our furnaces; but it would seem that the patent did not succeed. In the same letter he tells us something of the rise of the haughty Buckingham:—

The new favorite Sir George Villiers tapers up a pace, and grows strong at Court. His predecessor, the Earl of Somerset, has got a lease of ninety years for his life, and so hath his *Articulate Lady*, so called, because she articulated against the frigidity and impotence of her former lord. (This was the notorious Countess of Somerset celebrated in our State Trials.) She was afraid that Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, who had used extraordinary art and industry in discovering all the circumstances in the poisoning of *Overbury*, would have made white *broth* of them, but the *Prerogative* kept them from the *pot*. Yet the subservient instruments, the lesser flies, could not break thorow; amongst others, Mistris *Turner*, the inventress of *yellow starch*, was executed in a cobweb lawn ruff of that colour at *Tyburn*, and with her I believe, will disappear that yellow starch, which so much disfigured our nation and rendered them so ridiculous and fantastic.

In the same letter Howell tells us of the execution of Sir Gervas Elway, Lieutenant of the Tower, who, on being hanged on Tower Hill as an accessory to the murder, declared that the reason he suffered was through a rash vow, for when in the Low Countries he swore an oath that he would not play above a certain sum. If he did, *might he be hanged!* and hanged he was surely enough. In chronicling a crime let us, when we can, append a virtue to it—that for instance of Lord William Pembroke, to whom the King gave all Sir Gervas Elway's estate (above a thousand per annum) and who at once bestowed it on the widow and her children. In a letter to Sir James Crofts, Howell tells of the probable fate of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had just returned from "his myne in Guiana, which at first promised to be a hopeful *boon voyage*" (it is worth while remarking that we now use the last adjective with only one noun, i.e., companion), "but," adds the writer, "it seems that that golden myne is proved a *meer chymæra*, an imaginary airy myne; indeed, His Majesty had never any other conceit of it." Gondomar, the



Spanish ambassador, is introduced in a wonderfully characteristic huffling, braggadocio way:—

Count Gondamar desired audience with His Majesty, he had but one word to tell him; His Majesty wondering what might be delivered in one word, when he came before him, he said only *Pyrats, Pyrats, Pyrats*, and so departed.

Howel wonders why Sir Walter ever came back to the clutches of his enemy, and tells an *apropos* story of a king and his jester, which we have not space to extract. Travelling to the Hague, Amsterdam, and Paris, he draws a picture of the latter which shows how little removed it was from a city of the middle ages. Its streets were close, mean, and dirty, except some few new houses built of stone, and the Louvre with its great gallery, wherein "the king might place 3,000 men in the very heart of this great mutinous city." The streets stank like those of Cologne, in Coleridge's epigram, and were so narrow that two coaches or carts passing would create a block. The mud was so black and greasy (filled with *oyl*, says Howel) that no washing could cleanse it from some colours; so that an ill name, he says, is like the *croûte* of Paris, indelible. The stench of Paris might be perceived with the wind in one's face many miles off. At night-time the city was full of thieves; the lives of night travellers always endangered:—

Coming late to our lodgings (near the Bastille) a crew of *Filous* of night rogues surpriz'd and drew on us, and we exchanged some blows, it pleased God that the *Chevalier du Guet* (a night patrol) came by and so rescued us; but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloake. There's never a night passes by but some robbery or murder is committed in this town.

In a subsequent letter Howel relates the assassination of King Henry IV. by Ravallac, and the horrid tortures to which that wretch was put:—

Yet he never cried out but once, when the hand that did the deed was struck off, and a gauntlet of hot oyl was clapp'd upon the bleeding stump; he gave a shriek only.

It is Henry, says Howel, who amassed a heap of gold as high as a lance, and who levied a huge army of 40,000 men, "whence comes the saying, the King of France with forty thousand men." Of course, Howel did not see the murder of the king, but he relates it, and very minutely, as from the lips of an eye-witness, a French friend of his.

Arrived at Venice, he found there "the best gentlemen workmen that ever blew crystal," and was aided in his attempt to get some of these gentlemen workmen to England, by Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador and the author of two famous *mots*. The first was a retort to a Venetian nobleman, who had asked him "where the Protestant religion was before the Reformation?" "Signor," said he, "where was your face this morning before it was washed?" The second is the celebrated definition of an ambassador, "A gentleman sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Howel praises Venice glass exceedingly. The makers thereof were gentlemen *ipso facto*, and, after their work, dressed in silks and buckled on their swords like the gallants painted by Vandyke; but the lasses and glasses of Venice, Howel says, were alike brittle. Venice, he says, was so clean that it might be walked "in a Silk Stokin and Sattin Slippers," and he mingles his observation with story, history, and philosophical remark in a very charming way.

We have little space left, but it is hard to part with a pudding from which so many plums may be picked. Howel has always plenty to say. He will tell you a facetious tale of a "Porter," or an anecdote about the "Election of Pope," or will discourse on the "Chemistry of Glass," "The Excise," "Prayer and Praise," "Autology," and "All sorts of Stories." He writes of William Lily, the astrologer, of the death of Mr. Attorney-General Noy, of that of Lord Bacon, and several times to his poetic or mental father, Ben Jonson, "dear father Ben," who was of a rugged but fine nature, and too often

— at the Sun,  
The Dogge or triple Tun—

as full of drink as of the poetic afflatus. He writes a long letter on the death of the King, and tells us that the city was much "annoyed at the Court buying the mourning all in white cloth, and having it dyed black." This was a shrewd stroke of business, owing, we should guess, to the citizens having, on the proximate death of the Sovereign, bought up all the black cloth, so as to monopolize it, and charge their own price. Howel always writes well, and perhaps never better than when he gives an account of his daily life. In his index he calls this narration the "Self-travel of one of the Wayes that lead us to Heaven:—"

Though there be rules and rubrics in our Liturgy sufficient to guide us in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode, or model, or formulary of his own especially for his private or cubicular devotions; for myself, on Saturday evening I fast, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth, for being delivered from a very great danger. On Sunday morning I rise earlier, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of it; nor do I use barber, taylor, shoe-maker, or any other mechanic that morning. Whatever lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness, to repair to God's house that day before prayers begin, and to prepare myself by previous meditation to take the whole service with me. I prostrate myself in the humblest and dearest way of genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place, therefore I do not like uselessly squatting, bold postures on one's tail, or *muffling one's face with one's hat*, but with bended knee I fix my eyes on the East part of the church and on Heaven. . . . I endeavour to apply every title of the service to myself, to the service of my own conscience, and I believe the want of this, with the huddling and careless reading of some ministers, make many undervalue and take a surfeit (i. e. at the length) of our public service. At the Decalogue, where others rise, I even kneel in the humblest and tremblingst

posture of all, craving remission for the breaches of God's holy commandments. I love a holy and devout sermon, but I never prejudicate or judge any preacher, taking him as I find him. Upon Monday morn I have a particular prayer of thanks; and every day I knock thrice at Heaven's gate, besides prayers at meals, and other occasional ejaculations, as upon the *putting on of a clean shirt*, *washing my hands*, and lighting the candles. Upon Wednesday night I fast and perform some extraordinary acts of devotion, as also upon Friday night, and on Saturday morn when, as soon as my senses are unlocked, I am up. And in the summer time I am often up abroad, in some private field, there to attend the rising of the sun; and as I pray thrice a day, so I fast thrice a week. Before I go to bed I make a scrutiny of what peccant humours have reigned in me that day, and strike a tally in Heaven's Exchequer for my *quiescat*, ere I close my eyes, and so leave no burden on my conscience. I use not to rush madly into prayer. . . . Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, not a detestation. I rather pity than hate a Turk or an Infidel, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscriptions differ. If I hate any, it is those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church:—

Et sic æternam contendo attingere vitam.

We presume few men will quarrel with such a method, which is surely a peaceful and Christian one. This serious and calm writing strongly reminds us of the best passages in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*.

#### NETHERCLIFT'S HANDBOOK TO AUTOGRAPHS.\*

MR. NETHERCLIFT, who is well known as a facsimilist and as an "expert" in handwriting, has just finished the serial publication of a work of rare interest. In its collected form, the *Handbook to Autographs* is about as amusing a volume as could well lie on a drawing-room table or in a dentist's waiting-room. It contains facsimile copies of the handwriting of some thousand notables, of all dates and of all nationalities. Here we have not only the sign manual of each writer, but a short, complete sentence; and much skill has been shown, in most cases, in the choice of characteristic passages for quotation. In presence of the large and varied stores of this Handbook, few private collections of autographs are worth looking at. Of course, an original autograph has its own moral interest belonging to it. It is, in fact, a relic, and may be prized accordingly. But in all other respects a facsimile is quite as good as the original. If anything is to be discovered as to a man's character from his handwriting—which we doubt more than ever after examining Mr. Netherclift's volume—the diagnosis may be made out quite as well from a skilful tracing of it as from the original. So that this Handbook may be recommended as a rich mine of opportunities to all who wish to exercise their ingenuity in the interpretation of caligraphy; or rather—by the reverse process in this case—in detecting, in his or her handwriting, some confirmation of their preconceived notions of a person's character. Within limits, this is doubtless a curious inquiry, and never an unamusing one. To the still larger class who, without caring to form any theory on the subject, are simply interested in seeing the penmanship of famous men, Mr. Netherclift has done a still greater service in this volume; while he has furnished literary men in general, and autograph collectors in particular, with a very useful manual for helping them to form a judgment on the authenticity of any particular specimen of handwriting.

The method of arrangement in this series is a rough alphabetical one, and perhaps this is the best that could have been adopted. A biographical index, compiled chiefly from Rose, accompanies the plates, and answers its purpose sufficiently. This is the handiwork of Mr. Sims, of the British Museum, and he has performed his task sufficiently well. In a brief introduction, Mr. Sims derives the taste for collecting autographs from the practice of the German scholars of the sixteenth century, who used to keep what they called their *alba amicorum*. Few persons are aware that there exists a literature, so to say, of autography. Thus, Sir John Fenn published in 1787 a series of facsimiles under the title of *Original Letters from the Archives of the Paston Family*, and very soon afterwards appeared Thane's *British Autography*—a collection of facsimiles of the handwritings of royal and illustrious personages, in three quarto volumes. Forty years later, we have the great folio of John Gough Nichols, called *Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned and Remarkable Personages*. And soon afterwards Mr. Joseph Netherclift, the father of our present author, published two series of facsimiles, in 1835 and in 1849. Of foreign publications Mr. Sims enumerates two French series, that by Cassin in 1837, and that by Delarue in 1843. Bogaerts, of Antwerp, in 1846, Natan, of Utrecht, in 1837, and an anonymous compiler at Stuttgart, in 1846, also published similar collections. The art of the facsimilist, however, has been carried to such great perfection of late years that the older publications are scarcely to be compared for accuracy with the admirably lithographed plates of the series now before us.

Mr. Netherclift has taken his specimens, with few exceptions, from authenticated manuscripts in the British Museum. There is every reason, therefore, to believe that the originals of these facsimiles are genuine. This is a matter of some importance, for, as is well known, sham autographs are now manufactured, chiefly abroad, in great quantities. Mr. Sims tells us that he has known as much as forty guineas given for a spurious letter of Henry VIII. "which first saw the light in a chamber *au sixième* in an obscure corner of

\* The *Handbook to Autographs*; being a ready Guide to the Handwriting of distinguished Men and Women of every Nation. By Frederick G. Netherclift, with a Biographical Index by Richard Sims, of the British Museum. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

the city of Paris." It is urged, as one of the advantages of this handbook, that it will further the detection of such forgeries. But it may be doubted whether, on the other hand, it will not be a help to the forger rather than to the purchaser of autographs. For the skill of the facsimilist, which is employed so harmlessly in the present collection, may no doubt be equalled by the unprincipled manufacturers of sham originals.

Turning over the autographs themselves, it is impossible not to be struck with the marked characteristics of the handwritings of different periods; but, as the arrangement is not chronological, it is difficult to compare them as closely as we should have wished to do. Some autographs, like that of Ariosto, ought (we think) to have been decyphered and translated. The sentences to which Anne Boleyn's, Archbishop Cranmer's, and Bishop Bonner's signatures are respectively attached, are scarcely intelligible to one unpractised in early caligraphy. The extract from Alfieri is one of the few that are almost unintelligible from the absolute badness of the handwriting. It is one of those deceptive hands which look very neat and clear, at first sight, but in which, on close examination, it is found that not one letter is properly formed. Alfieri's words are little better than aggregations of dots, the pen having been lifted between every stroke of each letter. Abbott, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, writing from Oxford in 1613, indulges in a scholarlike abuse of some opponent, *de impudentissimo nebulone*. When Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., writes in the following playful strain, we have a right to expect a little editorial explanation; but none is given. Here is the letter—which is penned in a clerkly and most legible text, with all the lines made good to the end with a flourish, as in a legal document:—

My kind dog,—I have received your letter which is verie welcom to me, yow doe verie well in lugging the sowes eare, and I thank yow for it, and would have yow doe so still upon condition that yow continue a watchfull dog to him.—Anne R.

Lord Chancellor Audley (1544) wrote so badly that even his name, as here given, must be taken on the authority of the expert facsimilist. In this example, again, the sentence ought certainly to have been given in a legible form. Upon the whole, it is surprising how few of the worthies here represented wrote thoroughly bad hands. The famous Elias Ashmole is an exception; which is the more remarkable, because the writing of antiquaries, as a rule, is neat and careful—not to say niggling; witness the signatures of Camden and Montfaucon, for example. Lawyers, on the other hand, seldom write well. Bacon, indeed, was a perfect master of the pen, in a mechanical sense, using a well-formed and legible character, somewhat stiff and methodical, but full of power. But then he was much more than a lawyer. Actors and musicians, as represented in this volume, among others, by Bannister, Sir H. Bishop, Macready, Elliston, Horsley, Garrick, Mrs. Jordan, Kemble, and Liston, seem to affect a free and careless handwriting. We think we may defy any interpreter of handwriting to show that that of Napoleon III. has any analogy with his character. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, has perhaps the worst scrawl of all this company. So dashing and hasty a running hand as his is very unusual in the seventeenth century. Sir Francis Drake's hand, again, is very unlike that of most of his contemporaries. We presume that the authors have some good grounds for crediting Catherine de' Medici with the autograph assigned to her name; but no plain man will be able to decypher either text or signature. Our facsimilist makes a curious blunder in one place, where the autograph of Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, is set down as that of a "Lord Dunelm." No one familiar with the signature of the present Bishop of Oxford will fail to be struck with its remarkable resemblance to that of Louis XIV. of France, as here facsimiled. The strokes of the letters S. Oxon and those of Louis are, in fact, almost identical when written *currente calamo*. The most recent autographs admitted into this series are those of Mr. Justice Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, M. Thiers, and Lamartine. It is hardly fair to Philip Melancthon to represent him by a signature which was evidently written with an unmeddled pen. Among the Royal autographs which abound in this series, from Richard III. downwards, that of Mary Queen of Scots is one of the most interesting. It is bold, irregular, and characteristic, curiously contrasting with the cramped stiffness of that of Elizabeth. The "pious" Nelson is not very appropriately described here as a "learned writer." His signature answers well enough to his character—that of an accomplished but somewhat precise gentleman. The autograph of Peter the Great is quite unintelligible in the facsimile here given. It is almost impossible even to tell the language in which the sentence is written. An extract, given from Mrs. Penruddock's letter to her husband, Colonel Penruddock, lying under sentence of death at Exeter in 1655, for a rising against Cromwell, is a touching one. It runs:—"Oh, my deare, you must now pardon my passion, this being the last (oh, fatall words!) that ever you will receive from me, your sad but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead." The biographical notice of this gallant royalist is strangely worded in the index. Mr. Sims tells us "that he was a pious though extremely brave man." Robespierre is represented by the following sentence:—"Il n'existe point pour moi de plus douce récompense, ni de plus puissant encouragement à remplir des devoirs trop sacrés, pour que je puisse les oublier un moment." Three signatures of Shakespeare are given in this collection, two from the British Museum, and the third from the City of London Library. Of Spenser we have a whole sentence, besides the signature. There is some humour in choosing this note

as the specimen of Sheridan's handwriting:—"In future I will discharge my account every month." We ought to have been told from what letter of Voltaire's this sentence was taken:—"Vous n'ignorez pas qu'il parut il y a plusieurs mois un écrit abominable et non moins ridicule, où l'on ose outrager avec une insolence punissable la famille Royale du pays où vous résidez."

To give even an abstract of the catalogue of the autographs here collected would be to copy out a list of names from the *Biographical Dictionary*. There is really scarcely any illustrious or eminent name absent from these pages. Mr. Netherclift gives us, for instance, some beautiful specimens of female caligraphy, as of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, of a Duchess of Bedford, and of Madame Pasta. Then, too, we have the rude scrawl of Raleigh, the manly writing of Sir Philip Sidney, and the minute characters of the famous Orientalists, Buxtorf and Reland, whose hands seem to have been dwarfed by their long practice in the Semitic alphabets. Soldiers and travellers, artists, poets, divines, and statesmen, players and musicians, are all here. We may compare Loyola and St. Francis de Sales with John Knox and Luther, and Bourdaloue and Bossuet (who is absurdly described at the foot of the page as the Abbé Bénigne!) with Calvin, Grotius, and Hugh Peters. Newton, Galileo, Kepler, and Descartes, Baffin, the navigator, Elzevir, the printer, Rubens, Cellini, and Michael Angelo, Dee, the magician, and Danton of "the Terror," Rossini and Mendelssohn, Goethe and Schiller, Swift and Sterne, are all here among hundreds of others. We repeat that we owe Mr. Netherclift thanks for his laborious undertaking, and can promise an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement to those who will take the trouble to possess and to study his *Handbook to Autographs*.

#### THE CHANSON D'ANTIOCHE.\*

THE readers of old French romances well know how narrowly France missed having a great epic poem, based on the deeds of Charlemagne, which might have rivalled the master-pieces of Greece and Rome. The present translation, by the Marchioness de Sainte-Aulaire, of a poem which was the most popular among the *jongleurs* in the two or three centuries immediately succeeding the Crusades, will afford additional proof in how large a measure the epic spirit was diffused among the most poetic intellects of the time, and will also be a great boon even to those acquainted with the original. It is true that it is impossible in any modern dialect fully to transfuse the quaint simplicity and genuine religious and heroic enthusiasm which distinguish the original, and which are inseparable from the difficult and obsolete diction of the past; and any lover of mediæval legend must still have recourse to the *Chanson d'Antioche* and the language of Graindor de Douai, if he would inhale the real spirit of a crusading age. But still the present translation will not be without its use and value even to those who have already made acquaintance with the edition of M. Paulin Paris. The text from which the Marchioness de Sainte-Aulaire has made the rendering before us was first published from the Mediæval MS. by M. Paulin Paris, in 1848; and in spite of the publication having taken place just at the commencement of one of the most wild and tumultuous epochs of a revolutionary age, it found many readers, and that edition is nearly exhausted. There is little probability, however, that the poem, even under the auspices of the present translator, will ever attain the popularity which it enjoyed in the twelfth century, soon after its modernization by Graindor de Douai, when a troubadour endeavoured to convict a fellow-minstrel of ignorance and incompetence by reproaching him with not knowing a single couplet of the *Geste d'Antioche*.

The original author of the *Chanson d'Antioche* was a certain Richard le Pèlerin, who was certainly a pilgrim in the first crusade, and had an advantage permitted to few epic poets—that of being an eye-witness of the deeds which he has sung. This is clear from nearly every page of the poem. Thus, in speaking of three knights, of scant courage, who refused to follow Hue le Maine, or Hugh the Great, brother of the King of France, on an occasion when he was about to perform some adventurous service, he says, "I know well who they were, but will not name them;" or, to quote the original, by way of giving a specimen of the ancient diction:—

Il ot tex trois de mesnie escarie,  
Qui à orguel le tendrent et à grant estoutie  
Et por paor de mort ait eschiell guerpie.  
Io sais bien qui ils furent mais nes nomerai mie—  
Dame Diex lor perdoint ceste grande felonie.

Richard le Pèlerin appears to have been in the service of the Count Robert of Flanders, and consequently, a native of some place under his jurisdiction; for the old minstrel is very minute in describing the actions of Count Robert, and does for him what he does for none other—describing the parting between the Crusading Chieftain and his Countess—

Le comte Robert de Flandre se sépare de l'assemblée,  
Il est venu à Arras, vers Clémence sa mie,  
Tout doucement il lui dit à l'oreille:  
"Dame, j'ai pris la croix, qu'il ne vous en déplaise,  
"Je viens pour prendre congé de vous; j'irai en Syrie  
"Délivrer le sépulchre des mains des païens."

\* *La Chanson d'Antioche*. Composée au Douzième Siècle, par Richard le Pèlerin. Renouvelée par Graindor de Douai au Treizième Siècle. Publiée par M. Paulin Paris. Traduite par la Marquise de Sainte-Aulaire. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1862.



Quand la comtesse l'entend, elle a rougi :  
 "Sire, dit la dame, pour moi n'y allez pas ;  
 "Vous avez deux beaux garçons, que Dieu les bénisse !  
 "Ils ont grand besoin de vous et de vos conseils."  
 Quand le comte l'entend, il la baise tendrement :  
 "Dame, lui dit-il, tenez, je vous promets que sitôt  
 "Que j'aurai déposé mon offrande au sépulcre,  
 "Que je l'aurai baisé et fait mon oraison,  
 "Dans les quinze jours suivants je vous affirme sans tromperie  
 "Que je me mettrai en route pour retenir, si Dieu me donne vie."  
 La dame tend sa main, le comte lui en donne sa foi ;  
 Tous deux ont la face mouillée de larmes.

It will be seen, however, on the comparison of the above lines with the following of the original, how much is unavoidably lost by transformation, and how much the singular fashion of making all the lines of each division of each *chant* end in the same rhyme adds to the quaintness of the old *jongleur's* narrative :—

Li quens Robert de Flandres part de la baronie  
 A Arras est venus à Clemence sa mie  
 Souavet li conseille doucement en Poie :  
 "Dame j'ou ai la crois, ne vous en poise mie !"  
 De vous voel le congier ; s'en irai en Surie  
 Delivrer le sepulcre de la gent païenie."  
 Quant l'entent la comtesse, s'a la coulour noireie.  
 "Sire," ce dist la dame, "pour moi n'ires-vous mie ;  
 Vos avez diu biaux fis que Jhesus benieie !  
 Grant metier ont de vous et de la vostre aie."  
 Quant li quens l'entendi si l'a estroit baïsie :  
 "Dame," ce dist li quens, "tenez je vous aïe,  
 Si tost come au sepulcre cert m'offrande coucie  
 Et je l'aurai baïsie et m'oraison fenie,  
 Dedans les quinze jors vos aï sans boisdie  
 Me matrai el retour, se Diex me donne vie."  
 La dame tent sa main et li quens li aïe  
 N'i a cel de plorer n'aït la face mouille.

Moreover, in reciting the deeds of the knights of Artois, Picardy, and Flanders, there is a tone of patriotic triumph, and a particularity which is plainly discernible in the course of the narrative. The composition of Richard le Pèlerin was, as we have said, reset by a certain Graindor de Douai in 1180, and it is a singular proof of the rapidity of change which the French language was then undergoing, that the work of Richard le Pèlerin should require this operation in less than a century from the time of its completion.

We may suppose the *jongleur* or *ménéstrel* to be endeavouring at the commencement to obtain a hearing of the knight and barons, as they sat round the board after a banquet in some castle-hall of the olden time. He accordingly begins with a prelude asking them for silence, and telling them what is to be the subject of his song; and in case, amid the hubbub of mediæval festivity, his first prelude should pass unheeded, he has a second ready, and when that is over, he hopes to begin business. The second prelude runs thus :—

Barons, écoutez-moi, et cessez vos querelles !  
 Je vous dirai une très-belle chanson.  
 Qui de Jérusalem veut entendre parler  
 Se rapproche de moi ; pour Dieu je l'en conjure.  
 Je ne lui demande ni son palefroi, ni son destrier,  
 Ni pelisse de vair ou de gris, ni un denier vaillant,  
 A moins qu'il ne me le donne pour Dieu qui l'en récompensera.  
 Je veux vous parler de la cité sainte.  
 Vous dire comment les gentils barons que Dieu voulut bénir  
 S'en allèrent outre-mer pour venger son injure.  
 Pierre le emmena, dont Dieu fit son messager.  
 La première armée supporta de grands désastres ;  
 Tous moururent ou furent pris, sans trouver de refuge.  
 Pierre seul échappa, et revint en arrière.  
 Alors se trouvèrent réunis maints princes et maints nobles guerriers :  
 Là fut Hugues le Grand et tous ses chevaliers,  
 Tancred de Bohémond le Sage,  
 Et le duc Godfrey, si aimé de Dieu ;  
 Le duc de Normandie, les Normands, les Picards ;  
 Là fut Robert de Flandre et ses braves Flamands.  
 Quand ils furent assemblés par delà Montpelier,  
 L'histoire dit qu'on en compta bien cent mille.  
 Ils prirent par force la ville de Nicée et son palais,  
 Rohaix et Antioche aux nombreuses églises,  
 Puis Jérusalem, dont ils brisèrent les murs ;  
 Mais avant il leur fallut beaucoup jeuner et veiller,  
 Supporter les pluies, les orages, la neige et la grêle.  
 Ici commence la chanson où il y a tant à apprendre.

The *Chanson d'Antioche* consists of eight chants. Chant I. begins with the first journey of Peter the Hermit to Jerusalem, and relates how the enthusiast beheld the horses and mules of infidels stalled in the Holy Sepulchre—how he and the Patriarch of Jerusalem mourned over the massacre of the Christians in the East—how Peter conceived the project of delivering Palestine from the Infidel—and how God appeared to him in a vision, and commended the work he had taken in hand. After a brief account of the first expedition of Peter, and its failure, the poem then gives an account of the Council of Clermont. Chant II. relates the departure of the Crusaders, their arrival at Constantinople, their quarrel with the perfidious Alexis, and their arrival at Nicea; and it is to be noted, as a sign of the reality of the production, that the *jongleur* seizes hold of every occasion he can to run off a list of the leaders of the Crusade, as though the names were full of poetry and inspiration to him :—

Nos barons combattent. Eh Dieu ! voyez Droon de Nele,  
 Guyon de Porresse, Baudoin Cauderon,  
 Enguerrand de Saint-Pol, et son père Hugues !  
 Avec leurs épées tranchantes ils font un grand carnage ;  
 Les païens les entourent et les chassent en criant et lançant des flèches.  
 Guy de Porresse regarde vers la montagne,

Il reconnaît Godfrey de Bouillon à ses armes,  
 Et sire Hugues le Grand, et Robert de Frise,  
 Et Thomas de Couci, et Nevelon de Créel,  
 Il crie à haute voix : "Montjoie le Charlon !"  
 "Malheur aux Persans et aux Sarrasins !"  
 Quand les païens voient arriver une telle multitude de Français,  
 Ils ont pris la fuite sans s'arrêter ;  
 Et ils ne cessent de courir, ces félons criminels,  
 Qu'en voyant l'armée de Bohémond.  
 Alors nos barons se jettent sur eux,  
 Semblables au faucon qui vole après la colombe.

The second book ends with the capture of Nice :—

Les Français ont pris Nicée, Dieu en soit loué !  
 L'armée y entre rangée et serrée,  
 Ils ont pris pitié de ceux qu'ils y ont trouvés.  
 Ceux qui veulent croire en Jésus ne sont pas touchés par les armes.  
 Sept cents tant hommes que femmes furent baptisés.  
 Ils y séjourneront un mois, y représenteront leur corps,  
 Ils ont bruni leurs casques, ramassé leurs hauberts,  
 Et ont fait referrer leurs chevaux de bataille.

In Chant III. the Crusaders proceed on their march towards Antioch, fighting as they go. Then comes the passage of the Taurus; and next, the quarrel between Tancred and Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, for the possession of Tarsus, which, though nothing but simple truth, is precisely such an episode as a great poet might invent. Only the Christian termination of the quarrel is far different from that which we should expect in any Grecian or Roman story; for after blood had been drawn and lives lost on both sides, Tancred comes to Baldwin barefooted and in his shirt of penance, and asks for freedom, and they embrace each other before their companions. The army arrives before Antioch, and Chants IV., V., and VI. describe the various incidents of the siege, with the vicissitudes of fortune of the Christian force before the city, the most brilliant instances of prowess of the individual chiefs, the capture of the place, and the triumphant entry of the Christian host. In Chant VII., the grand army, summoned together by the Caliph of Bagdad, arrives before Antioch, and the Christians are in their turn besieged, and reduced to the last extremity of famine. In Chant VIII., the Crusaders make a desperate resolve to go and fight the besieging army without the walls, and win, against enormous odds, such a victory as utterly destroyed the enemy.

From this brief epitome of the poem, it will be seen at once that the actual historic events are of such an epic character that there was no call upon the poet's invention, but that all that was required of him was sound judgment and poetical feeling to array them in due order and proportion. These Richard le Pèlerin possessed in no ordinary degree; and it is no undue praise to give to his performance to say, that independently of the poetic merit of his work, a much more real acquaintance with the facts and spirit of the first Crusade may be obtained from his narrative than from the pedantic and inflated paragraphs of William of Tyre or Raoul de Caen.

One of the heroes of Artois, whom Richard le Pèlerin has, as a fellow-countryman, especially delighted to signalize, is Rambaud Creton, in honour of whom the translator says she undertook the work before us. Rambaud Creton, beneath the walls of Antioch, swam singly across the Orontes in the sight of the whole Christian army, to attack a body of Turks on the other side the river. He mounted the fourth on the ladder on the occasion of the night escalade by which Antioch was taken. He is said by *Ordericus Vitalis* to have been the first on the walls of Jerusalem, in consequence of which exploit Godfrey de Bouillon presented him with a dentilated cross (*croix dentelée* or *crenelée*) of silver, containing a portion of the true cross; and this relic is now in the possession of the Count d'Estournel, who is the head of the family descended from Rambaud Creton, which in the thirteenth century made use indifferently of both the names, D'Estournel and Creton, though D'Estournel has survived as the family appellation.

In the *Chanson de Jérusalem*—a continuation of the *Chanson d'Antioche*, though not by Richard le Pèlerin—there is another fine episode of Rambaud Creton, in which Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, plays a part also. The two are surrounded by Turks, and the horse of Rambaud is killed, when Baldwin offers his own horse for his comrade to escape with. Then ensues a contest of generosity between the two crusaders. Baldwin descends from his horse, and the two fight on foot. Rambaud is wounded, and both are about to be taken prisoners, when they are relieved by Godfrey. Rambaud Creton escaped all the perils of the first Crusade, and returned to France, where he was killed at the siege of Montmorency, being there to assist Louis le Gros in reducing to obedience a rebellious vassal, Bouchard IV. de Montmorency, who had quarrelled with the Abbot of Saint Denis on a question of boundaries. He thus presents a similarity, as well in the accident of his death as in desperate courage, to Richard Cour de Lion or Charles XII.

There still exist families in France who can trace their descent from ancestors whose names are mentioned in this poem, which has thus, for many, an interest beyond that to be derived from its literary and historical value, though this can hardly be estimated too highly. With respect to the execution of the translation of the *Marquise de Sainte-Aulaire*, it will be found that, although on the whole a fine impression of the original is conveyed, yet she has needlessly departed from the diction of the old *jongleur* in very many instances; and we imagine that not unfrequently she has not caught the real significance of his expressions.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Solo Lessees. On Monday, October 13, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL. Tuesday, 14, CROWN DIAMONDS. Wednesday, 15 (Last Time), LURLINE. Thursday, 16, THE FURITAN'S DAUGHTER. Friday, 17 (Last Time), THE LILY OF KILLARNEY. Saturday, 18, AN OPERA. Commence at Eight.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL—WELSH NATIONAL MELODIES.** Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8 o'clock. Band of 20 Harps and Chorus of 400 Voices. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne (Eos Cymm Fencirddes), Miss Eliza Hughes, and Miss Lancelotti. The Band of 20 Harps will include the names of the most celebrated artists in London. The Chorus will consist of the Members of the Vocal Association and the Royal Academy of Music. Conductor, Mr. John Thomas (Fencirdd Gwalia). Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Area, 2s. Admission, 1s. At Austin's Office, 25 Piccadilly, W.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**—The FIRST CONCERT of the Season will take place on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, October 13. Pianoforte, Mr. Chas. Hall; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Platti. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Miss Lancelotti. Conductor, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Admission, 1s. For full particulars, see Programmes, at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

**CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Every Night, at St. James's Hall.**—The celebrated and original CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS will appear every Evening at Eight, and every Wednesday Afternoon at Three. Entire Change of Performance. Proprietor, W. F. COLLINS. Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

**ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, CEREAL, &c., SHOW** will continue until October 18.

**GREAT INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, and GOURD SHOW** at SOUTH KENSINGTON, until October 18. Doors open at Nine o'clock. Bands at Two o'clock. Admission, One Shilling daily; or from the Exhibition, with return ticket, Sixpence.

**MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects by "PUNCH," OPEN EVERY DAY, from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL.** Pleasantly (will shortly close). Admission One Shilling.

**NATURAL HISTORY—PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.,** will commence a course of Seventy Lectures on Natural History, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, on Monday next, October 13, at 2 o'clock, to be continued on every Week-day but Saturday at the same hour. Fee for the course, 4s. TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

## THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Twenty-sixth Half-yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors in this Company will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, London, on FRIDAY, October 18, instant, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the General Business of the Company, pursuant to the Act.

The Books for the Registration of Stock and Shares will be closed, from Saturday, October 12, to Friday, October 24 instant inclusive, and Transfers will not be received during that period. By Order, THOS. R. WATT, Secretary. London, October 11, 1862.

**VALUABLE BOOKS, THE LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN, DECEASED.** FOUR MAHOGANY BOOKCASES, &c.—FIVE DAYS' SALE.

**MR. HODGSON** will Sell by Auction, at his Rooms, 2 Chancery Lane, W.C., on Monday, October 13, and four following days, at half-past 12, A LARGE COLLECTION of BOOKS, the Library of a Gentleman, deceased, removed from Kensington, comprising many valuable and important Works in History, Theology, Controversial Divinity, Bibliography, Antiquities, Memoirs of Eminent Persons, Poetry and Dramatic Literature, Interesting Travels, Topography, Books of Prints, French, German, and Italian Authors, &c., many in handsome bindings. Also Four Excellent Mahogany Bookcases. To be viewed, and Catalogues forwarded on application.

**UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.**—The Session will be publicly opened on Monday, November 3, 1862, at two o'clock p.m., when an address to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir David Brewster. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, &c. in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1862-63," published by Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, Princes Street, Edinburgh. By order of the Senatus, ALEX. SMITH, Sec. to the University. September.

## UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL ASSOCIATION—LIMITED.

**THIS ASSOCIATION**, entirely conducted by Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIES masters of schools and heads of families with TUTORIAL Notes from those Universities. For particulars apply to the offices of the Company, 9 Pall Mall East, & W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. E. B. LOMER, M.A., Secretary.

**LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.**—The Quarter commences October 20, 1862. For particulars, apply to the Rev. the Head Master, or the Secretary.

**INVERNESS ROYAL ACADEMY.—RECTOR WANTED** for this Institution, to enter upon the duties by the 1st day of November next. He is required to teach the Latin and Greek Classes, and to exercise a general superintendence over the other four Masters. The salary is guaranteed at the rate of £300 a year, including Class Fees for the first three years. Any further information will be communicated on applying to Robert Smith, Solicitor, Castle, Inverness, Secretary to the Directors, with whom candidates must lodge their applications and testimonials on or before the 22nd day of October next.—Castle, Inverness, September 27, 1862.

**IN THE UPPER AND MIDDLE SCHOOLS, Peckham, London.** S.E. (Private), every Pupil is, as far as possible, well grounded in English, made to write a hand fit for business, and trained to be quick at Accounts. French and German are taught by native Masters, and spoken by the Principals. Eminent Special Teachers attend the Senior Classes. The institutions of the metropolis for science and art, as well as the various museums and exhibitions, are frequently visited for educational purposes. Peckham Rye Common is near, the school premises are large, and the general accommodation for boarders is superior. Terms moderate, and strictly inclusive. JOHN YEATS, L.L.B., &c.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—A Military Tutor**, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. At the India Civil Service Examination in 1862, four were successful out of five Candidates that proceeded from his house, and were placed 13th, 13th, 30th, and 33rd. Address, A. D. SPANKE, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Baywater, W.

**TUTOR for COLLEGE.—A Clergyman, M.A., late Fellow** of his College (Oxford), and a University Examiner, receives into his Vicarage, easily reached from London, Young Men, to be prepared for Entrance, his number being limited to two. He offers references to the friends of his late pupils, as also to a large body of clerical men and scholars in Oxford, Cambridge, and London.—Address, Rev. S. S., care of Davis & Son, Law Bookellers, 57 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

## ROYAL ASYLUM of ST. ANN'S SOCIETY, Brixton Hill and Aldgate.

Objects.—Orphans, and other necessitous Children, born in prosperity, whose parents (Clergymen, Naval or Military Officers, Members of the Legal, Medical, and other Professions, Merchants or Traders) are now in adversity. Universality.—No local bounds. Advantages.—Home, clothing, maintenance, and education. Life Subscription, £10 10s.; Annual ditto, 4s. 6d. An executor of a benefactor by whom he becomes a life governor for every 25th bequeathed. Clergymen preaching or granting their pulpits become life governors. Candidates should be immediately nominated for the next election. Office, 3 Walbrook, E.C. E. F. LEES, Secretary.

**HORBURY HOUSE of MERCY, for the Recovery of Fallen** Women and the Care of the Aged and Infirm.—The Foundation Stone of the New Buildings of this Institution was recently laid by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, and Donations are earnestly solicited towards their completion. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. John Sharp, Horbury, near Wakefield.

**ROYAL GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON**, under Her Majesty's special Patronage.—STURVE'S MINERAL WATERS (Seltzer, &c.) are sold at the Pump Room, Brighton, and by GEORGE WAUGH & CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists to the Queen, 177 Regent Street, London, W., and other respectable town and provincial houses. Prospectuses, with the highest medical testimonials, gratis. CAUTION: none are STURVE'S Waters unless his name appear upon each label and red ink stamp.

**HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK**, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

**GOVERNESSES.—SOHO BAZAAR REGISTRY.**—Long established on a very extensive scale. The highest class of Governesses for Home and Abroad, especially India, Russia, Germany. Testimonials and religious principle fully appreciated. £1000.—A Bonâ fide first-class Opportunity offers for the Investment of £1000, by which 20 per cent. per annum can be thoroughly secured, and, if desirable, lucrative employment of spare time, suitable to the habits and position of a Gentleman, can be introduced. Address, F. R. S., 65 Piccadilly.

**£1000 REQUIRED for Three Months, on good Security.** For this amount, at the end of three months, a bonus of £100 will be paid, and, if desired, the money will be retained for a further period at 10 per cent. No professed money-lender need apply, and principals only will be dealt with. Address, W. 2 Vere Street, Burlington Gardens.

**MONEY ADVANCED** to Noblemen, Clergymen, Officers, Heirs to Entailed Estates, on their notes of hand, or on reversions, life interests, annuities, policies, and other property.—Apply to A. R., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, London, W.

**GOOD INVESTMENTS.—CAPITALISTS** may secure from 20 to 30 per cent. per annum in judiciously selected dividend Mines. Instances frequently occur of young Mines rising in value 1000 or 2000 per cent., but this class of security should only be purchased on the most reliable information. The undersigned devotes special attention to Mines, and will afford every information to capitalists, on personal application or by letter. Now ready, BRITAIN'S METAL MINES, a complete Guide to their Laws, Usages, Localities, and Statistics. By JOHN R. FRANK, 3 Finner's Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. Price 1s.; or free by post for 13 stamps.

**TO COUNTRY VISITORS.**—A small but powerful Double GLASS, alike serviceable at the Theatre, Exhibition, Races, or Sea-side, which may be worn round the neck as a pair of hand spectacles. A most acceptable present for country friends. Price 30s. At CALLAGHAN'S, Optician, 23a New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street. Post free on remittance. Sole Agent for the celebrated glasses by VOITHINGER, Vienna.

**DRESSING CASES, TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, DESPATCH BOXES, WRITING CASES, JEWEL CASES, MOUNTED and ORNATE SUTTES for the WRITING TABLE, Cases of Fine Cutlery, Inkstands, Railway Companions, Luncheon Baskets, PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, a splendid assortment from 5s. to 10 guineas; CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAITS of the ROYAL FAMILY and distinguished persons of all nations, single portraits, 1s. 6d. each; and a choice variety of useful ELEGANCIES suitable for PRESENTS, at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. Catalogues post free.**

**FURNISH your HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES:** they are the cheapest in the end.—DEANE & CO.'S PRICED FURNISHING LIST may be had on application or post-free. This List embraces the leading articles from all the various departments of their establishment, and is arranged to facilitate purchasers in the selection of goods. It comprises: Table and Bedsteads, Lamps, Stoves, Fire-irons, Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Britannia Metal, Copper, Tin, and Brass Goods, Culinary Utensils, Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c.—DEANE & CO., London Bridge. Established a.d. 1700.

**JAY'S MANUAL of FASHION**, illustrating the Fashionable Dresses, Mantles, and Millinery of the Season, will be published about the middle of October, and may be had, gratis, on application. The London General Mourning Warehouse, Nos. 247, 249, & 251 Regent Street.

**PARIS FASHIONS for the AUTUMN.**—Messrs. JAY respectfully announce the return from Paris of the Manager of their Mantle and Cloak Department. The shapes of their Mantles and Cloaks having now been taken for the purpose of making up Mantles suitable to Messrs. JAY's particular trade, the original Models, made of rich velvet and other fashionable materials for ladies who are not in mourning, will be sold at a great reduction from the imported prices. The London General Mourning Warehouse, 247, 249, & 251 Regent Street. JAYS.

## STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR CHURCHES AND DWELLINGS.

(Prize Medal—International Exhibition, 1862.) HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE. An ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE, with THEATRE, Post-free, 2s. 6d. WORKS—24 CARINGTON STREET, HAMPSHIRE ROAD, N.W.

**HARLAND & FISHER** beg to call attention to the NEW SHOW-ROOMS for CHURCH FURNITURE, DECORATION, STAINED GLASS, GOTHIC PAPER-HANGINGS, FRESCO, &c., &c., which have been recently added to their Establishment. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application.—33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

## FURNITURE CARRIAGE FREE to any part of the Kingdom.

Drawing-room Suites, complete . . . . . £35  
Dining-room Suites, complete . . . . . 28  
Bed-room Suites, complete . . . . . 16

P. & S. BEYFUS, 114 OXFORD STREET, and 91 to 95 CITY ROAD. Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post-free on application.

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862. Class 30.

Attention is requested to SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, Tucker's Patent, or Sommer Tucker. Comfortable, cleanly, simple, portable and inexpensive. Purchasers are respectfully warned against infringements and imitations. Reduced price of size No. 1, for Bedsteads 3 feet wide, 22s. Other sizes in proportion. To be obtained of almost all respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen. Notice should be taken that each Spring Mattress bears upon the side the Label "Tucker's Patent."

## DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

## LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

## SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany."

"Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Dr. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; and is capsaed and labelled with his stamp and signature, without which none can possibly be genuine, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNEES: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

**TEETH and PAINLESS DENTISTRY.**—Messrs. LEWIN MOSELY & BONS, 30 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., direct attention to their GUM-COLOURED ENAMELED BASE for Artificial Teeth, &c., specially commended at the International Exhibition, Class 17, No. 3,556. Teeth from 5s. Sets from five Guineas. For the successful result and efficiency of their system, read Lancet. Consultation free.

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

The Jurors of Class 2 have awarded a PRIZE MEDAL for the Superiority of the GLENFIELD STARCH.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, Quincen, &c.



## LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 King William Street, E.C.

Instituted 1856.

President—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq.

Vice-President—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

Trustees.

Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq.

Alfred Head, Esq.

Robert Hanbury, Esq.

Benjamin Dobree, Esq.

The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven years' payments have been made.

If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 75 per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £2 13s.

This Society has paid in claims more than ..... £1,330,000

And has policies now in force amounting to ..... 6,500,000

Its accumulated fund exceeds ..... 2,750,000

And its gross income upwards of ..... 340,000

Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £21,315, and the new annual premiums to £12,083.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

Established 1827.

## BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Viet. c. 0.

AND

BRITANNIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Empowered by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent—1 Prince Street, Bank, London.

Chairman—Major-General ALEXANDER, Blackheath Park.

Every description of Life Assurance business transacted, with or without participation in profits.

## EXTRACTS FROM TABLES.

Without Profits			With Profits				
Age	Half Premium 1st Seven Years	Whole Prem. Rem. of Life	Age	Annual Premium	Half Yearly Pre- mium	Quarterly Pre- mium	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Yrs.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
30	1 1 9	2 3 6	30	0 2 7 3	1 4 2	0 12 3	
40	1 9 2	2 18 4	40	3 2 7 6	1 4 4	0 12 4	
50	2 2 7	4 0 0	50	7 10 1	1 4 4	0 12 5	
60	3 6 8	6 13 4	60	9 2 8 2	1 4 8	0 12 6	

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

## FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments, £1 15s. to £3 15s.; broken fenders, with standards, 7s. to £3 12s.; steel fenders, £2 3s. to £4 1s.; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £3 3s. to £8 1s.; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.**—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads from ..... 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.  
Showers Baths, from ..... 5s. 0d. to £5 0s. each.  
Lamps (Moderator), from ..... 6s. 0d. to £3 10s. each.  
Pure Colza Oil ..... 4s. 6d. per gallon.

**DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER DISHES,** in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, are on Show at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Tin Dish Covers, 7s. 6d. the set of six; black tin, 12s. 3d. to 25s. 6d. the set of six; elegant modern pattern, 30s. 9d. to 60s. the set; Britannia metal, with or without silver plated handles, £1 11s. to £6 8s. the set of five; electro-plated, £9 to £21 the set of four. Black tin hot-water dishes, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia metal, 25s. to 77s.; electro-plated on nickel, full size, £9.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE** may be had Gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his limited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Lamps, Baths, Tins, Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 29 Oxford Street W., 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newmarket Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman's Mews.

## LE SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF.

**HEAL & SON** have patented a method of making a Spring Mattress portable. The great objection to the usual Spring Mattress is its being so heavy and cumbersome.

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF" is made in Three separate parts, and when joined together has all the elasticity of the best Spring Mattress. As it has no stuffing of wool or horse-hair, it cannot harbour mites, to which the usual Spring Mattress is very liable; the prices, also, are much below those of the best spring mattresses, viz.:

3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long ..... £2 5 0 | 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long ..... £3 0 0  
3 ft. 6 in. " " ..... 2 10 0 | 5 ft. " " ..... 3 5 0  
4 ft. " " ..... 2 15 0 | 5 ft. 6 in. " " ..... 3 10 0

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF," therefore, combines the advantages of elasticity, durability, cleanliness, portability, and cheapness.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bed-room Furniture sent free by post.

HEAL &amp; SON, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.

**MAPPIN & COMPANY'S LONDON BRANCH,** opposite to the Pantheon, Oxford-street, contains the Largest STOCK in London of ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE and CUTLERY. Gentlemen about to proceed to Military and Civil Appointments in India and to Colonies can select complete Services of Plate of the most elegant design, without the disadvantage of delay.

## MAPPIN &amp; CO.'S UNRIVALED TABLE CUTLERY.

	Good.	Medium.	Superior.
1 doz. Table Knives, Balance Ivory handles ..	£0 13 0	£1 0 0	£1 15 0
1 doz. Cheese Knives ..	0 10 0	0 15 0	1 5 0
1 pair Registered Meat Carvers ..	0 4 6	0 7 0	0 12 0
1 pair Extra size ditto ..	0 5 6	0 8 0	0 13 6
1 pair Poultry Carvers ..	0 4 6	0 7 0	0 12 0
1 Steel for sharpening ..	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 6
Complete Service ..	£2 0 0	£3 0 0	£5 2 0

Each article may be had separately at the same price; the handles are so secured as not to become loose in hot water. Estimates submitted for furnishing with plate and cutlery Military Messes, Hotels, and all Public Establishments. Celebrated Cutlery in large Stock for selection and immediate shipment, at Sheffield prices. Illustrated Catalogues post free. The only London Establishment is opposite to the Pantheon, Oxford-street.

Manufacture, Royal Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

45 OXFORD STREET, W.

## OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIER.

Wall Lights and Mantelpiece Lustres, for Gas and Candles. Glass Dinner Services, for Twelve Persons, from £7 15s. Glass Dessert Services, for Twelve Persons, from £2. All Articles marked in Plain Figures.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess, Export, and Furnishing orders promptly executed.

LONDON—SHOW ROOMS, 45 OXFORD STREET, W.

BIRMINGHAM—MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET.

Established 1827.

**CHUBB & SON.**—For Perfection of Workmanship, and Construction of Locks; also for the Manufacture of Iron Safes. Prize Medal awarded at International Exhibition.

**CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES**—the most secure against Fire and Thieves.

CHUBB'S FIRE-PROOF STRONG-ROOM DOORS.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR and STREET-DOOR LATCHES.

CHUBB'S CASH and DRESS BOXES.

Illustrated Price List gratis and post free.

CHUBB &amp; SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Liverpool; Manchester; Wolverhampton.

## SUPERIOR CHEAP BOOKS at BULL'S LIBRARY.—Surplus

Copies of Max Müller's "Science of Language," "Aids to Faith," Motley's "United Netherlands," Lord Cranborne's Essays, "Mrs. Delany's Life," "Autobiography of Cornelia Knight," and many other Superior Books are now on Sale at very greatly Reduced Prices. Catalogues gratis.

Bull's Library, 10 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

## THE TEA TRADE.

[ANNUAL CIRCULAR.]

## ROYAL BANK BUILDINGS,

Liverpool, October 1, 1862.

The inducement and protection at present given to Enterprise and Capital in the interior of the Chinese Empire, are such that we may look for a most abundant supply of Tea this Season. Both "Royalists and Rebels" have become rivals in their endeavours to give increased security to the — British Merchant.

We copy from the "China Overland Trade Report," China, July 26: "Silk is abundant at Shanghai, and Teas at Hankow, Kewkiang, and Foochow. The number of Steamers plying on the Yangtze River excites unfeigned astonishment. Rates of freight have, however, materially declined—and appearances would warrant the conclusion that there is an excess of competition in the Trade."

China exhibits a degree of order and prosperity, of contentment and tranquillity, which the English people were little prepared to hear, and the Chinaman will soon find that Commerce is the foundation-stone of every Nation's greatness, and one of the principal Engines of Civilization.

We most cheerfully concur in the prospect of Abundant Imports. Several cargoes of — FINE BLACK TEA — are to arrive in October, and our numerous Customers may depend that, with extended arrangements, their orders will be despatched without delay.

\* \* This Branch of our Trade—the serving of Families—was opened September 1840, and founded upon a principle calculated to afford the greatest advantage in Price—with every possible security as to Quality.

## BANKERS.

For the special convenience of Families, we have an Account open with The CITY BANK (Threadneedle Street) ..... London.

" NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND ..... Edinburgh.

" BANK OF IRELAND ..... Dublin.

" GLOUCESTERSHIRE BANKING COMPANY ..... Cheltenham.

" NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND ..... Glasgow.

" BANK OF ENGLAND } ..... Liverpool.

" ROYAL BANK }

—Amounts paid into any of the above Banks, on our account, advising us of the same, will be duly passed to credit. Remittances can also be made direct to us by Bankers' Cheques, Post-office Orders, &c.

Your obliged and faithful Servants,

ROBT. ROBERTS &amp; COMPY.

Tea and Coffee Salesmen.

Near the Exchange — LIVERPOOL.

DENT'S CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, AND CLOCKS.  
**M. F. DENT, 33 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, Watch,**  
 Clock, and Chronometer Maker, by special appointment, to Her Majesty the Queen.  
 33 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS (corner of Spring Gardens), London.

**INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER & GLENNY,** next door, to Somerset House, Strand, forward (on application) Lists of the necessary Outfits for every appointment, with Prices of each Article. N.B.—THREE PRIZE MEDALS awarded for THRESHER'S KASHMIR FLANNEL, SHIRTS, INDIA GAUZE, WAIST COATS, and INDIA TWEED SUITS, which can only be procured at this Establishment.

**"TAILORS' ASSOCIATION."**—Clothes of best style and quality, and most reasonable price, can be had at this establishment.—Price-List free by post.  
 34 Castle Street East, Oxford Street, W. (opposite the Pantheon). COOPER & CO.

**THE attention of Gentlemen is respectfully invited to our**  
 Stock of Foreign Wines and Liquors:—  
 Sherry, 31s. 50s. 25s. 30s. 42s. 48s. 54s. and 60s. per dozen.  
 Port matured in wood, 25s. 30s. 42s. per dozen.  
 Port, old, in bottle, from 30s. to 84s. per dozen.  
 Medice and Beaujolais, from 15s. to 30s. per dozen.  
 Lacaille, Margaux, and Lafite, &c. at proportionate prices, as detailed in Price List.

ARTHUR COOPER, & CO.  
**CAPTAIN WHITE'S ORIENTAL PICKLE, CURRY, or MULLIGATAWNY PASTE,**  
 Curry Powder, and Curry Sauce, may be obtained from all Sauce Vendors, and wholesale of CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Purveyors to the Queen, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**  
 Pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."  
 None Genuine without Name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.  
 Sold by CROSSE & BLACKWELL; Barclay & Sons; and Grocers and Oilmen universally.

**HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA in Packets, the Leaf not covered**  
 with Colour. Importing Tea without colour on the leaf prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves as in the usual kind. Horniman's Tea is uncoloured, therefore, always good alike. Sold by 7,500 Agents.

**HIS HIGHNESS the VICEROY'S CANDLES.**—Pure Paraffin, 1s. 8d. per pound; City Sperm, 1s. 4d. per pound; Transparent Coloured Candles, 2s. per pound.  
 WHITMORE & CRADDOCK, Shippers and Contractors to H. M.'s Board of Works, &c. &c. 16 Bishopsgate Street Within, London.

**SHERWOOD NIGHT LIGHTS, Sixpence a Box, are recom-**  
 mended as being second only to "Price's Patent Child's."—BELMONT, VACHELL.  
**SIR JAMES MURRAY'S PATENT FLUID MAGNESIA,**  
 CORDIAL CAMPHOR, and LEMON SYRUP. Bottles now double the size and effect. At all the chief Druggists, and the Works, 101 Strand, London; with Dispensing Jars and Books.

Now ready, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.  
**THE LIFE of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.** By JULIUS LEYD, M.A.

"It is the truest picture of Sir Philip Sidney which has yet been exhibited."

*Morning Post.*  
 "A good popular biography of a popular hero is always desirable; and seldom has any work of the kind been better executed than the one now before us. Mr. Leyd has used

conscientiously all the materials accessible at the present day, including many valuable State Papers. His skill, diligence, and good taste in weaving these into the main body of his narrative without either prolixity or the unwelcome display of learning, are beyond all praise."—*London Review.*

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

**MR. NEWBY'S POPULAR NOVELS.**  
 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 5. RIGHT AND LEFT.  
 2. HEARTS AND WAIVES. 6. THE DULL STONE HOUSE.  
 3. LAST DAYS OF A BACHELOR. 7. FAMILY TROUBLES.  
 4. A MARRIAGE AT THE MADEIRA. 8. FERN VALE.

Novels, by popular Authors, just ready:  
 KATHARINE FARR; or, The Court of Henry VIII.  
 THE NEAPOLITAN COMMANDER. By the Author of "The Two Midshipmen."

**SIX NIGHTS' PUBLIC DISCUSSION.** Now ready, 216 pages, post free, 1s. 3d.  
**THE AUTHORIZED VERBATIM REPORT:** Revised by the Disputants of the Discussion held in September 1862, at the British Institution, City Road, London, between the Rev. William Barker, of Church Street Chapel, Blackfriars, and Iconoclast, Editor of the National Reformer. "Subject," Modern Atheism and the Bible.  
 WARD & Co., 27 Paternoster Row, E.C.

**NEW LOVE TALE BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.**  
 This day, No. 25, Shilling Volume Library, complete, 1s.

**BLOW HOT, BLOW COLD. A Love Story.** By AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.  
 London: WARD & LOCK, 158 Fleet Street.

Now ready, never before published, complete, 1s.  
**LORD BRIDGEMAN'S NIECE.** A Romance of Fashionable Life.  
 London: WARD & LOCK, 158 Fleet Street.

Just out, never before published, complete, 1s.  
**ROLAND, the PAINTER.** A Novel. By J. VEREY.  
 London: WARD & LOCK, 158 Fleet Street.

**ETON GREEK GRAMMAR IN ENGLISH.**  
 New Edition, 12mo. cloth lettered, 4s.

**THE RUDDIMENTS of GREEK GRAMMAR,** as used in the Royal College at Eton, literally translated into English, with the Notes. By the Rev. H. J. TAYLER, B.D.  
 London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

**VOLTAIRE'S CHARLES XII. BY M. CATTY.**  
**HISTOIRE de CHARLES XII, ROI de SUÈDE.** Par M. de VOLTAIRE. Nouvelle édition Stéréotypée. Revue et corrigée par M. CATTY, à l'usage de l'Académie Royale et Militaire de Woolwich. 12mo. rosn. 3s. 6d.  
 London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., and the other Proprietors.

In 4to., 15s., with Map and 6 Plates, Part I. of  
**THE NORTH ATLANTIC SEA-BED:** Comprising a Diary of the Voyage on board H.M.S. "Bulldog" in 1860, and Observations on the Presence of Animal Life, and the Formation and Nature of Organic Deposits, at great depths in the Ocean. By G. C. WALLICH, M.D., F.L.S., F.G.S. Published with the sanction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Part II., completing the work, will contain the remaining portion of the letterpress and plates (7 to 29), and will be published in December.  
 London: JOHN VAN VOORST, 1 Paternoster Row.

Now ready, 1s.  
**THE IDEA of CHURCH and STATE.** A Sermon preached on the Morning of Sunday, St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1862, being the Bicentenary Anniversary of the Expulsion of the "309" Nonconformist Ministers in 1662. By a LONDON CURATE.  
 London: JAMES RIDGWAY, 189 Piccadilly, and all Booksellers.

Second Edition, demy 8vo. with Portrait, 15s.  
**THE REMAINS of the LATE MRS. RICHARD TRENCH.**  
 Being Selections from her Journals, Letters, and other Papers. Edited by her Son, the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.  
 London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

New Edition, post 8vo. cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; boards, 2s. 6d.  
**HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, and All that Came**  
 of It. By F. E. SKEDELY, Author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c.  
 London: VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., 26 Ivy Lane.

Second Edition, 1 vol. 8vo. cloth gilt, with many Woodcuts and Forty Engraved Plates, &c.  
**SCHOOL PERSPECTIVE;** being a Progressive Course of Instruction in Linear Perspective, specially designed for the use of Schools. By J. H. DICKERS, Principal Drawing Master to the City of London School.  
 London: VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., 26 Ivy Lane.

## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXXXVI.

Will be published on THURSDAY NEXT.

CONTENTS:

- I. SOLAR CHEMISTRY.
- II. THE HERCULEAN PAPER.
- III. THE MUSSULMANS IN SICILY.
- IV. THE SUPERNATURAL.
- V. THE ENGLISH IN THE FAR EAST.
- VI. THE LEGEND OF ST. SWITHUN.
- VII. MRS. OLIPHANT'S LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING.
- VIII. THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.
- IX. HOPS AT HOME AND ABROAD.
- X. PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.
- XI. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

London: LONGMAN & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. BLACK.

Just published, 6s.

## THE NATIONAL REVIEW, No. XXX.

CONTENTS:

1. DUPLEIX.
2. A CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE ROMAN QUESTION.
3. HERODOTUS AND HIS COMMENTATORS.
4. MR. CLOUGH'S POEMS.
5. NAPOLEONISM.
6. THOMAS CHAMBERS, A. J. SCOTT, AND EDWARD IRVING.
7. THE DIARY OF VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.
8. MR. HENRY TAYLOR'S NEW DRAMA.
9. SCIENCE, NESCENCE, AND FAITH.
10. POLITICAL OPINION IN THE NORTHERN STATES.
11. BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 Piccadilly.

## THE SOCIAL SCIENCE REVIEW, October 11, 1862.

Double Number. 3d. CONTENTS:

A SPECIAL and COMPLETE REPORT of the Proceedings of the 32nd Meeting of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE, held at Cambridge, from the 1st to the 8th of October, 1862.  
 Science Disputing on the Cam.—First General Meeting.—The President's Address.—Transactions of the Sections.—Business Meetings.—Episodes.—A Professor Baited.—Lord Dundreary in Section D.—Science after Sunset.—Requies.—The Day.  
 Office, 10 Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street. Sold by all Newsvendors in Town and Country.

Price 6s. Annual Subscription, prepaid, 21s. Post free.

## THE HOME and FOREIGN REVIEW, No. II. October 1862.

CONTENTS:

1. PERRAUD ON IRELAND.
2. POOR RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
3. GENERAL AVERAGE.
4. HAYTI.
5. VICTOR HUGO'S "MISÉRABLES."
6. THE EARLIEST EPOCHS OF AUTHENTIC CHRONOLOGY.
7. DOLLINGER'S "HEATHENISM AND JUDAISM."
8. MANUSCRIPTS AT CAMBRIDGE.
9. CARDINAL WISEMAN AND "THE HOME AND FOREIGN REVIEW."
10. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.
11. CURRENT EVENTS.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and South Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

Just published, 2s. 6d. Part I. of

## THE HERALD and GENEALOGIST.

"A periodical devoted, in the first place, to the Antiquities of Heraldry; and, next, to those branches of local and family history to which Heraldry lends material aid. The selection of articles in this opening number is varied and interesting: and those on Ancient Writers on Heraldry; on the Change of Surnames (*proprio nomine*); an article alike able and well-timed; on Gerard Leigh's Accidents of Arms; and on the Heraldic Exhibition at the Society of Antiquaries," &c. &c.—*Notes and Queries.*

NICHOLS & SONS, 25 Parliament Street.

## SCIENTIFIC RECORD of the EXHIBITION (PRACTICAL MECHANICS' JOURNAL), Part VII., October 1, price 2s. contains: Machines for direct use, Engineering Tools, Machines for Transports, by Robert Mallet, M.I.C.E., F.R.S.; Textile Machinery and Manufactures, by William Johnson, C.E., M.I.C.E., F.R.S.; Sewing, Flatting, and Felting Machines, by J. C. Alexander, C.E. Illustrated by large plate Engravings of Platt's Spinning Mule, and Humphrey and Tennant's Marine Engines, and 50 Wood Engravings.

London: LONGMAN & Co., Ludgate Hill.

Proprietors' Offices (Offices for Patents), 47 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

## PROPOSED BRIDGES at BLACKFRIARS.—THE BUILDER

OF THIS DAY contains:—Fine View of the Proposed Bridges, Blackfriars—Jottings at British Association—Infantile without Intention (with Illustrations)—The Horticultural Gardens—On Competitions and Quantities—Cooking Appliances at Exhibition—Construction of Chimneys—Payment of Architects—Progress of the Main Drainage—On Stained Glass—Inauguration of the Stephenson Monument—Scottish News—Church-Building News—Provincial News—Competitions, &c. 4d., by post, 5d. Office, 1, York Street, Covent Garden; and all Booksellers.

## MANTLES for the AUTUMN and WINTER.—A separate

Sheet of Drawings of the Latest Paris Designs for Autumn and Winter Mantles will be given with THE QUEEN, the Lady's Weekly Journal, of October 11. (This sheet was unavoidably postponed in the previous week's issue.) 6d.; a Copy for 7 stamps.

316 Strand, W.C.

## THE INDEX: A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and

News, devoted to the Exposition of the Mutual Interests, Political and Commercial, of Great Britain and the Confederate States of America. In No. 22 of "The Index" appears the continuation of "Three Months in the Confederate Army." Published every Thursday afternoon, 6d.; post free, 7d. Subscription, 2s. per annum; 30s. post free.

London: WILLIAM FREEMAN, 102 Fleet Street, E.C.

## THE ALBERT-EDWARD MARCH, for Piano, by BRINLEY

RICHARDS, with Fine Portrait of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. 3s.  
 London: ROBERT COOK & Co. New Burlington Street, and 1 Hanover Square, Publishers to the Queen.

## ARTIS LOGICÆ RUDIMENTA, from the Text of Aldrich,

with Notes and Marginal References. By the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.  
 Oxford: HENRY HARMAN, London: WHITTAKER & Co.

Nearly ready, 1 vol. 8vo.

## PASTORAL LIFE. Part I. The Clergyman at Home and in

the Pulpit. By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO, M.A., Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Leeds, late of Harrowweald, Middlesex.  
 Oxford: H. HARMAN, London: JOSEPH MASTERS.

In the press, 2 vols. 8vo.

## LECTURES on the GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN,

in the Form of a Continuous Commentary. By the Rev. GEORGE J. BROWN, M.A., Curate of Bladon, Oxon., and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough.  
 Oxford: H. HARMAN.

Now ready, with Woodcuts, 1s.

## INTRODUCTION to the ART of LARYNGOSCOPY; a New

Method of Diagnosing Diseases of the Throat and Larynx. By JAMES YEABLEY, Surgeon to the Ear Infirmary and Ophthalmic Institution, Saville Street; Author of "Deafness Practically Illustrated," and Inventor of the Artificial Tympanum.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington Street, W.

Eighth Edition, 1s.; by post 13 stamps.

## ON THROAT DEAFNESS, and the Pathological Connexions

of the Throat, Nose, and Ear, through the intervention of the Mucous Membrane. By JAMES YEABLEY, Esq., Surgeon to the Metropolitan Ear Infirmary, Saville Street. Also, On the ARTIFICIAL TYMPANUM. 1s.  
 London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington Street, W.



## BOOKS FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

**COMFORT for the AFFLICTED.** Selected from various Authors. Edited by the Rev. C. F. KEEWAY. With a Preface by S. WILKESFORD, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford. Ninth Edition, 4s. 6d.

**THINGS after DEATH:** Three Chapters on the Intermediate State; with Thoughts on Family Burying Places, and Hints for Epitaphs. By the Rev. JOHN MILLER, M.A., formerly of Worcester College, Oxford. Second Edition, 3s. 6d.

**THE HAPPINESS of the BLESSED,** considered as to the Particulars of their State, their Recognition of each other in that State, and its Difference of Degrees. By RICHARD MAST, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. Seventh Edition, 4s.

**THE WEEK of DARKNESS:** a Manual for Mourners in a House wherein one lies Dead. By the Author of "The Household of Sir Thomas More." Price 2s. 6d.

**SERMONS on SICKNESS, SORROW, and DEATH.** By the Ven. EDWARD BERENS, M.A., late Archdeacon of Berks. Fifth Edition, 1s. 6d.

**HYMNS and POEMS for the SICK and SUFFERING;** in connexion with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Containing 233 Poems, by various Authors. Edited by the Rev. T. V. FOSBERG, M.A. Fifth Edition, 3s. 6d.

**SICKNESS, its TRIALS and BLESSINGS.** Seventh Edition, Price 1s.  
(A Cheap Edition of this work is sold by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

**PRAYERS for the SICK and DYING.** By the Author of "Sickness, its Trials and Blessings." Third Edition, 2s. 6d.

**HELP and COMFORT for the SICK POOR.** By the same Author. Third Edition, 1s.

**HINTS on the SERVICE for the VISITATION of the SICK.** By the same Author. 2s.

**CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS,** in the Prospect of Sickness, Mourning, and Death. By the Rev. JOHN JAMES, D.D., Canon of Peterborough. Eighth Edition, 6s.  
(Also a Cheap Edition by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

**TWENTY-ONE PRAYERS,** composed from the Psalms, for the SICK and AFFLICTED. With Hints on the Visitation of the Sick. By the Rev. JAMES BLADE, M.A., late Canon of Chester. Seventh Edition, 3s. 6d.

**HOLY THOUGHTS;** or, a Treasury of True Riches. Collected chiefly from our Old Writers. Eighth Edition, 1s. 6d.

**THE SICK MAN'S GUIDE to ACTS of PATIENCE, FAITH, CHARITY, and REPENTANCE.** Extracted from Bp. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," by the Ven. WILLIAM HALE HALE, M.A., Archdeacon of London. Second Edition, in large print, 3s.

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

## THE PARTHENON

Of Saturday, Oct. 11, contains:

REVIEWS.—THE LAND'S END DISTRICT, by R. EDMONDS.  
LES CHEVAUX DU SAHARA, par E. DAYRAS.  
EDUCATION OF WOMEN, by EMILY NARRREFF.  
THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MOLLAIK, Edited by Rev. J. M. NEALE.  
WORKS OF DE QUINCY, Vols. I. to VII.  
SMEE'S GENERAL DEBILITY AND DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.  
OUR ENGLISH MONTHS, by J. W. PARTRIDGE.  
CACHE-CACHE, by W. D. WATSON.  
CITY OF THE GREAT KING.  
ROMANCE OF THE GOLD AND SILVER LOCK, by the Hon. C. H. MAYNARD.  
PAPERS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.  
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CAMBRIDGE.  
FINE ARTS I.—MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

15 Burlington Street, Strand, W.C. : and all News-vendors.

Dedicated by Special Permission to Her Majesty.

THE ONLY ATLAS FOR WHICH A PRIZE MEDAL HAS BEEN AWARDED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1862.

## THE ROYAL ATLAS

OF  
MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

IN A SERIES OF ENTIRELY ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC MAPS.

By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.

Author of the "Physical Atlas," &c.

With a complete Index of easy reference to each Map separately, comprising nearly 150,000 Places contained in the Atlas.

Imperial Folio, half-bound in Russia or Morocco, £5 15s. 6d.

For Reviews of this Atlas see "Times," Dec. 27, 1861; "Athenaeum," Aug. 10, 1861; "Saturday Review," Aug. 17, 1861; "Examiner," Aug. 17, 1861; "Guardian," Sept. 22, 1861; &c. &c.

A Prospectus may be had on application to the Publishers.

W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.  
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

2 vols. post 8vo. cloth, illustrated.

## A CRUISE UPON WHEELS;

Or, Autumn Wanderings along the Deserted Post Roads of France.

By CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

"This is a very amusing book."—Saturday Review.

LONDON: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE.

## NOW COMPLETE.

21 vols. 4to. cloth,

WITH INDEX, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF 5000 ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD AND STEEL.

Price £35 12s. in cloth, and £32 2s. 6d. in half-Russia.

## THE EIGHTH EDITION

OF THE

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK. LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

11,000.

The Eleventh Thousand, 2s. 6d., now ready.

## LORD MACAULAY'S BIOGRAPHIES

With a Sketch of his Parliamentary Connection with Edinburgh, and Extracts from his Letters and Speeches.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK. LONDON: LONGMAN & CO.

Just published, demy 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

## PRACTICAL MEDICINE.

By JAMES BEGBIE, M.D.

Physician in Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK. LONDON: LONGMAN & CO.

Now ready, post 8vo. cloth, 9s.

## OUR LAST YEARS IN INDIA.

By Mrs. JOHN B. SPEID.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

Now ready, New and Cheaper Edition, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

## AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

By HOLME LEE,

Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," "Kathie Bramble," &c.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

## NEW NOVELS

NOW READY.

## A BAD BEGINNING:

A Story of a French Marriage.

2 vols. post 8vo.

## WINIFRED'S WOOING.

By GEORGINA M. CRAIK,

Author of "Lost and Won," &c.

1 vol. post 8vo.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

This day, 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 28s.

## PREHISTORIC MAN:

Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and the New World.

By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto; Author of the "Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," &c.

CAMBRIDGE: MACMILLAN & CO.,

AND 23 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

By Her Majesty's most Gracious Permission.

TO BE HAD AT ALL CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

Just published, demy 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

## MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

By MISS FEDERICA ROWAN.

"The circumstances under which this volume has been produced are very peculiar. A favourite volume with his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort was the well-known German work 'Stunden der Andacht,' which is generally ascribed to Zechowke. Some of these Meditations were frequently read by him, as though he had a presentiment of his early death. After that sad event the book naturally became more than ever endeared to the Queen, who solaced herself by making a selection of the greater favourites; these she employed Miss Rowan to translate, and had them printed in a volume, of which a small number of copies were circulated with a notice that the 'Meditations' had been selected for translation by one to whom, in deep and overwhelming sorrow, they had proved a source of comfort and edification. As the volume is one so eminently calculated to answer this end, it was evident that a much wider circulation was desirable than at first contemplated, and accordingly Her Majesty was pleased to give her permission to that effect."—Extract from THE BOOKSELLER, August 30, 1862.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO., 55 PATERNOSTER ROW.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S  
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

By SIDNEY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

1 vol. post 8vo. 5s.

A SAILOR BOY'S LOG BOOK.

From Portsmouth to Peiho.

EDITED BY WALTER WHITE.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW WORK.

2 vols. demy 8vo. 22s.

ORLEY FARM.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.

Third Edition, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 34s.

NORTH AMERICA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

MARIETTA: A NOVEL.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,

Author of "La Beata," &c.

THE TIMES, September 3.

"Mr. Adolphus Trollope's novel is worthy of its author's name. . . . What constitutes the charm of the book is, that it is a plain and, to all appearance, faithful picture of homely Italian life. Hitherto, when the Italian has been introduced into novels, it has been either as the lovely but rather doubtful wife of the hero in times gone by, or as the irresistible villain of modern life, or yet again, and worst of all, as the inspired artist in a rhymed novel. Here we have the Italian of real life in his home, the fat farmer in his pony gig, the merchant over his counter, the housewife bustling about the kitchen fire, the canon sipping his wine. . . . This is what we want, and it would seem as if here Mr. Adolphus Trollope has struck out a new path for the novelist. . . . We have the domestic life of the Italian, especially as a dweller in towns, painted honestly, with all the local colouring which belongs to it, by a man who knows his subject well. We are glad to have the picture; we should be glad to have other such scenes, if they displayed equal knowledge; and we commend Mr. Trollope's example to novelists who are in want of a subject."

With numerous Illustrations, post 8vo. 12s.

FRANCATELLI'S  
ROYAL CONFECTIONER.

THE TIMES, September 12.

"Under the above abbreviated designation we are announcing a work the mere title-page of which is a catalogue of culinary mysteries, and the programme of an exhibition of subtle and ambrosial art. 'The Royal English and Foreign Confectioner,' as this title-page avers, 'is a practical treatise on the art of confectionery in all its branches, comprising ornamental confectionery artificially developed; different methods of preserving fruits, fruit pulps, and juices in bottles, the preparation of jams and jellies, fruit and other syrups, summer beverages, and a great variety of national drinks; with directions for making dessert cakes, plain and fancy bread, candies, bonbons, comfits, spirituous essences, and cordials; also the art of ice-making, and the arrangement and general economy of fashionable desserts; by Charles Elmé Francatelli, pupil to the celebrated Carme, and late Maître-d'Hotel to Her Majesty the Queen, author of 'The Modern Cook,' 'The Cook's Guide,' and 'Cookery for the Working Classes,' with numerous illustrations in chromo-lithography; all of which are of modern culinary science are revealed to such pensive and inquiring spirits as will ask for the instructive volume at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's. . . . We shall not affect to pass judgment on the vast variety of recipes which remain, and which carry out the abundant promise of Francatelli's title-page. It is enough to absolve us from such endless labour to mention that the contents of the chapters occupy 15 pages, and that the index, in which the references are printed very closely, comprises upwards of 30 pages, and includes all imaginable products of the confectionery art, from 'Albert biscuits' up to 'zephyrs soufflés.' . . . We salute Mr. Francatelli respectfully in dismissing his book; only adding that his recipe for beignets of pine-apples, on page 232, is worth all the money which the purchaser will pay for this very opportune volume."

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH'S NEW WORK.

3 vols. post 8vo.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON;

Or, City Life in the Last Century.

By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THE EXAMINER.

"Mr. Ainsworth's matured experience as a novelist, the unfailing accuracy with which he reproduces pictures of the past, the life which he imparts to the actors in his well-constructed stories, and the moving incidents that fill his pages, are safe guarantees for the entertainment of every reader."

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

NEW WORKS.

This day, at every Library in the Kingdom, in 3 vols.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Aurora Floyd."

"\* \* The whole of the first edition (seven hundred and fifty copies) was sold on the day of publication. [Second Edition, ready.]

Now ready, at all Libraries, 1 vol. 8vo.

THE PUBLIC

LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.

By FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A.

Of Christ Church, Oxford.

[Ready.]

"This 'Public Life of Lord Macaulay' is rendered more valuable from the citations which, with very few exceptions, have been taken from writings unknown or practically inaccessible to the general reader; and the author has rescued from possible oblivion some important fragments, interesting for their intrinsic merit and their biographical value."—Observer.

In the press, 1 vol.

MY PRIVATE NOTE-BOOK;

Or, Recollections of an Old Reporter.

By W. H. WATTS.

[November 1.

In the press, 2 small vols.

DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.

Translated by Mrs. RAMSAY.

[November 1.

In the press, 2 vols.

THE LITERATURE OF SOCIETY.

By GRACE WHARTON,

One of the Authors of "The Queens of Society," &c.

[November 1.

Now ready, at every Library, 2 vols.

MR. B. JERROLD'S NEW NOVEL,

ENTITLED

TWO LIVES.

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

[Ready.]

LONDON: TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

Now ready, 2 vols. cloth, 7s. 6d.

HANDBOOK

TO THE

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,

1862.

By ROBERT HUNT, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.S.

(Published with the Authority of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and Sold within the Building by their sanction.)

The Volumes can also be had separately.

Volume 1, price 3s. 6d., containing Classes I. to XII., XXXI.

Volume 2, price 4s., containing Classes XIII. to XXX., XXXII. to XXXVI., Colonial Possessions, and Foreign States.

"The most satisfactory of the original publications issued in connexion with the Exhibition, and we are glad to be among those who derive information from it."—Examiner.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 CHANCERY CROSS, S.W.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE LIBRARY COMPANY,  
LIMITED,

For the Circulation of English, Foreign, and Colonial Literature.

CHAIRMAN—WILLIAM CONINGHAM, Esq., M.P.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION—HALF-A-GUINEA PER ANNUM.

No work of general interest is, on any pretext whatever, excluded from the collection.

A List of the Town and Country Depôts (where Subscriptions can be paid and Books exchanged), terms, and all other information, can be had, postage free, on application.

By order,

FRANK FOWLER,

Secretary.

Central Offices: 25 Pall Mall, S.W.



13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**HURST & BLACKETT'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.****LES MISÉRABLES.** By VICTOR HUGO. The AUTHORIZED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION. Complete in 3 vols. 21s. 6d.

"*Les Misérables* is one of those rare works which have a strong personal interest in addition to their intrinsic importance. It is not merely the work of a truly great man, but it is his great and favourite work—the fruit of years of thought and labour. Victor Hugo is almost the only French imaginative writer of the present century who is entitled to be considered as a man of genius. He has wonderful poetical power, and he has the faculty, which hardly any other French novelist possesses, of drawing beautiful as well as striking pictures. Another feature, for which Victor Hugo's book deserves high praise, is its perfect purity. Any one who reads the Bible and Shakespeare may read *Les Misérables*. The story is admirable, and is put together with unsurpassable art, care, life, and simplicity. Some of the characters are drawn with consummate skill."—*Daily News*.

**ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS.** By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Able," "French Women of Letters," &c. 2 vols. 21s. (Oct. 17.)

**THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London:** Illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Second Edition. 2 vols. with Portrait. (October 15.)

**FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.** By a PRISON MATRON. New Edition, Revised. 2 vols. 21s.

"The authoress, who has herself been a prison matron, writes throughout with good sense, good taste, and good feeling. The phenomena of female prison life which she describes are most curious, and we consider her book to be as authentic as it is new in the form and details of its information."—*From The Times*, Sept. 23.

**SLAVES OF THE RING; or, BEFORE and AFTER.** By the Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Under the Spell," &c. 3 vols. (In October.)

**ITALY under VICTOR EMANUEL; a Personal Narrative.** By COUNT CHARLES ARRIVABENE. 2 vols. 8vo. with Maps, &c. "Whoever wishes to gain an insight into the Italy of the present moment, and to know what she is, what she has done, and what she has to do, should consult Count Arrivabene's volumes, which are written in a style singularly vivid and dramatic."—*Dickens's All the Year Round*.

**TRAVELS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA; with the Narrative of a Yacht Voyage Round Vancouver's Island.** By Captain C. E. BARRETT-LENNARD. 1 vol.

"A most valuable accession to our colonial literature. Capt. Lennard gives a vast amount of information which an intending emigrant would be most glad to receive."—*Daily News*.

**THE CHURCH and the CHURCHES; or, the Papacy and the Temporal Power.** By Dr. DOLLINGER. Translated by the Author's Son, by W. BARHAM MACGEE. 8vo. 12s.

**A BOOK about DOCTORS.** By J. C. JEAFFRESON. 5s. Bound and Illustrated. Forming the New Volume of HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

"A delightful book."—*Athenaeum*. "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study and consulting-room, as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

**THE NEW and POPULAR NOVELS.**

**THE MAROON.** By Capt. MAYNE REID, Author of "The Rifle Rangers," &c. 3 vols. "In this brilliant and exciting romance there are scenes which equal, if they do not surpass, anything which the author has yet achieved."—*Post*. "A book full of the most startling incidents and thrilling adventures. We can sincerely recommend 'The Maroon' to all who are fond of a good story."—*Standard*. "Captain Reid has written a good many stirring romances, but none better than 'The Maroon'."—*Press*. "One of the best novels of the year."—*John Bull*.

**JOHN and I.** 3 vols.

"John and I" will not want for readers, who will be charmed with its originality and picturesqueness."—*John Bull*. "This book sometimes reminds us of Mr. Dickens. There is a real knowledge of German life and character in the tale, which gives it a freshness and value of its own."—*Spectator*. "A story of powerful interest."—*Court Journal*.

**THE LADIES OF LOVEL-LEIGH.** By the Author of "MARGARET and HER BRIDESMAID," &c. 3 vols.

"The author of this interesting tale has not now for the first time proved to the public her extraordinary power in delineating and illustrating the affections. The lesson is one of impressive force."—*Daily News*.

**TRUE TO THE LAST.** By the Author of "Cousin Geoffrey."

"This novel will prove attractive. The author has fulfilled her task with consummate skill, and written one of the best stories that have appeared this season."—*Messenger*.

## SELECTIONS FROM

**CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS,**

To which a Medal has been awarded by the Jurors of the International Exhibition.

**CASSELL'S ENGLISH SPELLING and READING BOOK,** with upwards of 150 Engravings on Wood. New Edition. 8vo. cloth, 1s.

Every page is rendered interesting to the young by the free introduction of engravings of a superior character, illustrating subjects which cannot fail to delight and instruct the youthful mind.

**CASSELL'S EUCLID; being the First Six Books, with the Eleventh and Twelfth of Euclid.** Edited by Professor WALLACE, A.M., of the Glasgow University, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London. Crown 8vo. stiff covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

In this edition of Euclid, the style is simplified and modernized as much as possible. Many new demonstrations of the propositions have been given, in addition to those of Euclid, in order to bring the subject within the comprehension of different capacities. Explanations of all difficult terms in the science of geometry have been given wherever they occur, and a style of punctuation in the different sentences of a proposition, and especially in the demonstration, has been adopted, which it is believed, will be found of the greatest advantage to the student. Of this cheap and admirable manual upwards of 70,000 copies have been sold, which may be accepted as a sufficient proof of its merits; and it will be found a useful class-book in every school and educational institution in the country.

**CASSELL'S LESSONS in FRENCH; containing a Complete View of the Idioms of the French Language, in a series of Easy and Progressive Lessons.** By Professor CASPALL. Parts I. and II., in paper covers, 12mo. 2s.; each 1 or in cloth, 2s. 6d.; complete in 1 vol. cloth, 4s. 6d.

The self-educating student will find these lessons of very great assistance. The voluntary and enthusiastic enunciation of those who are the best judges of their utility—namely, those who, by their own unaided exertions, learned to read, translate, and write the French tongue, and, in many instances, to speak it—sufficiently attest the merit of this book.

**CASSELL'S LESSONS in GERMAN; containing a complete View of the Idioms of the German Language, in a series of Easy and Progressive Lessons.** By W. H. WOODWARD. Revised edition. Parts I. and II., in paper covers, 12mo. 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; each 1 complete in 1 vol. cloth, 4s. 6d.

The object of this work is to unite theory and practice; to introduce, one by one, the easier forms and usages of the German language, and to direct attention to the more obvious differences between it and the English, with a complete view of the idioms of the language. To render the work complete, a full vocabulary is given at the end of the reading lessons. The second part contains a systematic Grammar of the German Language, including its Etymology and Syntax, with full explanations regarding the peculiarities of the language; the whole being specially intended for those who aim at the acquisition of the language without a teacher.

**CASSELL'S LESSONS in SPANISH; containing a Complete View of the Idioms of the Language, in a series of Easy and Progressive Lessons, by which the Self-educating Student may learn to Read, to Speak, and to Write the Language with Facility.** Revised by the Editor of the "Popular Educator." 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

A careful study of these Spanish Lessons, without the aid of any other book than a Lexicon, will enable the reader to avail himself of the treasures of this literature, and instruct him in those niceties of idiom, a knowledge of which is indispensable in conversation and correspondence.

**A Complete CATALOGUE of Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S EDUCATIONAL and other WORKS** forwarded post free, on receipt of a postage-stamp, addressed to their office.

CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**NEW BOOKS & NEW EDITIONS**

Published, or to be published in October, by

**S. O. BEETON.**

Half-roan, 13s. 6d.; half-calf, 17s.; or in 3 vols. 15s.

**BEETON'S DICTIONARY of UNIVERSAL INFORMATION.** Complete, A to Z. Comprising: A complete

Gazetteer of Geography, with accurate and beautifully engraved Maps; a perfect Encyclopedia of History, Ancient and Modern; an interesting Epitome of Mythology; a comprehensive Compendium of Biography; a Treasury of Biblical Knowledge; a reliable Chronological Record, with a coloured Chronological Chart; and the correct Pronunciation of every Proper Name.

Uniform with the above, strongly bound in cloth, 6s., the first volume (A to Co) of

**BEETON'S DICTIONARY of UNIVERSAL INFORMATION.** Comprising: A complete Summary of Moral,

Mathematical, Physical, and Natural Science; a plain Description of the Arts; an interesting Synopsis of Literary Knowledge; with the Pronunciation and Etymology of every leading Term.

Half-roan, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**MRS. BEETON'S BOOK of HOUSEHOLD**

MANAGEMENT. Comprising information for the Mistress, the Governess, the Housekeeper, the Lady's-Maid, the Nurse-Maid, the Kitchen-Maid, the House-Maid, the Laundry-Maid, the Cook, the Butler, the Gardener, the Valet, the Footman, the Coachman, the Maid-of-all-work, &c., &c.; with a History of the Origin, Properties, and Uses of all things connected with Home Life and Comfort.

Uniform with the above, half-roan, cloth sides, 7s. 6d.

**BEETON'S BOOK of GARDEN MANAGEMENT and RURAL ECONOMY.** Embracing everything connected with

Laying Out and Planting Gardens—Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden Management—Building, Arranging, and Management of Greenhouses, and other Garden Structures—Decorative Gardens—Spade, Husbandry, and Allotment Cultivation—A copious Monthly Calendar of Operations in each Department—Orchard Cultivation and Management of Orchard Houses—The Management of Bees.

Also, uniform with the above, half-roan, cloth sides, 7s. 6d.

**BEETON'S BOOK of HOME PETS;**

showing how to Rear and Manage, in Sickness and in Health, Birds, Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Tortoisés, Fancy Mice, Bees, Silkworms, Ponies, Donkeys, Goats, Inhabitants of the Aquarium, &c. &c. Illustrated by upwards of 200 Engravings, and 11 beautifully coloured Plates. WITH A CHAPTER ON FERNS.

Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

**BEETON'S BOOK of BIRDS; showing how**

to Rear and Manage them, in Sickness and in Health. This volume contains upwards of 100 Engravings and 6 exquisitely coloured Plates, printed facsimile from Coloured Sketches by Harrison Weir and R. Huttula, of the Parrot, Cockatoo, Thrush, Blackbird, Canary, Bullfinch, Goldfinch, Robin, Peregrine Falcon, Goshawk, and the Eggs of the British Pet Birds. The Engravings embrace every variety of Cage, Cot, Trap, Frame, Diagrams illustrating Methods of Stuffing, and Illustrations of the following different Species (whose history and habits are fully discussed, theoretically, practically, and anecdotally), and charming bits of Rural Scenery, with emblematical Designs:—The Parrot Tribes, Ravens, Jackdaws, Jays, Starlings, Magpies, Thrushes, Blackbirds, Blackcaps, Redstarts, Mocking Birds, Chaffinches, Bullfinches, Skuas, Hawfinches, Goldfinches, Canaries, Greenfinches, Nightingales, Skylarks, Titlarks, Woodlarks, Timbels, Robins, Linnets, Hawks, &c. Also Birds' Eggs and Bird Stuffing.

Uniform with the above, handsomely bound in cloth, 4s. 6d.

**BEETON'S BOOK of POULTRY and**

DOMESTIC ANIMALS; showing how to Rear and Manage, in Sickness and in Health, Pigeons, Poultry, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese, Rabbits, Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Fancy Mice, Tortoisés, Bees, Silkworms, Ponies, Donkeys, Inhabitants of the Aquarium, &c. &c. This volume contains upwards of 100 Engravings, and 5 beautifully coloured Plates, from Water-colour Sketches by Harrison Weir, R. Huttula, and F. W. Keyl, of Pigeons, Poultry, Rabbits, Dogs, and Ponies.

TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

Handsomely bound (coloured Illustrations by J. B. Zeecker, Harden Meville, and Harrison Weir), 7s. 6d.

**WILD SPORTS of the WORLD. A Book**

of Natural History and Adventure. By JAMES GREENWOOD. Comprising the description, history, habits, haunts, and homes of Animals; and the encounters between Man and Beast. This volume contains 6 Maps, showing the habitats of wild animals in every quarter of the globe; 10 coloured Illustrations, 250 Engravings, and 500 pages of Letter-press. The reviewers of the public press have unanimously declared this book to be the most beautiful and useful work published concerning the habits, haunts, and hunting of the Elephant, Lion, Tiger, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Buffalo, Leopard, Panther, Wolf, Horse, Boar, and other denizens of the field and forest.

Uniform with the above (coloured Illustrations by H. Warren and R. Huttula), 7s. 6d.

**PHAULCON the ADVENTURER; or, the**

Europeans in the East. By WILLIAM DALTON, Author of "Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan." The great popularity of Mr. Dalton's works is known to all our readers, and the thoroughly manly character of his writing cannot fail to command the admiration of every English youth.

Uniform with the above, handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.

**DANES, SAXONS, and NORMANS; or,**

Stories of our Ancestors. By J. G. EDGAR. Illustrated with many Engravings, principally from designs by Robert Dudley.

Uniform with the above, handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.

**THE FIFE and DRUM; or, Would be a**

Soldier. By Captain LASCELLES WRAXALL. Illustrated with many Engravings, principally from designs by Julian Portch and Alfred Slader.

The Cheap Edition of Mr. Motley's Great Historical Work, cloth, 4s. 6d.

**THE RISE of the DUTCH REPUBLIC.**

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY.

In a neat wrapper, 1s. 6d.

**BIOGRAPHIES of the BONAPARTES;**

being Memoirs, with Portraits of Carlo Bonaparte, Letitia Ramolino, Joseph Bonaparte, Lucien Bonaparte, Louis Bonaparte, Jerome Bonaparte, Maria Anna Eliza Bonaparte, Maria Pauline Bonaparte, Caroline Maria Antonietta Bonaparte, the Empress Josephine, the Empress Maria Louise, Hortense Beauharnais, Napoleon Francis Joseph (Duke of Reichstadt), and Joachim Murat.

SHORT-HAND WRITING. (Second Edition). Neatly bound, 1s.

**THE YOUNG REPORTER; a Practical**

Guide to the Art and the Profession of Short-Hand Writing. With a copious Dictionary of Latin Quotations, &c.

MESSRS. BELL & DALDY'S  
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

By the BISHOP of WORCESTER.  
**A CHARGE** delivered at his Primary Visitation in August 1862. 8vo. 2s.

By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A.  
**A COMMENTARY** on the GOSPELS for the SUNDAYS and other HOLY DAYS of the CHRISTIAN YEAR.  
Vol. 1, Advent to Easter. 8vo. 13s.  
Vol. 2, Easter to the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. 8vo. 14s.  
Vol. 3, completing the Work. [In preparation.]

By the Rev. M. F. SADLER, M.A.  
**PARISH SERMONS.**  
Vol. 1, Advent to Trinity. Fcp. 7s. 6d.  
Vol. 2, Trinity to Advent. Fcp. 7s. 6d.

**THE SECOND ADAM, and the NEW BIRTH;** or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture. Third Edition, enlarged, fcp. 4s. 6d.

By the Rev. PETER YOUNG, M.A.  
**DAILY READINGS** for a YEAR, on the LIFE of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Second Edition, improved, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

By the Rev. G. S. DREW, M.A.  
**REASONS of FAITH;** or, the Order of the Christian Argument Developed and Explained. Fcp. 4s. 6d.

By C. J. RIETHMULLER, Esq., Author of "Teuton," a Poem.  
**FREDERICK LUCAS:** a Biography. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

BARON WRATISLAW.  
**HIS ADVENTURES** in CONSTANTINOPLE. Translated by the Rev. A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A. Crown 8vo. price 6s. 6d.

MRS. LEADBEATER.  
**THE LEADBEATER PAPERS:** containing Annals of Ballitore, with Memoir of the Author; Letters from Edmund Burke, heretofore unpublished; and the Correspondence of Mrs. R. Trench and Rev. G. Crabbe with Mary Leadbeater. Second Edition, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 14s. [Immediately.]

By the Rev. R. MUCKLESTONE, M.A.  
**A NEW TRANSLATION** of the FRITHIOF SAGA. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

By G. LONG, Esq.  
**A TRANSLATION** of the THOUGHTS of the EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS; with Memoir and an Introduction on his Philosophy. Fcp. 6s.

By an OLD MAN.  
**THOUGHTS** about MANY THINGS: being Essays on Schools, Riches, Statues, Style, Books, Place and Power, the Final Cause, &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

By the Rev. C. B. PEARSON, M.A.  
**LATIN TRANSLATIONS** of ENGLISH HYMNS. Fcp. 5s.

By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A.  
**SERVIA** and the SERVIANS. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations. [Immediately.]

By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B.  
**LIFE'S PROBLEMS.** Second Edition, enlarged, fcp. 5s.

By Dr. FORBES WATSON, Reporter to the Indian Government on the Products of India.  
**THE COTTON, FLAX, and other CHIEF FIBRE-YIELDING PLANTS** of INDIA. Royal 8vo. [Immediately.]

By W. CHARLEY, Esq., of Belfast.  
**FLAX** and its PRODUCTS in IRELAND. With an accurately Coloured Illustration of the Plant. Crown 8vo. 5s.

LONDON: BELL & DALDY, 186 FLEET STREET.

MR. BENTLEY'S  
LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NEW WORKS

To be Published in November and December.

I  
**AFRICAN HUNTING.** From Natal to the Zambesi, Lake Ngami, Kalahari. From 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, Esq., F.G.S. 1 handsome 8vo. vol. with 80 Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman.

II  
**MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.** By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," and "The Channings." 3 vols. post 8vo.

III  
**JOURNALS OF MR. WILLS, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.**  
**NARRATIVE** of a SUCCESSFUL EXPLO-  
RATION through the INTERIOR of AUSTRALIA from MELBOURNE to the GULF of CARPENTARIA. From the Journals of WILLIAM JOHN WILLS, by his Father WILLIAM WILLS. 8vo. with Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Illustrations. "Mr. Wills, the Martyr, whose History of the Journey is all that is left to us, is deserving of a nation's tears. His extreme youth, his enduring patience, his evenness of temper, his lively disposition, even in extremities, his devotion to his leader, all tend to stamp him as the real master-mind of the expedition."—*Australian Press*.

IV  
**THE PROPHECY:** a Novel. By the Lady RACHEL BUTLER. 2 vols. post 8vo.

V  
**A NEW WORK** on NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, Esq., Author of "Curiosities of Natural History." 2 vols. post 8vo.

VI  
**THE LIFE** of JOSEPH LOCKE, Engineer. By JOSEPH DEVEY, Esq. 1 handsome vol. 8vo. 15s.

VII  
**THROUGH ALGERIA.** By MABEL S. CRAWFORD, Author of "Life in Tuscany." 2 vols. post 8vo. with fine Illustrations.

VIII  
**STURTLAND and FLINDERSLAND;** or, the Inside and Outside of Australia. By the Rev. WILLIAM R. H. JESSOP, M.A. 2 vols. post 8vo.

IX  
**SINAI PHOTOGRAPHED;** being Photographs from the Inscriptions on the Rocks in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, recording the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, with a Narrative and Translations of the Inscriptions. By the Rev. CHARLES FORSTER, Rector of Sisted. In folio, with 19 Photographs, with very numerous Glyphographs, Woodcuts, and Lithographs.

X  
**THE LIFE and CORRESPONDENCE** of the Rev. Dr. THOMAS SEDGWICK WHALLEY, LL.D. Including Letters of Mrs. Pizzi, Miss Seward, Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Siddons, &c. By the Rev. HILL D. WICKHAM, M.A., Rector of Horsington, Somersetshire. 2 vols. 8vo. with fine Portraits of Dr. Whalley, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; of Mrs. Siddons and Miss Sage, by Cosway; and Mrs. Sage, by Romney.

XI  
**AN EMBASSY** to the COURT of ST. JAMES'S in 1840. By M. Guizot, Ambassador from His Majesty Louis Philippe. New Edition, crown 8vo. with a Portrait of M. Guizot, 6s.

XII  
**FOREIGN DESSERTS** for ENGLISH TABLES. By the Author of "Everybody's Pudding Book." Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

XIII  
**ON the MOUNTAIN:** being the Welsh Experiences of Abraham Black and Jonas White, Esqs., Moralists, Photographers, Fishermen, and Botanists. By GEORGE TUGWELL, M.A. Crown 8vo with coloured Illustrations.

XIV  
**STIRRING TIMES** UNDER CANVAS. By Captain HENFORD. Post 8vo. with an Illustration.

XV  
**JERUSALEM the GOLDEN and the WAY** TO IT. By the Rev. HERMAN DOUGLAS, M.A., Author of "Letters on Londoners over the Border." With an Introduction by the Author of "Mary Powell." Small 8vo. with Illustrations.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.



ALBEMARLE STREET,  
October 1862.

## NEW BOOKS

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCXXIV., will be published NEXT WEEK.

CONTENTS:

- I. VICTOR HUGO—LES MISÉRABLES.
- II. THE PLATONIC DIALOGUES—HEWELL.
- III. MODERN POLITICAL MEMOIRS.
- IV. AIDS TO FAITH.
- V. BELGIUM.
- VI. THE WATERLOO OF THIERS.
- VII. THE TAEPING REBELLION.
- VIII. AMERICA.

SIR CHARLES LYELL—on the GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES of the ANTIQUITY of MAN. Illustrations. 8vo.

CAPT. BLAKISTON, R.A.—FIVE MONTHS on the YANG-TZE, with a Narrative of the Expedition sent to Explore its Upper Waters; and Notices of the Present Rebellions in China. Illustrated by Alfred Barton, F.R.G.S. Map. 8vo.

MR. GROTE.—A HISTORY of GREECE. From the Earliest Period to the close of the Generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. A New Edition. Complete in 8 vols. Portrait and Maps. 8vo.

COMMANDER BRINE, R.N.—NARRATIVE of the RISE and PROGRESS of the TAEPING REBELLION in CHINA; from Information collected on the Spot. Plans. Post 8vo.

MR. SMILES.—LIVES of GEORGE and ROBERT STEPHENSON; forming the Third Volume of "Lives of the Engineers." Portraits and Illustrations. Medium 8vo.

CANON STANLEY.—LECTURES on the HISTORY of the JEWISH CHURCH.—Abraham to Samuel. Plans. 8vo.

MR. BORROW.—WILD WALES; its People, Language, and Scenery. 3 vols. post 8vo.

ARCHDEACON CHURTON.—GONGORA. An Historical and Critical Essay on the Age of Philip III. and IV. of Spain. With Translations from the Works of Gongora. Portrait. 2 vols. small 8vo.

MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM.—TRAVELS in the ANDES of PERU and INDIA while Superintending the Collection of Cinchona Plants, and the Introduction of Bark into India. Map and Illustrations. 8vo.

COM<sup>R</sup>. MAYNE, R.N.—FOUR YEARS in BRITISH COLUMBIA and VANCOUVER ISLAND. An Account of that Interesting Country, its Forests, Rivers, Coasts, and Gold Fields, and of its Resources for Colonisation. Map and Illustrations. 8vo.

MR. JAMES FERGUSON.—HISTORY of the MODERN STYLES of ARCHITECTURE. With 200 Illustrations. 8vo.

SIR EDWARD CUST.—ANNALS of the WARS of the 19th CENTURY, 1800-15. 4 vols. Fcp. 8vo.

MR. N. DAVIS.—RUINED CITIES WITHIN NUMIDIAN and CARTHAGINIAN TERRITORIES. Illustrations. 8vo.

REV. HERBERT RANDOLPH.—LIFE of SIR ROBERT WILSON, C.M.T.; narrated by Himself, and Edited from the Autobiographical Memoirs and Journals. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo.

MRS. ATKINSON.—RECOLLECTIONS of TARTAR STEPPES and their INHABITANTS. Illustrations. Post 8vo.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON.—The FIVE GREAT MONARCHIES of the ANCIENT WORLD; or, the History, Geography, and Antiquities of Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldaea, Media, and Persia. Vol. I. Illustrations. 8vo.

MR. JOHN AUSTIN.—LECTURES on JURISPRUDENCE; a Continuation of the "Province of Jurisprudence Determined." Now first published. 3 vols. 8vo.

CANON ROBERTSON.—HISTORY of the CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Second Period, 500-1192. New and enlarged Edition. 8vo.

MRS. SOMERVILLE.—PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Fourth Edition, revised. Portrait. Post 8vo.

DR. WM. SMITH.—PRINCIPIA LATINA.—PART III. AN INTRODUCTION to LATIN POETRY. Containing:—Easy Hexameters and Pentameters; Eclogues Ovidian; Latin Prose; First Latin Verse Book. 12mo.

HANDBOOK to THE EASTERN CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.—Oxford, Peterborough, Lincoln, Norwich, and Ely. Illustrations. Crown 8vo.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

## NEW WORKS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXXXVI.

October, 1862. 8vo. 6s.

CONTENTS:

- I. SOLAR CHEMISTRY.
- II. THE HERCULEAN PAPER.
- III. THE MUSSULMANS IN SICILY.
- IV. THE SUPERNATURAL.
- V. THE ENGLISH IN THE FAR EAST.
- VI. THE LEGEND OF ST. SWITHUN.
- VII. MRS. OLIPHANT'S LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING.
- VIII. THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.
- IX. HOPS AT HOME AND ABROAD.
- X. PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.
- XI. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

II  
HISTORY of the ROMANS under the EMPIRE. By Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. Vol. VII. comprising the History from the Destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, to the Death of M. Aurelius; completing the work to the point where the narrative of GIBBON commences. [On Thursday next.]

New Editions of the first Six Volumes may now be had:—

Vols. I. and II. comprising the History from the First Triumvirate to the Fall of JULIUS CESAR. 2ss.

Vol. III. to the Establishment of the Monarchy by AUGUSTUS. 14s.

Vols. IV. and V. from AUGUSTUS to CLAUDIUS. 32s.

Vol. VI. from NERO to the Destruction of Jerusalem. 16s.

III  
THE ENGLISH CHORALE-BOOK: a complete Hymn Book for Public and Private Worship, in accordance with the Services and Festivals of the Church of England. The Hymns Translated from the German by C. WINKWORTH; the Tunes Harmonized and Edited by Professor W. S. BENNETT, Mus. Doc. Camb., and by O. GOLDSCHMIDT. Fcp. 4to. [In November.]

IV  
MANUAL of ENGLISH LITERATURE, Historical and Critical; with a Chapter on English Metres. By THOMAS ARNOLD, B.A., Professor of English Literature, Cath. Univ. Ireland. Post 8vo. [On the 20th inst.]

V  
TALES of the GODS and HEROES. By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. With 6 Landscape Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Fcp. 8vo. [On the 20th inst.]

VI  
AN AGRICULTURAL TOUR in BELGIUM and HOLLAND and on the RHINE; with Practical Notes on the Principal Departments of Flemish Husbandry. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN. Post 8vo. with 43 Woodcuts, 7s. [On the 20th inst.]

VII  
THE SOUTH VINDICATED: a Series of Letters written for the American Press during the Canvass for the Presidency in 1860. By the Hon. J. WILLIAMS, late American Minister to Turkey. Preceded by an Introduction by J. B. HOPKINS. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

VIII  
JEFFERSON and the AMERICAN DEMOCRACY: an Historical Study. By CORNELIS DE WITT. Translated, with the Author's permission, by R. S. H. CHURCH. 8vo. 14s.

IX  
REMINISCENCES of the LIFE and CHARACTER of COUNT CAVOUR. By WILLIAM DE LA RIVE. Translated by EDWARD ROMILLY. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

X  
THE LAW of STORMS: Considered in Connexion with the ordinary Movements of the Atmosphere. By H. W. DOVE, F.R.S. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Translated, with the Author's sanction and assistance, by ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A. With Diagrams and Charts of Storms. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

XI  
THE CORRELATION of PHYSICAL FORCES. By W. R. GROVE, Q.C. M.A., V.P.R.S., Corresponding Member of the Academies of Rome, Turin, &c. Fourth Edition, corrected and enlarged. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

XII  
MESSRS. LONGMAN & CO.'S WALL-MAPS.  
WALL-MAPS of ENGLAND and WALES, each Map 4 ft. 8 in. long by 3 ft. 4 in. wide. Edited by WALTER M'LEOD, F.R.G.S., Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. The Maps Drawn and Engraved by E. WELLES, F.R.G.S.

ENGLAND and WALES, No. I., Physical Map, 6s. on a Sheet, coloured; or 9s. either plain or varnished, mounted on Rollers—now ready.

ENGLAND and WALES, No. II., Political Map, 7s. 6d. on a Sheet, coloured; or 10s. 6d. either plain or varnished, mounted on Rollers—now ready.

ENGLAND and WALES, No. III., coloured Geologically, is nearly ready, uniform with the above.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, &amp; CO., 14 LUDGATE HILL.

## CHAPPELL &amp; CO.'S

NEW ROOMS,  
50 NEW BOND STREET.

## PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEW AND SECOND - HAND,

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

These large Rooms contain Pianofortes of every description, by every celebrated maker of London, &c., and form a collection unequalled by that of any other Establishment.

The Instruments are classified in the following manner:—

ROOM No. 1.—PIANOFORTES of every description from TEN to THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

ROOM No. 2.—PIANOFORTES from THIRTY-FIVE to SIXTY GUINEAS.

ROOM No. 3.—PIANOFORTES from SIXTY to ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS and UPWARDS; also HARMONIUMS of the best kinds.

ROOM No. 4.—HARMONIUMS of every description from SIX to SIXTY GUINEAS and UPWARDS.

ROOMS Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, are appropriated to PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS for Hire, and include Instruments of every kind, by ALEXANDRE, BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, &c. &c.

Purchasers have thus the opportunity of hearing, side by side, Pianofortes by every recognised maker, and of forming a far more correct judgment of their various merits than can possibly be obtained by visiting the different factories, the acoustic properties of which necessarily differ greatly, and frequently deceive the ear even of the most skilful.

The superiority of tone of ALEXANDRE'S Harmoniums is too well established to need any comment. An immense assortment may be seen, suitable to the School-room, Church, or Drawing-room, ranging in price from Five to Eighty-five Guineas.

Any Instrument may be exchanged within six months of the date of purchase, should it fail to give entire satisfaction.

A perfectly new Pianoforte or Harmonium may be hired, if taken for twelve months certain.

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

## PRIZE MEDAL

AWARDED TO

CHAPPELL &amp; CO.

## PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL'S FOREIGN PIANINO: a very elegant Pianoforte, of a small size, but with the full compass, check action, and perfect touch; admirably adapted to small rooms, yachts, boudoirs, &c. Excellent for keeping in tune; and the cheapest Pianoforte with check action yet made. Price 25 Guineas, either in rosewood or walnut. Height, 3 ft. 4 in.

CHAPPELL'S ENGLISH MODEL COTTAGE PIANOFORTE.—To amateurs preferring the pure English tone of the BROADWOOD and COLLARD quality, the English Model will be found the most perfectly satisfactory instrument at a moderate price. The action is of the same simple description as the above makers', and therefore especially adapted to the country, where the more complicated actions are objectionable to the tuners.

In elegant Rosewood case, with full fret, similar in all respects to other instruments at 50 Guineas, price 35 Guineas. In splendid walnut (similar to other 60 Guinea instruments), 40 Guineas.

CHAPPELL'S FOREIGN MODEL PIANOFORTE, price 50 Guineas; or, in handsome walnut, 60 Guineas.—This instrument has (unlike other Cottage Pianofortes) Three Strings, and the fullest Grand compass of Seven Octaves. It is strengthened by every possible means to endure the greatest amount of wear, and to stand perfectly in any climate. The workmanship is of the best description; the tone is round, full, and rich; and the power equal to that of a Bichord Grand. The case is of the most elegant description, in rosewood; the touch elastic; and the repetition very rapid. No Pianoforte, in all respects comparable, has hitherto been made in England at the same price. Every instrument will be warranted, and (if desired) exchanged within twelve months of the purchase.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS.—ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS and PIANOFORTES of every description, nearly (if not quite) as good as new, at greatly reduced prices. Second-hand Instruments of every description, and in great variety, by BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, CHAPPELL, KIRKMAN, &c.

## PRIZE MEDAL

AWARDED TO

ALEXANDRE &amp; CO.

## HARMONIUMS.

NEW FIVE-GUINEA HARMONIUM, by ALEXANDRE, the best of all makers. In oak case, with a compass of Four Octaves. Perfect for the Cottage, School, or Choir. Price Five Guineas. At CHAPPELL'S, 50 New Bond Street.

NEW SIX-GUINEA HARMONIUM, by ALEXANDRE, with Five Octaves, two footboards, and in oak case. These instruments are lower in price, and superior to all other cheap Harmoniums. Descriptive Lists on application to CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street.

NEW CHURCH HARMONIUMS, with two rows of keys, by ALEXANDRE.—No. 1, with double key-board, 8 stops, and 3½ rows of vibrators, in rosewood case, 45 Guineas. No. 2, with double key-board, 22 stops, and 6 rows of vibrators, in rosewood, or polished oak case, price 70 Guineas. These instruments surpass all others for Church purposes, and are equally adapted to the Organist's use in a Drawing-room. They are especially manufactured to resist the ill-effects of damp, which is too common in churches, and are consequently not liable to derangement. Testimonials to the great superiority of the Alexandre Harmoniums, from Professors STERNDAL, BENNETT and Sir GEORGE OUSELEY; also, from Dr. RIMBAULT, Mr. GOSS, Mr. TURLE, Herr ENGEL, and the most eminent Professors and Organists, with full Descriptive Lists, will be forwarded on application to CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street.

## ALEXANDRE DRAWING-ROOM HARMONIUMS.

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| No. 1. Three stops, percussion action, additional blower, and in rosewood case                                     | 25 Guineas. |
| " 2. Eight stops, percussion action, additional blower, and in rosewood case                                       | 35 "        |
| " 3. Sixteen stops, percussion action, additional blower, voice celeste, &c. (the best Harmonium that can be made) | 60 "        |

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50 NEW BOND STREET.